THREE NEW

PLAYES,

VIZ,

SELINDRA, }
ORMASDES, } Trage-Comedies.
PANDORA, A Comedy.

Written by the Honourable

Sir *VVilliam Killigrew*,

Vice-Chamberlain to Her

Majesty the Queen Consort.

LONDON,

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MDCLXXIV.

WIT (like the world) is so decrepid grown,
It wants some Crutch, or Hint to lean upon.
Onely you work alone, it may be said,
Your Poems are created, and not made.
You frame the stuff too, we but shapes and features;
Our Poems are our Children, yours, your Creatures.
Just as Gods Poem, Earth; So vast, so fair,
Suspended in, not built upon the Ayre.
Poys'd by it's self, (like Archimede's Dove,)
Your Fancy's made t' exist, as ours to move.
We vex the Subject that we write upon,
Whil'st all you write is Emanation.
Thus you retrive Old Time; for just as then
The Golden Age, was but the Iron Men;
So to Posterity it may be told
Our Age is Iron, but our Wits are Gold.
For tell me why, the Golden Age mayn't hence
Be stil'd from Wit, as then from Innocence?
He that will chuse your Fancy, let him dread
To wish for all your Wit, without your Head.
What fan's the Ship, the Cock-boat would o're-turn,
And what in you's but bright, would else where burn.
For Marcyas to be Pan were pretty fair,
Too much for Pan t' usurp Apollo's Chair.

T. P.

Scholers your Studies, and your Books lay by,
Unleſs you could with Art and Induſtry
Something produce, beyond what here is ſhown,
By one to whom your Learning is unknown;
Nature in him th' Effect of Art ſupplies
With ſtories full of ſuch varieties,
And proper Language, for all Humours fit,
So wonderful, for Judgement, and for Wit;
That onely he, ſo aptly could Relate,
What his high Fancy could alone Create.

R. T.

On Pandora.

For me to praiſe your Play, were to diſpraiſe
So weak a Bays, can no great Trophy raiſe;
Yet my Reſpect commands me fix a Name,
To you no Glory; Yet may prove my Shame.
Proſe, though indifferent, yet paſſes ſtill,
Verſe, if not Excellent! moſt Men count ill:
Foyls ſet off Jewells, ſuch my Lines muſt be,
Then to be ſhort, is no ill pollicy.
I think, there is Rich Sence, and Language fit,
I think, there's many turns of ſpritely wit,
I'me ſure, you reach what was your higheſt end,
To ſhew her power, on whom you now depend,
Whoſe Virtue hath, ſo bleſt an influence,
To make him Spiritual; that more loud ſence;
You like Clearcus *were; ſome thought too gay,*
Now chang'd; witneſs this Recantation Play.

Lodowick Carliſle.

In Honoratiſsimi Domini Guli-elmi Killigræi, & Regiæ Catharinæ Majeſtatis Vi-Camerarii Præclarum, & Inculpatiſsimum Drama Selindra Præconium.

QUòd prudens tua, quòd modeſta Muſa
Vitavit petulantiora Scenæ,
Nec Lenocinium joci procacis
(Quod falſò ingenium ſtudent vocari)
Dum riſum movet exuit Pudorem;
Inculpata tua at ſonant Theatra
Quod virgo proba, quod ſtolata mater
Quod purus poſitâ ſeveritate
Jàm poſt pulpita perlegat Sacerdos;
Quòd jurat tibi nullus hiſtrionum, aut
Læſo numine quæritur venuſtas,
Nec conſtat populo tuum Poema
Impenſis animæ ſuæ ut crumenæ;
Quòd (ſermone humili urbium relicto
Vernis ſordidulis & inſtitori)
Venam Nobilis Auxiliumque ſpiras
Dignum Cæſaris aure cum requirens
Summas Imperii levare curas;
Vult ut deſipiat duabus horis;
Has dotes reputo tuas ſecundas:
Sed, quòd cum veniunt ad implicata,
Cum Scena hæreat, & quòd impeditæ

Desperant animi exitum Fabellæ,
Quâ vates veteres Jovem vocabant
Ad partes, poterit throno ut crepante
Narrare ambigui dolos Theatri,
Atque (ut vincula Gordiana quondam
Pellæus juvenis) molesta tollunt
Insulso gladio nudique plagâ,
Tu per nescio quam modo citatam
Ex notâ tibi plebe Passionum
Ut quodam noviter reflante vento
Convertes alió novisque tota
Compages operis rotis movetur;
Neglectis superisque & inferisque
Per curam facilem domesticamque
Affectum proprio è sinu petitum
Salvas attonitos & hæsitantes.
Hanc Artem tibi, Killigræi, solus
Tu posces, dubii hanc strophen Theatri.

T. L.

The

The Latine Verſes Tranſlated.

THat thy wiſe, and modeſt Muſe,
Flies the Stages Looſer-Uſe;
Not Baudry Wit, does falſely Name,
And to move Laughter, puts off Shame.
That thy Theatres Loud Noyſe,
May be Virgins Chaſt Applauſe;
And the ſtol'd Matron, Grave Divine,
Their Lectures done, may tend to thine!
That no Actor's made profane,
To debaſe God, to raiſe thy ſtrain;
And People forc'd that hear thy Play,
Their Money, and their Souls to pay.
That thou leav'ſt Affected Phraſe,
To the Shops to Uſe, and Praiſe;
And breath'ſt a Noble Courtly Vain,
Such as may Cæſar *entertain,*
When he weari'd would lay down,
The Burdens that attend a Crown,
Diſband his Souls ſeverer Powers,
In Mirth and Eaſe diſſolve Two Hours!
Theſe are thy Inferiour Arts,
Theſe I call thy ſecond Parts!
But when thou carrieſt on the Plot,
And all are loſt i'th' ſubtle Knot,
When the Scene ſticks to ev'ry thought,
And can to no Event be brought,

When

When thus of Old, the Scene betray'd,
Poets, call'd Gods unto their Aid;
Who by Power might do the thing,
Art could to no Iſſue bring.
As the Pellæan *Prince that broke,*
With a Rude and Down-right ſtroke.
The Perplext and Fatall Nooſe,
Which his skill could not Unlooſe!
Thou do'ſt a Nobler Art profeſſe,
And the Coyl'd Serpent can'ſt no leſſe
Stretch out from every Twiſted Fold,
In which he lay inwove and roul'd.
Induce a Night, and then a Day,
Wrap all in Clouds, and then diſplay
Th' Eaſie, and the Even Deſigne,
A Plot, without a God, Divine!
Let others bold pretending Penns,
Write Acts of Gods, that know not Mens.
In This to Thee, all muſt reſigne
Th' ſurprize o'th' Scene is wholly Thine!

Of *Pandoras* not being Approved upon the Stage as a Tragedy.

SIr, you ſhould rather teach our Age the way
Of judging well, then thus have chang'd your Play;
You had oblig'd us by imploying wit,
Not to reform Pandora, *but the* Pit:
For as the Nightingale, *without the Throng*
Of other Birds, alone attends her Song,
While the loud Daw, *his throat diſplaying, draws*
The whole Aſſembly of his fellow Daws;
So muſt the VVriter, whoſe productions ſhould
Take with the Vulgar, be of vulgar Mould;
While Nobler Fancies make a flight too high,
For Common view, and leſſen as they fly.

Edmund Waller.

To

To Envy.

THou Snake that lurk'ſt under the Poets Bayes,
Envy, confeſſe thy Malice to theſe Playes,
Art thou not vext to ſee the Plotts well lay'd,
The Language pure, and every Sentence weigh'd?
New Humours? Paſſion wrought up to that height,
Men weep, and yet their grief begets Delight?
All this by Nature done, which ſhows, the Arts
Infuſe themſelves, where they finde Wit and Parts.
Out of theſe Premiſes we may infer
Here will be no work for the Cenſurer;
The wiſer Critick will do better firſt:
And for the Fooliſh, let him do his worſt.

R. Stapylton.

The Actors Names of Selindra.

Lascares, Emperour of *Greece*.
Phillocles, *Lascares* his Son.
Ordella, *Lascares* his Daughter.
Secropius, *Lascares* his Favourite.
Cleonel, *Secropius* his Son.
Selindra, A great Lady Attending *Ordella*, and supposed Daughter of *Periander*; but is *Astella*, Princess of *Hungary*.
Periander, A great Lord of *Ciprus*.
Three Ladies Attending *Ordella*.
Antillacus, General of *Greece*.
Armanthus, General of the Horse.
Antenor, *Gillon*. } Great Lords of *Greece*.
Officers,
Guards.
Servants,
Pages,

Trebello,

Trebello, King of *Hungary*
Barzanes, his eldest son. } These appear not.
Pollinesso, *Trebello's* youngest son.
Astella, His onely Daughter.
Orsanes, General of *Hungary*.
Lords.
Officers.
Pollidor,
Tennedor,
Tecknor, } Hungarians.
Titius,
Servants.

The

THE

SCENE

Is the *Emperours Palace* at *Bizantium.*

THE FIRST ACT.

{*Enter* Lascarès *Emperour of* Greece Secropius, Cleonel, *and Attendants.*}

Las. HAve you yet Learnt *Secropius*, from whence this Rumour comes concerning *Hungary?*

Secro. I can by no means find the Author Sir; yet the whole Town is full of it, 'tis in all mens mouths that Prince *Phillocles* is Crown'd King of *Hungary* yet none know why they say it?

Laſ. It cannot be, theſe Letters are but three dayes old, in which *Antillacus* onely mentions *Phillocles* return'd to *Belgrade*, having chaſed the *Germanes* home: ——

{*Enter the* Princeſs Ordella, Selindra, *and Ladies to them*}

Laſ. Daughter I ſent for you to partake the Newes theſe Letters bring; they ſpeak *Phillocles* his Victories over the bold *Germanes*, by which we gather, he will be ſhortly here; —— We will welcome his return *Ordella*, with a Solemn Triumph, to raiſe his great thoughts to Higher Actions; —— To this end I ſent for you, to think of ſome new way to Entertain the Princeſs *Aſtella*, who no doubt your Brother will bring with him.

Or. Sir, I am ſo pleas'd to hear my Brother's well; I cannot yet enjoy his Conqueſt.

Laſ. Secropius, be it your care to ſee theſe Triumphs ordered for *Phillocles*, as they were for me, when I return'd Victorious out of *Aſia*; And *Cleonel* thy charge is to Summon all our Young Nobility unto a Royal Turnament, and be thy ſelf the Glory of our Court.

Cle. You make me bluſh Sir.

Secro. It ſhall be as you direct Sir; but how ſoon does the Prince write his motion will be this way

Empe. My Letters are from our General *Antillacus* in haſt; who by the next, doth promiſe a full Relation.

Or. Have you no Letters from my Brother Sir

La

Laſ. Not yet *Ordella*; —— What Newes *Armanthus?*

{*Enter* Armanthus *in Mourning, he kiſſes the Emperours hand.*}

Arman. Sir, the Prince ſent me before, to give you notice of his approach.

Laſ. His approach! how near?

Arman. He is about a League behind Sir.

Laſ. Is this habit, and thy ſad looks, the ſignes of Victory? are *Phillocles* and you alone return'd? Is all loſt *Armanthus.*

Arman. Your Army is ſafe Sir, the *Germanes* have quitted *Hungary* as you have heard, and that Crown alſo has been offred unto *Phillocles.*

Laſ. And by him received I hope; why then is this ſad ſhew? why ſuch ſorrows in thy face? while we were ordering Triumphs to receive *Phillocles*, thou haſt ſurpriz'd us with ſuch ſadneſs, as becomes ruined States onely.

Arman. 'Tis for no leſs a loſſe I mourn Sir, for by your Victories, ſo ſad a fate is befallen *Hungary*, that all Noble hearts will feele ſome ſorrow for it, though they merrited no leſs.

Laſ. Make me know it.

Arman. When we had freed *Hungary* from the *Germane* War, and while the brave Prince *Pollineſſo*, with *Phillocles* was Conquering, and returning from the *Germane* Confines back to *Belgrade*, the old King *Trebellio*, and his Eldeſt Son *Barzanes*, repented the Conditions made with your Majeſty, for the re-delivery of *Moldavia*; they forgot

the benefit received by our *Grecian* Swords, and prepare to send home *Phillocles*, loaden with Scorns, instead of Trophies.

Laf. Strange Insolence! and as high a perjury as ever provok'd Heaven! what followed? how did *Pollinesso* bear himself?

Arman. The Young Prince *Pollinesso* was a firm Friend to *Phillocles*, and Endeavour'd what he could, to divert his Fathers, and his Brothers wicked purposes.

Laf. I'le make the whole Nation shrink under my Just Anger.

Arman. it will not need Sir, for as they securely sought to seize on Prince *Phillocles* (who lodged in the same Castle with them) it so pleas'd the gods, that he by a quick securing of himself, the same night the Plot was laid, did accidentally occasion all their ruines, though he intended no harm unto their persons.

Laf. Their ruins! are they dead? all dead.

Ar. They are Sir, and their crimes, not worthy of that sorrow the Prince has for them, had not the innocent *Pollinesso* fallen with them.

Laf By what accident fell he?

Arman. *Pollinesso* to do *Phillocles* Service, was that fatall night conceal'd, where he in a by-roome might discover his Fathers wicked Counceils, unto which he was never call'd, by reason of his avowed love to *Phillocles*; So that when we from the Princes Lodgings surpriz'd the Castle Gate, the Alarum rouz'd the *Hungarians* from their close Council, and discovered *Pollinesso* where he stood hid, who being in that amaze,

compell'd

compell'd by his Father and *Barzanes*, to fly with them unto a little Postern Gate, (to us unknown) that led unto the River, where all entering a small Fisher Boat, they hasted down the stream to their own Camp, which they found newly destroy'd by our Army: (a mischief they designed that night on us;) frighted by this ruine, they all return into their Boat, and by a suddain wind that rise, were all drown'd in the rough *Danube*.

Laſ Why had not *Polineſſo* notice of your purpose?

Arman We had no time, nor could we come where he stood Conceal'd, if *Philocles* had delay'd he had been lost; and then our design being only to Seize on *Trebellico*, and *Barzanes* persons; we could apprehend no danger towards *Polineſſo*.

Ordel Where is *Aſtella*? how did she escape? how does she bear her Father and her Brothers losse? how does she look on *Philocles*? and how become the Crown, and Throne, now they are her own?

Arman. After this sad accident, *Philocles* was inform'd that *Aſtella* was convey'd away before the War, on purpose to abuse him; but where conceal'd, none knew but those who were with *Laſcares* drown'd.

Laſ But how has *Philocles* despos'd the Affairs of *Hungary*?

Arman. The *Hungarians* much amaz'd at *Aſtellas* absence; did urge *Philocles* to accept the Crown, as by the hand of heaven thrown on him, but he without delay delivered up the sole power and trust unto *Orſanes*, and five more, untill *Aſtella* might be found; and then by the consent of all,

he did Command *Antillacus* in his return with the Army, to take poſſeſſion of *Moldavia*, which by a double right is now again rejoyn'd unto your Empire Sir.

Enter Prince Phillocles, *and Lords in mourning; with Servants he kneeles and Riſes.*

Laſ. Phillocles the gods are juſt, they have bleſt thy undertakings, which thou ſhouldſt not grieve, but thank them for, they have ſaved me a labour too, in puniſhing thoſe ingratefull perjur'd Princes.

Phil. Had not *Pollineſſo* fallen, I had not caſt away a ſigh for all the reſt, for him, my whole Life ſpent in ſorrow is not enough, He was as Noble, as the others were unworthy; he and I, contracted ſuch a Frindſhip, you would have thought but one heart had given Life to both.

Laſ. Thou haſt done ill *Phillocles*, ſo raſhly to deſpoſe ſo great Affairs without my Councel; I hear you have given away a Kingdom, in a Complement.

Phil. Sir, what I have done will not abate my intereſt there; I have alſo made a promiſe to ſearch for *Aſtella* in our Neighbour Iſlands, where tis moſt like ſhe is concealed.

Laſ. That will be near as great a folly as the other; to what purpoſe will you run ſuch a hazzard? rather meet our Army, and return with it to *Belgrade*, there let *Aſtella* find you ſecuring her intereſt, in her abſence.

Phil.

Phil. I cannot with my Honour do it Sir, *Aſtella* may then believe, I ſought the Ruine of her Family, to gain the Crown unto my ſelf.

Laſ. What if ſhe do? you may at leiſure inform her of the Truth; —— I do Command you to lay by your further thought of this fond Journey, to ſearch for *Aſtella*; is this a time to Act *Romances* in? when the whole World is in Combuſtion round us; think better on it *Phillocles*.

Or. I hope my Brother will not throw himſelf on dangers, without a good Argument to juſtifie his Actions; this new Journey, gives me new fears for you.

Phil. I ſhall conſider ere I go *Ordella*, and at your Lodgings this night, expreſs my joyes to ſee you.

{Phillocles *Embraces his Siſter* Ordella *and leads her out after* Laſcares.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

{*Onely* Selindra *ſtayes and ſits in a Chair.*}

Sel. Oh! Oh!

< Cleonel *Returns* >

Cle. *Selindra* weeping, —— has the ſad tale of *Hungary* drawn theſe tears from your faire eyes Madam?

Sel. Good my Lord, ſpare me a while, I am not fit for Courtſhip now.

Cle. I cannot with Honour leave you in the power of such an Enemy, as your sorrow is.

Sel. You cannot deliver me from a greater then your self at this time.

Cle. That is not kindly said *Selindra*, scarce Civil, if you consider my long Love, and my Respects.

Sel. My Lord, you know I ever shun'd your Love, and as much as in me lay avoided those Respects, you now upbraid me with.

Cle. I do confess you have, tis therefore I now come, to press you to declare if I may ever hope to gain more favour from you; my Suit is present Marriage, may I hope for such happiness at last?

Sel. As I never have, so I shall never give you cause to think it.

Cle. So Fair, so Innocent, so Gentle, and so Severe, I never saw before. But I shall hope to find you in a better humour at some other time *Selindra*; your Father interrupts me now.

Exit Cleonel.

Enter Periander *to* Selindra.

Sel. Unhappy day that I was born, and more unhappy this, that I have liv'd to hear such mischief on: Oh *Periander*! my Father, and my Brothers are all Dead, Murther'd by *Philocles*, Betray'd, and Slain by *Philocles*; *Pollinesso*'s dead, my onely comfort is for ever gone, and yet I live to tell it.

[*She Weepes*

Peri.

Peri. Madam the Crown of *Hungary* is now yours, and *Philocles* but the Instrument sent by the gods to punish your parents crimes, their perjury pull'd this Judgment on their own heads.

Sel. It does not become you my Lord to tell me so, nor yet to think it, if you consider *Lascare*'s covetous nature, and *Philocles* ambitious spirit, you might with me see all this was design'd to ruine my Family and so to get the Crown unto themselves; but I shall soon revenge it on dissembling *Philocles* and bring such a Ruine into *Greece*, as no time shall parrallel;—here to *Polinesso*'s Ghost,

< *She Kneeles.* >

I vow *Philocles* his Life, if ever I can safely reach it.

Peri Madam take heed, least you like them do pull a second mischief on your self; *Philocles* you see is Noble, he leaves the Crown to you, when offer'd him by all your Subjects; he Lov'd *Polinesso* you have no Argument against *Philocles*, he Laments him as much as you can.

Sel. I *Periander*, and in sorrow seeks me too; no doubt but he would gladly have me in his power to murther.

Peri. I cannot think so; but Madam you should now consider where you are, and in whose power; in my opinion you must keep this disguise, with all the Art you can; and lay by your sorrow for a while, not practice any thing towards revenge, nor by a look discover such a thought, un il I can go to *Belgrade*, there make *Orsanes* and the rest, know that you live, that we may finde some way to fetch you home with safty, where you

you may with ſecurity proſecute your revenge.

Sel. I ſhall take your adviſe my Lord, now that you comply in my revenge, and ſtudy to diſguiſe my grief till your return, but can admit no thoughts, but my revenge on *Phillocles*; *Pollinaſſo* my dear Brother, I will Celebrate thy Funerals in ſuch a manner, as ſhall ſpeak my Love to thee; and hate to him that murther'd thee;

No Roman *Pile e're made ſo great a flame*;
I'le Sacrifice this Empire to thy Name.

Weepes.

Per. Madam, this paſſion will diſcover, and deſtroy you in ſpight of my Endeavours.

Sel. I have now done my Lord, indeed I have.

Peri. I can have no Faith Madam, unleſs you will now promiſe in preſence of our gods, to hide this anger, and not to diſcover your ſelf till my return, unleſs ſome Eminent neceſſity require, for you will be loſt, when known unto *Laſcares.*

Sel. I do ingage as you deſire, and ſhall ——

Enter Ordella *to them with Ladies.*

Or. In tears *Selindra*! what cauſe haſt thou to weep?

Per. My preſent departure for *Ciprus*, makes her thus Childiſh.

Or. Will your ſtay there belong my Lord?

Per. Not many dayes Madam.

Or. Come *Selindra*, thou ſhalt go with me, I'le divert thy tears, by ſhewing thee my griefes which thou wilt be Concern'd for, if thou doſt love me.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*] *Re-*

Re-enter
Ordella, *and* Selindra,
in Ordella's *Chamber.*

Sel. Truly Madam, I am very ſenſible of your Grief, and do not approve of the Prince his journey, to ſearch for *Aſtella.*

Or. You muſt not only not approve it *Selindra*, but with me condemn it, as a raſh and hazzardous undertaking; beſides the folly of ſeeking one he never ſaw, one that he hath no ingagement to! What madneſs will it be for *Phillocles*, to put himſelf within her power, before he knows how ſhe recants her Friends deaths? for if there were ſuch affection between *Aſtella* and *Pollineſſo* (as is ſaid) the ſight of *Phillocles*, muſt needs raiſe a paſſion in her, ſuch as may deſtroy my Brother, be-

< Selindra Weepes. >

fore his innocence can appear; —— (How's this? can theſe tears fall for her Fathers abſence a few dayes? or is it for what I utter? I hope ſhe

< Ordella ſpeaks (aſide.) >

is not ſo much concern'd for *Phillocles*;) —— *Selindra* I do take it ill, that you thus lament your Fathers abſence, who runs no hazzard above my ſorrow, for my Brothers dangerous Journey, in ſearch of *Aſtella.*

Sel. Madam my tears were re-call'd by your Highneſs ſighes, by your trouble for the Prince his Journey, your favours have been ſuch to me, that I were unworthy, if I ſhould not weep, as well as ſmile with you. *Ordella.*

Or. Tis handſomly put off, — I thank thee [Ordella *aſide.*

Selindra, and doe ſo little doubt thy Love, that I do begg thy beſt Arguments to aſſiſt me, that we together may convince my Brother, and prevail with him to ſtay.

Sel. Madam, I ſhall obey your commands: and obſerve your directions as farr as will become me: But I doe fear the Prince will condemn me of much rudeneſſe, If I ſhall interpoſe my vain opinion againſt his purpoſes; good Madam doe not put me to doe, what hereafter you will blame me for.

Or. Fear it not *Selindra*, I love thee better, then to throw away thy credit ſo! — ſee where my brother comes.

Enter Phil'ocles, Ordella *meets him kindly, yet ſadly too.*

Sel. I have a hard taske on me! (to complement the man I hate to death. } Selindra, [*Aſide*

Phil. Why ſo ſad my Deer Siſter; your looks ſpeak a ſorrow through your ſmiles!

Or. Can you aske? and know your ſelf to be the cauſe of it, can *Phil'ocles* be in danger? and *Ordella*, not be ſad! can you think ſmiles would become my face? when my heart ſhrinks to think of your raſh journey, to ſeek *Aſtella* you know

know not where; I can no more put off my fears, then my affection for you.

Phil. Dearest *Ordella*, let not a mistaken cause of fear for me, beget such a trouble in you; there is no danger in my purpos'd Journey, I shall onely search the *Grecian Isles*, where none dares doe me harme, you know I am engag'd in honour to perform, what I have so publiquely declar'd, and I am sure you love my Honour, equall with my Person.

Or. I do so, and could I see the necessity you urge, to search for *Astella*, my passion should submit to your reason, and that I may not flatter my own affection, I shall now submit unto *Selindra*'s opinion, who has no reason to be partial to either of our arguments; I prethee good *Selindra*, speak freely what thou thinks't of my brothers Journey.

Sel. Truly Sir, if I may judg! the Princesse tells you what you should better consider of, then I think you yet have; not that I doe apprehend any dangerous hazzards in the Journey as she does, nor can I finde any arguments fit to perswade you from attempting dangers, when your Honour calls you to them; give me leave Sir, only to aske, how your Honour is concerned to make this search? why do you entend so great a trouble to your self; from whence is this value of *Astella*? who you never saw; why does your Highness seek a Woman that has never oblidged you? nor you her, but by the ruine of her Family, insenc'd her.

Phil. Tis true that I have never seen, nor oblidg'd

blidg'd *Astella* in perticular; but I have by many hazards of my Life endeavour'd both; the Fame of her Excelling Beauty, and greater Vertue, begot in me a desire to serve her, and her whole Family, which I did faithfully, in freeing *Hungarie* from the *Germain* Yoak: 'twas an unhappy Fate befel her Parents, by themselves pull'd on them, not by me intended; in which sad losse, I beare so great a share, that I have no peace within, untill I have made my Innocence unto *Astellas* self appear, that she may see, that I had no design to hurt the Princes persons, nor to Conquer *Hungarie*.

Sel. What you have bravely done in that War, deserves a Trophie, and from *Astella* no less value, when she shall be well enformed of all that past there; till then Sir, the Princess thinks it not fit for you to Visit *Astella*, for we often see Great Princes Vertues, does not answer the Report Fame gives them.

Or. Most true *Selindra*, my heart presages a Ruine if you goe; could I lay by my affection to you, and put on *Astellas* cause, I would undertake to confute those Arguments, you so much trust in: Methinks I see you kneeling, and the inraged *Astella*, deafe to all you say, swelling with anger, for brave *Pollinesso*'s loss, and ready to sacrifice you.— come *Selindra* if ever I have deserved

<Ordella weeps,>

Love from thee! shew it now by assisting me my own way, by thy best Language: doe thou stand forth, and as *Astella*, receives my over-confident

Brother

{*She pulls* Selindra *to* Aſtella: *She ſtands before the Chaire of State.*

Brother, ſpare him not *Selindra*, but ſuppoſe you had a Brother as dear to you, as *Pollineſſo* was to her, and that beloved Brother, by *Phillocles* his raſh attempt, ſent to his untimely grave; let looſe ſome tears, to accompany thoſe I have ſhed, and for my ſake, put on a look ſo mixt with Majeſty, Grief, and Anger, as may preſent her Part thou play'ſt: (I, that look will do it.)

Sel. Madam, You ſee my ready Obedience to your Commands; but will the Prince permit ſuch boldneſs?

Phil. Yes *Selindra*, ſince nothing elſe will ſatisfie my Sifter, I am content for once to bear a part in this Childs play, —— on condition *Ordella* that you put off your ſadneſſe if I prevaile.

Or. I ſhall, ſo you will ſtay at home, if ſhe doe get the better of you.

Phil. Content: —— can *Selindra* frown in jeſt?

{*He turns to* Selindra *and ſees her looks angry*—}

methinks ſhe looks as if ſhe would doe it to the life *Ordella*.

Sel. Yes *Phillocles*, I can frown when I have juſt cauſe! and will make thee repent this raſh attempt to viſit me, thou haſt beyond my hope, put thy ſelf into my power to puniſh;

Phil. How that angry Cloud ſpreads! Can thoſe bright Lights ſuffer an Eclips, and not portend

tend some fatall Ruine? what if they doe! shall I shake at Thunder, that cannot reach me? be concern'd for an unjust anger! no, not though the gods did threat: —— But *Ajella* will not nourish a thought mis-be-coming her Vertue, nor so much lessen her great name, by a mistaken passion, to harm a man, whose Endeavours were to serve her.

Sel. A mistaken Passion *Philocles*! are not my Father and my Brothers dead? though not by thy hand Butchered, yet by thy attempts they fell; is not the glory of our name Extinguish'd? the honour of men fall'n? all lost in *Polinesso*'s death!

Phil. *Ajellas* self is not more free, then I was, from intending evil to her friends; they forc'd me to secure my self; by which they were all lost, their Plots and Perjuries pull'd this Ruine on them: onely *Polinesso* was not Guilty, he would not comply with fierce *Barzanes* envious designe, nor with his Fathers blacker purposes, *Polinesso* was a witness of my hazards in that Warr, and did partake an equall share in them, and in the Victory; we often seal'd our vows of Amity in our best bloods together, which did beget so mutual a Love, that our souls moved ever one way; I would rather have dyed with *Polinesso*, then live thus to lament his losse; by these unfained tears I would.

Sel. Thou speakst a Language so pleasing to my ears, that I could wish my vow to sacrifice thee to my brothers ghost, had never past my lips, for I can see, and value all thy noble actions; and judg

judg the guilt of my own friends that fell, and can beare the losse of all but *Pollinesso!* —— he you say dyed Innocent, free from the others Crimes, full of Honour, Rich in Vertue, in the Blossome of his Age, my onely Joy fell: —— and you my onely hate, shall dye so too! your Worth, your Youth, & your Innocence, will make my oblation acceptable to those powers I have vowed you too; vain man, canst thou think *Pollinesso's* ghost will be appeased with words? or tears! if thou wert ever worthy my brothers love, shew it now, in couragious dying to his memory, for by all our gods thou dyest; —— a guard there.

She is interrupted by Ordella.

Or. Tis bravely done *Selindra*, thou madest me start, and shake to see thee look, and hear thee speak with such aweful majesty! —— how is it Brother? how do you think *Astellas* self will receive you? when one so unconcern'd, can use you thus! doe you yield yet? have we the better argument?

Phillocles *and* Selindra *stands both amazed.*

Phil. Yes you have.

Or. You'l stay then!

Phil. I think I shall.

Or. My deer, deer *Selindra*, let me kisse thee, thou hast oblidged me beyond my power to gratifie, beyond my expression to acknowledg; —— the Emperour, and the whole Empire shall thank

thee for *Philocles* his safety; —— come my brother, let us now finde my father; this change will please him.

Exeunt Ambo.

Sel. How near lost was I, on his fresh mention of *Polinesso*'s death! how dangerous a work did I undertake; and how happily brought off, by the Princess *Ordella*s timely interruption! —— I thought my self within my strengths at *Belgrade*, and *Philocles* in my power to punish; I must no more of these games, tis my disguise preserves my life, and I doe care onely to live to be reveng'd on *Philocles*, the Author of all my sorrows. —— Oh! but the Princess *Ordella* sits too neer my heart, to suffer that; she is my friend, if I destroy her beloved brother! I wound her to death; at least give her the same intollerable grief for *Philocles*, I now suffer for *Polinesso*. — — Oh! horrid ingratitude! Oh miserable *Astella*! my Obligations to *Ardella*, doe infringe my vows to heaven: —— yee gods, direct me so; that these differing passions may not distract me; I would doe, what should become me best, and please you most, though my own life in the attempt be lost.

[*Exit* Selindra.

THE SECOND ACT.

{ *Enter Emperour*, Lascares, Cecropius *and* Cleonell. }

Cecropius.

Mighty Sir; what you have said, was my thought, when I first heard of the Prince his stay; and had been now my Councel, as the best way to secure his Interest in *Hungary*, by which *Astella* must submit unto the will of him that has already woon the hearts of all her people.

Cleon. Sir, you know I have long lov'd, and long sought *Selindra*'s Love; and Lovers Eyes are quick to discover the like looks in others; tis my duty (as well as my own Concern) to tell your Majestie that I have observed *Selindra*'s good looks, to be the Orators that have put off the Prince his journey not his kinde sisters Importunity, and when your own observation shall inform you better, your Majesty will finde this no causeless jealousie in me.

Cecropius. What he tell you sir, is the whisper of the Court, but I look on it slightly, the Prince may have a minde to a Wench, and *Selindra* is a pretty one; but sir, in my opinion, you should take no notice of such youthfull passages; the Prince cannot think her a fit Wife, and then no matter who is his Mistresse.

Lascares; *Cecropion* I doe think it worthy my care to prevent an evill; the Crown of *Hungary* can be no way mine, but by *Astella*; we see *Selindra* is rich in Beauty, and more rich in Virtue; if not by Birth great enough to be his Wife; she is too good to be his wanton Mistresse; *Phillocles* is young, and young men are apt to be in love! He is as gallant as great, and if his affection should meet a repulse (as its most like from *Selindra*) these sparks we now see, may grow to such a flame, as neither we, nor he can quench: I will observe him, and set spies on them — [*Aside.*

some of my own spies. *Cleonell* may be jealous without a cause? I will sift *Ordella* too. —

{*Enter* Phillocles *to them in rich cloathes, with* Ordella, Selindra, *Lords, Ladies, and train, all fine.*}

Lascares; Daughter, you have wrought a good work on your brother; thy Interest I see, has prevail'd, beyond my intreaty, or my Command, I thank thee for it *Ordella*, and am glad *Phillocles* to find that your Ears are open unto reason, indeed the journey would not have suited with your other great actions; I like well thy gallant spirit; but I like not to hazzard a Kingdome for a Compliement.

Phillocles, Sir, I doe thus low beg pardon for my [*She kneels.*

first disobedience to your commands, and doe confesse my sister wrought my consent to stay; yet I must tell you sir; 'twas because her Argu-

ments

ments complyed with your commands, nor was your command her least Argument.

Las. Thus let me imbrace the greatest comfort of my life, thou shalt set ever next my heart

He holds their Armes under his, and walks as he speaks,

—give me thy hand *Ordella*, and thine *Phillocles*; What wealth is there beyond these? what joyes beyond those I feel? thus supported I am the envy of Princes; may all the blessings Heaven can bestow, fall on you both for this love, and this obedience to your old dying Father, —— tell me *Phillocles*: how stands the affairs of *Hungarie*? I have had late Intelligence, that some Commotions doe appear there: if so? since you have thus discreetly laid aside the search of *Astella*, in my Judgment, 'twill be next best that you repair to *Belgrade* with your Army, there by your presence to keep the people in Obedience, untill *Astella* be found; we know the *Hungarians* are a bulie headed people *Phillocles*.

Phil. Sir, I have left the Government of that State, in those hands that will neglect no means to invite *Astella* home; they love her sir; and do want no power to secure the Kingdome for her; my presence at *Belgrade*, would rather deter *Astella*, then invite her home, and may be justly thought I meant to force, what I yet doubt to sue for: In my opinion sir, I ought to hear more from thence, before I stir that way, but my opinion and my will, shall submit to your Commands.

Lascar. Thou art still on thy Complements, but my gray Haires are not convinc'd by such Arguments, think better on what I propose, though I

< Phillocles *and the rest go off.* >

doe not command, but onely wish it; while I instruct your sister with my reasons, that she, and you may consult together.

[*He whispers with* Ordella.

Or. I shall obey you Sir, and weigh well what you have said, I shall not be wanting in my care for *Selindra*, nor in my love unto my Brother.

Las. I am satisfied *Ordella*, and doe onely wonder why he will not lead the Army into *Hungaria* where such apparent need is of his presence.

Or. He will go, if you will have him Sir.

Las. I will think further on it a day or two.

{ *This while* Cleonel *Courts* Selindra, *she shews dislike to him.* }

Las. Cleonel I see loses no time in the War he makes, ply her hard young man, those knit brows do often prove the Cipher to a smiling heart, and yet *Cleonel* I must tell you, that I approve not this whining way of Wooing; most Women like to be approach'd with such Alacrity, as shews the mettle men are made of; where is thy heart young man?

Cle. Mighty Sir, one frown from bright *Selindras* eyes, has power to shake me into Attomes, to unman me quite!

Las. I think so, and must my self Wooe for thee,

< *He speaks to* Selindra. >

how is it fair One, that you neglect such honour

and

and such Wealth, as *Cleonel* brings with him? he is a man in my eyes worthy the greatest subject of my Empire: —— Or is it the nice Lovers part you thus do act in Publique, while your united hearts delight in private? say *Selindra*, when shall our Court flourish in triumphs for your weding? —— while *Ordella* provides Ornaments for you, it shall be my care to set forth *Cleonel* like himself, and fit for such a Mistris: —— tell me when *Selindra*, when shall this Jolly time be? come I must press you for my Friend.

Selin. I am very sensible of this Honour you now do me Sir, yet cannot chuse but wonder why your Majesty thinks fit to press me to a publique Answer.

Las. You have delayed it long enough, tis a good time to declare now.

Selin. I obey Sir, and do confess that I have ever had a true value of *Cleonel's* worth; I have also observed your favour to him, and do believe that he may make the best of Women happy; but yet I think not fit to entertain his Love, I have more Noble thoughts, then to incourage him with hopes, of what I never can afford him, such a return as his merrit may justly expect from one more worthy then my self; I must declare that my purpose is not to marry, but to attend the Princess so long, as that honour may be permitted, and her Highness favour shall continue to me.

Las. May all thy wishes be ever on thee happy will that man be, that gets such a Treasure, as this fair Cabinet contains: I am vanquish'd *Cleonel*, and I advise thee to tear this Serpent from thy

heart, before it be too big for thee to graſpe; — (obſerve you this *Ordella?*) — *Phillocles* are thy thoughts yet for *Belgrade?*

[*Aſide.*

Phillo. They ſhall be Sir, if you Command it.

{*Exeunt* Laſcares Cecropius *and* Cleonel.

Phillo. Ordella can you gueſs why my Father does now urge my abſence? that ſo late inforc'd my ſtay?

Ordel. Does not the Affairs of *Hungary* require you there?

Phillo. No *Ordella*, I ſhould not then wonder at it.

{*Enter Meſſenger.*}

Meſſen. Madam, the Emperour calls for you.

Ordel. I'le o're take him preſently; — I have much to ſay to you Brother, pray ſtay my return; good *Selindra* Entertain him in my Chamber, with *Cleonells* laſt Melancholly Song, I like ſo well.

{Phillocles *and* Selindra *ſit within the Scene.*

THE SONG.

Cloris *we ſee the offended Gods,*
At firſt do ſhew, and ſhake their Rodds,

That

That they may rather threat, then ſtrike,
So we forgoe, what they diſlike:
Theſe faulty ſtreams, ſhall flow no more
Above their banks, as heretofore;
Nor ſwelling tempeſt from my breaſt,
Henceforth thy Virgin cares moleſt;
All ſhall be faſhion'd to thy will,
So thou wilt let me Love thee ſtill;
My Lips ſhall not a word let go,
That may offend to tell thee ſo;
But to diſſemble, or deny
That I do Love thee were a lye
Would ſtain my ſoul, 'twill prove a ſpot,
To look as if I Lov'd thee not.

Phil'o. This charity becomes you Madam, and *Cleonel's* lines I ſee are ſmiled on, though himſelf be not, but why did you with ſuch ſeverity, in publique diſclaim his intereſt, and ſeem to reject a man ſo worthy, when the Emperour himſelf wooed for him?

Selin. 'Tis the Princeſs *Ordellas* pleaſure, that I ſhould learn his Song Sir, and not my fancy to the maker of it, though his love, and reſpects may challenge a greater complement from me, for I ſhall ever acknowledge obligations to *Cleonel*, yet not think fit to treat a Marriage in my Fathers abſence, by whom I ſhall be wholly rul'd in that matter, if he think fit to make that choice for me, I muſt ſubmit.

Phil'o. Give me leave Madam ſo far to intereſt

{Phillocles *takes her hand, ſhe ſhews diſlike.*}

my

my self in your Affairs, as to aske if your thoughts for *Cleonel* be such, that you will not admit the like profession from another; For though my Father cannot match him in his Dominions, I believe that I can find you a Servant as faithfull, and as full of love; one every way as worthy your favours, one that will out-bid *Cleonel*, to gain *Selindra*, do but ——

[*He offers to kiss her hand.*

Selin. I beg your Highness pardon for some time.

[*Exit* Selindra.

Phil. Thus to leave me while I was speaking to her, is a scorn I look'd not for; — *Selindra* was not wont to be so rude, nor I so foolish, sure my looks and Language rendred me Rediculous, so slight, that she blush'd for me, which to hide she thus withdrew, leaving me to wonder at my self, that am of late become, what I want a Name for; —— —— If this be Love, and this the Effects of Love, I'le tear the Monster from my heart and be my self again, before it grow too mighty for me; —— my hands cannot reach it, no force can touch it, tis a subtile foe, not to be compell'd; tis reason only must prevail; —— *Selindra* loves, and dissembles her affection to *Cleonel*, neglecting me; — how unworthy then am I, that seek to separate united hearts; how fond, to Covet what another does Enjoy; how much am I now fall'n below my self, by this passion?

He throws himself on the Couch sadly.

Enter

{*Enter* Ordella } {*and* Selindra. }

Ordel. When went my Brother hence *Selindra*?

Selin. He ſits there Madam.

Ordel. My Father I fear has too much cauſe for what he ſaid; Prethee leave us a while *Selindra*, and let none diſturb us.

{Ordella *goes to* Phillocles, } {*he ſtarts at her approach.* }

Phillo. Oh *Selindra!*

Ordel. She is not here, why do you ſtare thus on me? are you not well?

Phillo Onely a little dull for want of ſleep *Ordella*; but why ſent the Emperour for you in ſuch haſt?

Ordel. To tell me that *Phillocles* does love *Selindra* and toenquire my thoughts of it; I anſwered boldly, that you were too Noble to diſhonour *Selindra*, and too wiſe to neglect *Aſtella* and a Crown, for ſuch an idle fancy; —— I have confirm'd him that you have not ſuch a thought, becauſe I ſaw him troubled at it; —— but what is this that thus diſtracts you?

Phil. Ha! what ſayes my deareſt Siſter.

Ordel. Ye Gods defend that I be not miſtaken; Brother what have you done with your ſelf, ſince I went hence?

Phillo My head is full of the Affairs of *Hungary*, I was contriving how I ſhould ſecure *Aſtella* in her

her Throne, and thinking of a thousand other things; but why did my Father send for thee?

Ordel. This is very strange, I told you why, and you regard me not, it was about *Selindra.*

Phillo. About *Selindra*; prethee *Ordella* let us talk of something else, —— thou weepest.

Ordel. How can I chuse but weep, to see you thus distracted, and all my hopes of future joyes dying in me? —— *Phillocles* has left to Love me, he dares not trust me with his heart he Loves, and by dissembling seeks to hide his love from me, that can dye for him.

Phillo. I am guilty *Ordella*, thy charms o're-come me, and I do submit to thy severest Judgement, I do love *Selindra*, and would do more then thou canst fancy, to gain her Love; now my heart lyes open, thou wilt find the wound is deep *Ordella*, touch it gently my dear Sister.

Ordel. 'Twill not be cured then *Phillocles*, I must launce it to the quick, and you must indure to hear that *Cleonel*, and she have been long contracted, and only do disguise their Loves, because *Cecropius* seeks *Selindra* for himself, tis only untill her Fathers return, they thus dissemble it.

Phil. Contracted *Ordella*! thou hast blasted all my hopes, destroy'd me in the twinckling of an eye, the gods have not a greater curse in store to throw upon me, is this thy cure? I shall sink under the burthen of this remedy! fare-well *Ordella*, fare-well for ever! for I am undone for ever!

Or. Stay *Phillocles*! can cure thee yet; Ile stroke

{Phillocles *going out*, *in haste turns back.*

thy

thy wound, and try how that will work, they are not contracted, that I ever heard, it was my pure affection that thus abus'd your ears: by my Fathers command, I was in the bud to crush your love, which by their pretended Contract, I thought best to doe: can my Brother pardon my Zeal to serve him this way? and yet trust my love.

Phil. I can do both *Ordella*, now thou hast restored me to life again; come let us sit, that I may at large declare my purpose concerning *Selindra*, —— doe you remember *Ordella*, that day you made *Selindra* act *Astella*? how I was then convinc'd, and overcome by her; how she spake then! and with what Majesty she appear'd! Methought then if *Selindra* were not born a Queen, yet she was design'd to be one! from that hour I lov'd her, (and you the occasion of my love,) I have since observed her strictly, and well weighed all her perfections, and considered *Cleonells* hopelesse suit to gain her: if she can afford me love *Ordella*; I would wade deep in blood —— it would look like vanity, to tell thee how great things I would doe to win a value from her.

Or. When I consider *Selindra*'s Beauty, and her worth, I cannot blame your admiration of her, truly brother, I do wish your desires upon you, but know not how I can comply, or how to serve you this way?

Phil. I have weighed all kinde of arguments *Ordella*, and doe allow them to be good worldly thoughts, fit for Princes that have no other heaven on earth then their Wealth, and their Dominions! ——

nions! —— I tell the *Ordella* to be Emperour of all the world is poverty without *Selindra*! if thou loveſt me, thou wilt uſe thy intereſt to perſwade her to caſt off all thoughts for *Cleonell*, and receive me, who ſhe yet ſhuns: —— now my Sifter ſpeak comfort to my ſoul; that muſt languiſh untill you ingage for me.

Ordella *ſits ſilent a while, and he ſtaring on her.*

Or. I have been thus long ſilent *Phillocles*, to conſider how I might comply with your deſires, and not break my Fathers truſt, doe but ſhew me an honourable way, and I will ſerve you with the ſame Zeal you wiſh it; but if I ſhould conſent? how can you avoid *Cleonell?* or how diſguiſe your love from my Father?

Phil. Wee'l think of twenty wayes to blinde the old mans eyes, and as for *Cleonell*, I will ſo overload him with Wealth, and Honours, that he ſhall gladly give up his intereſt in *Selindra*, (if he have any!) but if he refuſe! I will become his Rivall publiquely, I will either carry the faire prize or looſe my ſelf *Ordella*; ſay now, will you ſtrain a Complement with my Fathers truſt to ſave thy brothers life and honour?

Or. Pardon me heaven! if I offend by varying from my Fathers truſt, to ſave my Brothers life and Honour! *Phillocles* now I am yours, imploy me like a Sifter that you love, put me not to uſe artifices unworthy of that value, the World now holds me at.

Phil. By all our gods, Ile rather periſh, then permit

mit thee to act any thing unworthily: Deerest *Ordella* lose no time to make known my affection to *Selindra*, while I seek *Cleonell*, to make him mine.

Or. Since no argument can prevail against your passion, I am content to be directed by you.

Phil. Thou wilt make me happy then *Ordella!* beyond all the State arguments.

The greatest Polititian can invent,
Or brightest messenger from Heaven's sent.

[*Leads her off.*

< *Enter* Cleonel. >

Cleo. This falls out well for my designes upon *Selindra*, the Prince his absence, will give me opportunity to effect, what his presence might prevent, for 'tis now most evident that *Selindra* slights my Professions in hope of *Phillocles*, who is become my Rival; by subtilties I must therefore compass, what my power and credit cannot reach: the Prince is too mighty for me, to contest with? but this New War, will do my work —— see

< *Enter* Phillocles. >

where he comes, how full of thoughts he is of late! this love transforms us all.

Phil. Ile share the Empire with him if he consent! if he consent! if he will not! I'le force my way. ——

He sees Cleonell.

Cleo. Sir, The Emperour sent me to signify unto

to you the News from *Belgrade*, that *Aſtella* is arriv'd there, and is rejected by thoſe you left to govern; 'tis his pleaſure Sir, that you prepare to march with all poſſible ſpeed to her relief.

Phil. I have juſt now received an expreſs from thence, which informs me of a Faction there, that did hope to have ſet up a Counterfeit *Aſtella*; but thoſe Tumults are alayed, the plot being diſcover'd, all the partakers fled the Country; I therefore hold it fit to hear again from thence, before I ſtirr: but if my Father will needs have his Army march into *Hungarie*, I ſhall adviſe him to conferr the honour of that War, *Cleonell* on you.

Cle. On me Sir, I am neither worthy, nor capable of ſo great a charge; your Highneſs does me much honour in this thought, but I muſt not preſume to accept the favour, leaſt the Emperour do think me ſo vain to ſeek it.

Phillo. Why *Cleonel*? thy forward youth promiſes great things, and I know the Emperour will be pleas'd to ſee me joyn to heap honours on thy deſerving head; I will undertake it with my Father, and ſhall not doubt to ſay, thou wilt deſerve the ſole Command of all our Forces.

Cle. If the Emperour conſent, I am cozen'd; [*Aſide.*
your Highneſs does o're-load me with your Favours, I ſhall not live to expreſs my Gratitude, much leſs to merrit ſuch honours.

Phil. I tell thee *Cleonel*, tis in thy power to lay an Obligation on me, ſuch an Obligation *Cleonel*, as half my Empire cannot recompence; —— Say,

may

may I hope such kindness from thee? but if it be not in thy heart; do not flatter me into a hope of what I shall not find.

Cle. Sir as you are my Prince, my duty binds me to serve you with the hazard of my life and fortunes.

Phil. I thank thee for thy love, as I do all that will like thee, say, and do as much; but I would have ingagements unto thee, beyond the common complement of other subjects.

Cle. Your many favours Sir, have so much obliged me beyond all others, that your Commands (what ere they be) shall make me happy.

Phil. Take heed *Cleonel*, do not ingage too fast, for I shall demand what thou hold'st dearer then thy life; dareſt thou hear me now?

Cle. Speak boldly Sir, I am yours, and all that's mine is so; I hope he will discover his love to me. [*Speaks aside.*

Phil. Thou art indeed my fate, or I am thine— I would have thee give up to me thy interest in *Selindra*, dissolve all ingagements between her and you: —— my dearest friend; thus thou mayest bequeath an Empire to me, that I prize far above this I am born to, —— start not at it, for I will

{Phillocles *Embraces him.*}

wear thee in my bosome, thou shalt be the greatest and the richest man in *Greece!*

Cle. Without *Selindra!*

Phil. I, without *Selindra!*

Cleo. What is all *Greece* worth, without *Selindra?*

dra? good Sir, give me leave a little to consider on this matter; ——sure he has solicited *Selindra*

[*Aside.*

for himself, and receiv'd a repulse —— it may well be that she has expres'd to him, some value of me, beyond what I my self can yet discern; he would not else thus rashly, nay thus madly tempt me! 'tis so: —— Sir, do I mistake, or did you demand that I should give my interest in *Selindra* up to you?

Phil. Thou doest not mistake, 'tis onely that can make me happy.

Cleo. And onely that I cannot grant, I can no more consent to part with the hope of such a happiness, then with my interest in Heaven; pray Sir, find some other way to try my Faith.

Phil. The Gods cannot give thee a means to oblige me another way, themselves cannot bless me with a gift, that I can prize beyond *Selindra.*

Cleo. And you would have me debauch this young Lady, for your private pleasure?

Phill. By all that's holy I would marry her.

Cleo. Marry her! what shall then become of *Hungary*, and *Astella?*

Phill. Thou shalt have that Crown, and her; I'le woe her for thee, I'le fight that Conquest o're again, and give it thee, if she refuse.

Cleo. Will you get the Emperours consent to this exchange?

Phill. Yes, or I will do it without him.

Cleo. (All this shall to the Emperour,) (*Aside.*

but

but if you can do neither? this ineſtimable jewel you would have me throw away.

Phill. Will it be thrown away, if placed on me?

Cleo. I might have put my words into a Courtlier phraſe I do confeſs, but I can never mould my heart to ſuch a form, as ſhall conſent to make my tongue betray it: I ſwear by all that's good, I never can relinquiſh my intereſt in *Selindra?* I do prize my weak hopes there, above all the wealth and honours you can lay down to purchaſe it.

Phill. He has abus'd me all this while, to get the ſecret out, which ſhall now conſume him; ſince he will not conſent, his baſe treachery ſhall be my firſt ſtep to climb unto *Selindra.*

{ Phillocles *ſtands ſilent muſing.*

Cleo. I ſhall now perſwade *Iaſcares* to believe that the Prince loves *Selindra* —while he is muſing I'le ſteal off, leſt a tempeſt do fall on me. [*Aſide.*

{ Cleonel *is going out.*

Phill. Stay *Cleonel,* I have more to ſay; I have conſidered my raſh ſuit, and cannot with Juſtice quarrel with thee for not parting with ſuch a treaſure as *Selindra* is; but I muſt call thee to account for thy late ſmiles, and falſe fawning on me, and for thy baſe treacherous kindneſs, by which thou haſt betray'd me to reveal a ſecret too great to truſt thee with: —Thus I lay by my great-

neſs, and as a private injured man, I draw my ſword to kill thee.

Cleo. But I muſt not lift up mine againſt my Prince, I have been ever taught to draw my ſword in your defence, and ſhall be as glad to ſerve you with it, as I ſhould be proud to uſe it in this cauſe againſt any other man; I dare ſcarce ſhew it you Sir.

[*He draws.*

Phill. I have now made my ſelf thy equal, by my rivalſhip in love; either defend thy ſelf, or by heaven I'le kill thee.

{*They fight,* Phillocles *hurts and diſarms* Cleonel; *as the Emperour comes in,* Phillocles *throws* Cleonel *his ſword, and goes out.*

{*Enter the Emperour,* Cecropius, *and Attendants.*

Laſc. What inſolence is this ſo near us? *Cleonel* this poſture does not become you in this place.

Cleo. You will pardon it Sir, when you ſhall know I only drew to ſave my life, not to offend the Prince, who ſwelling with rage, came like a ruine on me, becauſe I would not quit my intereſt in *Selindra* unto him, to be his wife Sir.

Laſ. Is this true *Cleonel?*

Cleo. You'l find it true Sir, I could have had *Aſtella* and her Crown for my conſent; 'tis ſome pleaſure

ſure to deny another, what I cannot get my ſelf.

Laſc. Has he not hurt thee?

Cleo. Not much Sir, you came in juſt as he fell on me.

Laſc. This muſt be timely cared for; *Cecropius* ſend preſently and fetch *Selindra* to your Lodgings, this night ſhe ſhall be your charge to morrow let her be ſent back to *Ciprus* to her father; and be you ſure *Cecropius* that *Phillocles* do neither ſee her, nor ſend to her this night.

{*Enter* Ordella, Selindra, with Ladies}

Cecro. She is here Sir, with the Princeſs.

Ordel. Where is my brother Sir?

Laſc. He is gone hence hurt *Ordella*, (I wiſh he were elſe) fighting forſooth for Love! you now ſee what miſchief your fondneſs to *Selindra* has produc'd; your brothers life endangered, and the Empire tottering: *Cecropius* take *Selindra* to your care, as I commanded let her be ſent home, attended as befits her quality: —— *Ordella* come you with me.

{*All goes off but* Cecropius, Cleonel *and* Selindra.}

Cecro. Leave us a while *Cleonel*, —— Madam, you

{*Exit* Cleonel *and darkens at the Scene.*}

now ſee the evils I foretold, are come to paſs,

these young fiery spirits will never submit to suffer either to enjoy you: do but consider how happy you may be, by being mine, though I am not so young; yet many men of my years have made young Ladies happy: of my love you have had long tryal, my Power, my Honours, and my Wealth, will prove as pleasant as the smooth chin of *Cleonel*: —*Philocles* his wife you cannot be, his Mistris I hope you scorn to be; much may be said, Lady, on this argument, but the time allows it not, to morrow early you must to Sea, unless you will bless me, by being mine.

Cleo. Is it even so my good father? I shall shew you a trick for your trick, if my skill fail not!

< He peeps in >

Sel. My Lord, I must now give you the same answer I have ever done, that I can never have affection for you.

Cecro. No matter, few old mens wives have any.

Sel. My Lord, I do submit unto the Emperours commands, pray let me be sent away.

Cecro. 'Tis my humble love begets this contempt—I must try her another way, —Madam, you know the Emperours humour well, and you have heard how eagerly he covets to joyn *Hungary* to *Greece*, by *Philocles* his match with *Astella*, and how much he abhors his love to you, is evident: The truth is *Selindra*, you are this night by his command, to be ravished by my son *Cleonel*, to that end send thither, which will allay the gallant Prince his appetite to marry you, and remove

[*Aside*

mo e all further fears of that matter: 'Tis yet in your own power Madam by obliging me, to prevent *Cleonells* force, who for undertaking so base an act, ought to be dispis'd.

Sel. Ravish'd, I'le rather dye, then suffer *Cleonell*, or yield to be your wife; the gods will not permit such wickedness!

Cec. Please you to retire unto your Lodging Lady; ——

[He leads her in and returns.

--There is no way to win this foolish Girl, I am enforced even to hate her, yet cannot chuse but love her; — but why should I lose this opportunity? I may now do, what I only invented for *Cleonel*—— I shall curse my self when she is gone, and when no possibility is left, wish it had been so: it shall be; —if when I have ravish'd her, she can consent, I'le marry her, if she will not, I'le poyson her, and being dead at Sea, hire the Marriners to throw her over-board, I will about it while my bloud is high!

Venus *propitious be to my design.*
I'le offer Insence onely at thy Shrine.

The Third Act.

{ *Enter* Phillocles. }

Phill. Given to *Cecropius* custody! that is to *Cleonel's* embraces; I must see her: ——

{ *He knocks at* Cecropius's *Lodgings, and enter three servants with swords.*

——is *Cecropius* or *Cleonel* within?

Serv. They are Sir.

Philo. Is *Selindra* yet at rest?

Serv. Yes Sir, long since.

Phill. Is it so late? I do believe you do mistake, and she is not; ——

{ Phillocles *offers to enter, and they stop him.*

——what means this rudeness?

Serv. The Emperour has given command, that neither your highness, nor any from you, should visit *Selindra*; besides Sir, all within are now at rest.

Phill. My Fathers command! this is some de-

sign

ſign from *Cleonel:* —are they all at reſt ſay you? —— whence then is this noiſe I hear?

[*A noiſe within.*

Serv. We know not Sir.

Phil. Hark, the ſame noyſe again, 'tis within ——ſtand by, —Villains give way, or I ſhall force my paſſage through your hearts, —

[*The way the noyſe is.*

by Heaven 'tis a Womans voice! —it is *Selin-*

[*Goes out and returns.*

dra's voice, ſhe calls for help too!

Selin. Help, oh help! murther, murther.

[*He hearkens at the Scene.*

(Phillocles *enters, breaks open a door within, and* Cecropius *is ſeen ſtruggling with* Selindra. Phillocles *takes* Cecropius *by the Collar, and as he offers to kill him,* Cleonel *enters and holds his ſword at* Selindra's *breſt.*)

Cleo. By my Fathers ſoul, I will ſtrike with thee *Phillocles.*

Phil. Thou dareſt not be ſo baſe to harm ſuch innocence.

(*Here they look at one another in this poſture a while, then* Phillocles *throws by* Cecropius, *and runs at* Cleonel; *he quits* Selindra, *and meets* phillocles; *while they fight, the others run out and raiſe the Court.*

Enter

{*Enter the Emperour, with Train and Guard, who part them.*}

Lasc. Phillocles, I have thus long winked at your follies, hoping that my mildness would have begot a better temper in you, but I now see your sore requires a Corisive: go to your Lodgings, and as you value my displeasure, move not from thence without my leave, —— you of the Guard wait upon the Prince, and let him not stirr out, as you will answer it to me, —— *Cecropius*, let all leave

[*Exit* Phillocles *with the Guard.*

us but your self —— and now inform me of this Fray, and how he came hither against my Command.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Cecro. Mighty Sir, the Prince forced my servants from the door, and found me threatning *Selindra*, and frighting of her, as if I meant a Rape, which I onely fain'd; intending to take off *Phillocles* his affection that way, by which he might apply his thoughts towards *Astella*, for if the Prince should marry *Selindra* how can *Hungary* be yours? this Sir, is the truth.

Lasc. I wish thou hadst done, what thou onely talkest of, for this young man will ruine all my hopes

hopes of *Hungary*, if we do not prevent him! —

< Cleonel *peeps in* >

it muſt be poyſon *Cecropius*; I ſee no leſs will do it; *Selindra* muſt dye, and that preſently.

Cecro. And ſhall Sir, if you ſo direct; by to morrow night it ſhall be done.

Laſc. Be it ſo then, 'twill be the leaſt evil; and the onely way to ſecure all the reſt; let her be poyſoned.

[*Exeunt ambo.*

< *Enter* Cleonel >

Cleo. Poyſon her, my curioſity was to good purpoſe at this time; was ever gray hairs ſo wicked? how to prevent this miſchief I know not; —— *Selindra* will never credit it from me; yet I will urge her hard, and if I do get belief, and by this means bring my deſigns to paſs! I ſhall find doors ſtrong for *Phillocles* to force: —— Love and *Venus* guide me.

{ Cleonel *goes out and returns* Selindra *flying before him, with a knife drawn, which ſhe holds at her breſt.* }

Sel. Hold *Cleonel*, if thou preſumeſt to touch me, this knife ſhall be my reſcue.

Cleo. Will this diſtance, with my obedience, and

and my humility remove your fears? —— by

{*He steps back and kneels*

Selindra's self I swear, my only business is to save that life you threaten, — does my heart and my looks so ill agree? that you can fear harm from me.

Sel. Art not thou *Cecropius*'s son? and does not his wild blood run in thy vains?

Cleo. No Madam, I am no whit allied unto *Cecropius* the Ravisher; he was a Man when he made me, and is now become a Monster; such as I dread to see *Selindra* under his Roof.

Sel. My Lord, that posture does neither become you nor me, —— pray come no nearer.

{*He rises and comes towards her.*

Cleo. You will pardon my approach when you shall know the cause of this unseasonable Visite, I have by accident o're heard the Emperour give my Father order to poyson you, and he is providing to do it, this next night.

Selin. I am glad to hear they are grown so merciful, death is less dreadful then his Rape, —— but how can I credit this from you? and how avoid it, if I do?

Cleo. Can *Selindra* believe my love could ere conceal such a mischief? or that I will omit any endeavour, to preserve her from it?

Selin. Were not *Cleonel* akin to the Ravisher; I might believe he would detect a Poysoner.

Cleo. If I tell you a false word, may suddain plagues seize on me, and if you pleas[illegible] ake me the

the bleſt inſtrument of your eſcape; the Honour will be ample recompence for any hazard I ſhall run: I have Madam a ſtrong Caſtle within the Foreſt, about a League from hence, thither I can convey you firſt, and then whither you pleaſe.

Selin. Pray my Lord, leave me a few minutes,

[*Exit* Cleonel.

that I may conſider this great concern: ——'tis very like that he who would have raviſh'd, may conſent to poyſon twenty ſuch as I, rather then loſe his hopes of *Hungary:* —— I like well to fly from this near death, but I like not to truſt my ſelf to *Cleonel*, there may be more danger at his Caſtle, then in the death I would fly from, if I diſcover my ſelf unto *Ordelle*, ſhe will ſolicite me for *Philocles* (who I muſt ever hate) this will prove more deſperate then all thereſt: —— I muſt truſt *Cleonel*, though he be of a fiery Spirit, his honour was never yet tainted: —— I will look gently on him, and ingage him if I can to be true to me: ——

[*She calls* Cleonel, *who enters.*

My Lord I have weighed my dangers, and your Counſel to avoid them, and I will truſt my ſelf to you, ſo you will ſwear to carry me directly unto *Belgrad* (and not to your Caſtle) I have friends in *Hungary* who will protect me, and there I ſhall have time to conſider of your hazzards for me.

Cleo By our Houſhold gods I ſwear to do it; by this fair hand I will obſerve my Oath, and what

what ever else you shall command me: —— though it be late, we must this night depart, you must make ready, while I take order for my Servants, and my Horses.

Selin. May I not see the Princess e're I go? will not to morrow night be time enough?

Cleo. To morrow night brings death beyond all power to hinder; we should be going while we talk: —— Let no fears disturb you Madam, I can command the opening of the Ports at any hour; all shall be according to your wish.

Selin. Heaven grant it *Cleonel:*

When I remember the strict vow you've made,
It were impiety to be afraid.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[*Enter* Phillocles *and Guard.*

Phillo. Leave me all.

{*Enter* Ordella, *to visit him as in his chamber, the Guard at the door appearing.*}

Phill. Thou art welcome *Ordella*, let us sit and talk sadly.

Ordel. My coming is to divert this sadness which you too much indulge.

Phill. Does not my sorrow become me *Ordella?* canst thou wish me merry, when thou considerest my Condition? who is there now in *Greece* more scorn'd then *Phillocles?*

Ordel.

the blest Instrument of your escape; the Honour will be ample recompence for any hazzard I shall run: I have Madam, a strong Castle within the Forrest, about a League from hence, thither I can convey you first, and then whither you please.

Selin. Pray my Lord, leave me a few minutes,

[*Exit* Cleonel.]

that I may consider this great concern: — 'tis very like, that he who would have ravish'd, may consent to poyson twenty such as I, rather then loose his hopes of *Hungary*: — I like well to fly from this near death, but I like not to trust my self to *Cleonel*, there may be more danger at his Castle, then in the death I would fly from, If I discover my self unto *Ardelia*, she will solicite me for *Philocles* who I shall never have, this will prove more desperate then all the rest: — I must trust *Cleonel*, though he be of a fiery Spirit, his honour was never yet tainted: — I will look gently on

[*She calls* Cleonel.]

[*He Enters.*

him, ~~and ingage him if I can to be true to me:~~ — My Lord, I have weighed my dangers, and your counsel to avoid them, and I will trust my self to you, so you will swear to carry me directly unto *Belgrade* (and not to your Castle) I have friends in *Hungary*, who will protect me, and there I shall have time to consider of your hazzards for me.

Cleo. By our House-hold gods I swear to do it, by this fair hand, I will observe my Oath, and what

what ever else you shall command me; though it be late, we must this night depart, you must make ready, while I take order for my Servants, and my Horses.

Selin. May I not see the Princess e're I go? will not to morrow night be time enough?

Cleo. To morrow night brings death beyond all power to hinder; we should be going while we talk: —— Let no fears disturb you Madam, I can command the opening of the Ports at any hour; all shall be according to your wish.

Selin. Heaven grant it *Cleone!* ——

When I remember the strict vow you have made,
It were Impiety to be afraid.

[*Exeunt severally.*

{*Enter Philocles, and Guard.*}

Phil. Let the Boy only stay, and sing the Song I like.

The

The SONG.

COme, come, thou glorious object of my sight,
Oh my Joy! my Life, my only Delight!
May this glad minute be
Blest to Eternitie.

See how the glimmering Tapers of the Skie
Do gaze, and wonder at our Constancy;
How they crowd to behold!
What our armes Do infold!

How all do envy our Felicitie!
And grudge the Triumphs of Selindras eye.
How Cynthia *seeks to shroud*
Her Cressent, in you Cloud!

Where sad Night puts her sable mantle on;
Thy light mistaking, hasteth to begon;
Her Gloomy shades give way,
As at the approach of day.

And

And all the Planets shrink, in doubt to be
Eclipsed by a brighter deity.
Look, Oh look!
How the small
Lights do fall,
And Adore,
What before
The heavens have not show'n!
Nor their god-heads known:

Such a faith!
Such a Love!
As may move
Mighty Jove
From above
To descend; and remain,
Amongst Mortals again.

{*Enter* Ordella, *to visit him as in her Chamber, the Guard at the door appearing.*}

Phill. Thou art welcome *Ordella*, let us sit, and talk sadly.

Ordella. My coming is to divert this sadnesse which you too much indulge.

Phill. Does not my sorrow become me *Ordella*? canst thou wish me merry, when thou considerest my Condition? who is there now in *Greece* more scorn'd then *Philloclet*.

Ordel.

Ordel. Who more honour'd? thy Victories shine bright upon thee, thy vertues are unparallel'd, thy self ador'd by thy own Subjects, and by other Nations coveted; let not my brother provoke the gods by his ingratitude.

Phill Thou art mistaken my dear Sister, I am not that *Phillocles* thou meanest; not he that chased the *Germanes* out of *Hungary*, I am one that *Cleonel* dares Rival, and with a single arm can check my force; a poor contemn'd prisoner I am, a man with half a soul thou seest; do I not become my Goale?

Ordell. I am sad my self to hear you talk thus;—but, my Brother, your affairs do require your present Counsel; pray let us consider how *Selindra* may be secur'd from farther danger.

Phillocles *starts up hastily.*

Phill. Is *Selindra* in danger? speak *Ordella*, what danger? who dares threaten her?

Ordel. You mistake me Brother, I was about to tell you that in my opinion she will be safe at *Ciprus*, and do think fit when she takes leave of me to let her know your Love and Resolution to marry her, which will soon dash *Cleonels* hopes; this I could not yet do, by reason she was so suddainly committed to *Cecropius*; —— your looks do fright me, and your unquiet thoughts will ruine you.

Phill. Thou art my onely comfort, thou shalt still direct, and I'le obey, prithee *Ordella* chide me when I do amiss; methinks thy looks speak good success; I do approve her absence for a while at *Ciprus*, because you like it, and I will have

patience

patience too, because you say 'tis fit.

Ordel. Patience will become you best, and best suit with your affairs.

Phill. Thou Councell'st well *Ordella* but canst not fancy what a broken heart endures; —— my whole soul labours under the burden of my Love, and to that is added her neglects more weighty, and to this double load, my fathers unjust anger falls upon me, as if I were not sinking fast enough before.

Ordel. My fathers anger will be soon over.

Phill. I wish it not *Ordella*, may his fierce anger urge him on to my destruction, it will be handsomer to fall so, then to perish by *Selindra's* scorns.

Ordel. You raise imaginary evills that are not; I am confident *Selindra* has no thought for *Cleonel*, nor can I doubt but she will meet your love, with as bright a flame as yours is.

Phill. Oh! that I could suffer such a hope, or such a thought possess me, I would then meet my fathers frowns, and blow away his thunder; did *Selindra* love me, I would wage a second war with heaven to gain her, and be more proud to fall her Martyr in so high attempt, then sit next to *Jove*, with her neglects upon me.

[*Enter Antenor.*

Ante. Madam, the Emperour sent me to see if *Selindra* were here with you.

Ordel. What means my Father by this? Is she not a prisoner with *Cecropia*?

Ante.

Ante. She was, but is now missing, at which *Cecropius* is half mad.

< *Enter* Antillacus >

Antil. Madam, I come to let you know that by day-break *Cleonel*, with *Selindra* past the Ports, and about two hours after were met on that way that leads to his Castle.

Philo. Let them that love me follow me.

{ Phillocles *snatches* Antillacus *his Sword and runs at his Guard who give way.*

{ *As* Phillocles *goes out, he meets* Lascares, *and* Cecropius *and wounds* Cecropius *in the arme.*

Las. Traytor, Villain: —— stay all; I do command you stay *Antillacus*: —— See the Court-Gates lock'd, that none go after him; —— *Cecropius* do you retire and look to your hurt, he meant it at thy heart Old Man; may thy Sons good Sword revenge it on him, if they meet, and he fall under it.

Ordel. Oh Sir! Let not your curses follow my Brother, he has Afflictions enough without them.

Las. Peace *Ordella*, thy tenderness doth too much nourish th' Brothers follies, I would rather he should not be, then be thus Effeminate; I have fought many Battles, and done great things to settle this Empire; and think you it will be kept,

and Govern'd by a heart with a dart in it.

Ordel Good Sir, let not my Brothers single error put from your memory all his great Actions, if you would speak mildly to him of his Love, I do believe your Arguments may move him more, then all this rigour can; he has a Noble Spirit, such as you did like, and I know he Loves you Sir

Laſ. Let me know when he returns.

[*Exeunt* Laſcares.

Ordel. Are any gone after *Phillocles?*

{*Enter to* Ordella Armanthus, Gillon *Ladies.*

Arman. Yes Madam, we think *Antillacus* is gone with *Antenor.*

Ordel. But can they overtake him time enough before he reaches *Cleonel?*

Gillon. No doubt they may.

{*Enter to them* Antillacus, *and* Antenor.}

Ordel. Not yet gone *Antillacus?*

Antil Madam, all the Court-Gates are by the Emperours expreſs command lock'd up, and Guards ſet that no man now can paſſe.

Ordel. Is it not madneſſe to hazzard him alone againſt *Cleonel* and his company? My Lords, do you mean to give obedience to this raſh command? and ſuffer *Phillocles* to periſh thus, when my Fathers anger is allay'd, he'l curſe your modeſty, if not puniſh it, in caſe my Brother do miſcarry.

Antil.

Antil. Madam, we have no way to follow the Prince, unleſs your ſelf command the Guards to let us paſſe.

Ordel. Come then with me; I will ſtand my Fathers anger when it goes higheſt, rather then let my Brother fall thus neglected

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

<*Enter* Phillocles.>

Philo. Thoſe at the Caſtle do not hear of *Cleonel*, nor expect him there; ſure *Antillacus* did miſtake them, or I him, which way now to take I know not: — Tis ſtrange *Antillacus* and *Antenor* ſtay ſo long, I muſt not quit this Road untill they come: — Hark I hear Men and Horſes within the Wood; my buſineſs is to ſearch every where: Love guide me to her Reſcue, or my Death.

[*Exit* Phillocles.

{*Enter* Cleonel, *leading* Selindra, *followed by four Servants.*}

Cleo. How is it now Madam? your Spirits ſeem to be return'd, are you yet ſtrong enough to ride on? we have reſted long.

Selin. I hope I am, 'twas the blow which the bough gave my head, makes me thus ill, the buſhes kept me from the ground, ſo that my fall could not hurt me.

Cleo. The day is far ſpent Madam, and we ſhall be no ſooner miſt, then follow'd; pray let us to horſe, there is a place near, where we may reſt for one night ſecure.

Selin. My head grows diſzey with this little motion, I fear I cannot ſit upon my Horſe yet; — methinks you might hide me here in theſe thick buſhes untill night, and when tis dark, find ſome better means to carry me away.

Cleo. 'Twill not be ſafe to ſtay longer ſo near our Enemies.

<Enter Phillocles.>

Phil. 'Tis *Cleonel*; — turn this way Traytor.

<Cleonel *holds up* Selindra, *and ſends his Men to* Phillocles.>

Cleo. Take the Prince without harm if you can.

Phil. Am I not worthy thy own Sword Raviſher.

[*They Fight.*]

<Phillocles *runs deſparatly among the men, paſſes them, and comes up to* Cleonel, *they all incompaſs him, fighting,* Selindra *runs amongſt them.*>

Selin. I beg your patience Sir; — and do command thine *Cleonel*, but hear me ſpeak, I do conjure you both; — *Phillocles* brave Prince, look on me with pitty, and on *Cleonel* with juſtice; my life being ſought ſeveral wayes by *Laſcares*, and

and *Cecropius* I have endeavour'd to preſerve by flight; you muſt therefore look on *Cleonel* as truſted, and imployed by me, being ingaged by Oath to carry me to *Belgrade*, to my Friends there.

Phil. Thou art betray'd *Selindra*, loſt for ever; this is not the way to *Belgrade*, you are now within a mile of his Caſtle, this way leads to no other place; —— thou perfidious Villain, canſt thou ſmile at ſuch a treachery?

Cleo. Yes *Phillocles*, and will be my own carver now, I muſt be firſt ſerv'd here: —— do you two carry her to Horſe, I'le ſoon o're-take you.

He delivers Selindra *to two off his Men.*

Selin. To Horſe *Cleonel*; —— I'le rather dye then ſtir a foot that way.

Cleo. Force her to Horſe, we have no time to talk.

Phil. Force her! thou curſed ſlave, I'le Sacrifice thee ere ſhe goes.

Cleonel *and his two Men fight with* Phillocles *while the other two force off* Selindra: ——

Selin. The gods preſerve the Prince; help, help, murther, treaſon, treaſon: ——

[*Exeunt with* Selindra.

Upon her cryes, enter six Travetors, Pollider the Chief.

Poll. Let some help those that cry, let others search the wood, I'le towards the clashing Swords: —— how's this three to one.

Pollider *runs at* Cleonel *and diverts him, just as* Phillocles *had kill'd one man, at which instant the other man hurts* Phillocles *in the back, and seeing this rescue, he runs into the Wood;* Phillocles *runs after him that fled, believing it had been* Cleonel, *whom he could not see, because* Pollider *having run* Cleonel *through the heart, was fallen himself upon him, who being by* Cleonel *run into the throat, lay also as dead covering* Cleonel.

Enter to them the rest of the Travetors, with Selindra *very weak, who when they see* Pollider *dead, do let* Selindra *fall, who lies on the ground while they take up* Pollider, *and dress his wounds.*

Tene. Curs'd be that Woman, accurs'd our fate to loose our Prince thus.

They dress him as they talk.

Tecknor.

Teck. Now the blood iſſues at the wound, it may prove not mortal.

Titi. The blood only choak'd him as he lay, you ſee his eyes look chearfully.

Tene. Ye Gods, if any do take care of *Hungary*, [*Kneels.*
look down on *Pollineſſo*, and reſtore him to us.

Selin. What's that he ſaid? — was it *Pollineſſo* that he named?
[*She looks up.*

Titius. The King will live, thanks to heaven for his deliverance.

Selin. They call him King too; *Pollineſſo*'s name } *Selindra creeps to look on the hurt man, as they dreſs him.*
gives me Strength; —— but that face is none of mine, and yet that name makes that face Lovely to me; — How I fool my ſelf with vain hopes of what cannot be.
[*She lyes down ſadly.*

Tene. How is it Sir, your looks are lively, and your wound though it did at firſt ſeem deſparate, is not very dangerous.

Polli. My tongue moves heavily and painfully, loſs of blood makes me faint too; —— how ſhall I travel with theſe wounds? —— my ſtay here will be very dangerous, and my journey to *Belgrade*, too long for one ſo weak as I am.

Tene. The ſame gods that have preſerv'd you to this day, will not let you fall thus.
[*He faints and ſlumbers.*

Selin. They talk of *Belgrade* too; who can this

be? — give me way that I may gaze on this wonder.

She rises, crowds in amongst them, and stares on Pollider.

Tene. Away wild Woman, thou Author of this miſchief.

Selin. He looks up again, thoſe eyes are mine, I know 'um now. [*She offers to Embrace him.*

Tene. Throw her off, tear her away, ſhe diſturbs him, ſure ſhe is mad.

[*They pull her from him.*

Selin. Tis you are mad, tis you that love him not; why do you haile me thus? whither will you dragg me? did you not call him *Pollineſſo?*

Titi. Yes.

Selid King *Pollineſſo.*

Titi I think we did.

Selin. That name is mine, thoſe wounds are mine then.

She offers to go to him, but they hold her off.

Titi. I wiſh they were.

Selin. And ſo do I with all my heart, pray let me go to him, I can heal him with my tears; — I'le ſuck his wounds well, for I have heard wounds have been cur'd ſo.

Tene. How comes his name in her mouth?

Teck. Twas not well done of us to name him as we did, beſt to ſtangle her, leaſt ſhe diſcover us.

Titi. Shall I ſhoot her in the head? though the Act be horrid, tis better ſhe periſh, then all we.

Tec. Let us firſt hear what ſhe will ſay to him, we

we shall have time enough to kill her after.

Selin. I pray who are all you?

Titi. Tis very fit indeed that we should tell you.

Tene. We are the hurt mans servants Lady, pray who are you? by whom we have receiv'd such dammage.

Selin. If my eyes deceive me not, I may be happy; but am yet the most miserable, accurs'd Woman living.

Titi I think so too: ——

Polli. What Woman is that weeps so?

Tene. Tis she you rescued Sir.

Polli. Did I rescue her? —— loss of blood makes my eyes dazzle, and my fancy work even to a lightness; that face brings to my memory somthing that I have known: —— why does she weep? and why do you hold her so rudely *Tenedor*?

{Pollidor *and* Selindra *both look earnestly at each other.*

Selin. In charity to me Sir, though they know it not, for had they sooner let me know that *Pollinesso* liv'd, my suddain joy had slain me.

Polli. What is this she sayes?

Titi She is a Witch Sir I think.

Selin. Does not my Brother know me yet? has my sorrows wrought such a change, that *Pollinesso* should not know me?

Polli. Oh! my *Astella*, pardon my dull sight; — for I am very weak.

[*He faints.*

Selin. Would I had dyed, rather then be rescued at this rate, so joyful, and so sad a day I have not seen before.

Teck.

Teck. He does but ſlumber Madam, and tis good he ſhould do ſo.

Selin. But ſlumber ſay you, it looks ſo like death, that I would dye to ſee it.

Tene. Madam, the Joy will out-live the ſorrow of this day, the Prince's hurt is without danger; —— can your goodneſs pardon the rudeneſs which my ſelf, and theſe Lords in our diſtraction, uſed you with?

Selin. Alas my Lord, I was not ſenſible of what you did, my mind was ſo o're-loaden with my griefs, and ſo intent on *Polineſſo*, that I heard you not; Now while my Brother takes this reſt, pray make me know how he eſcaped, when my Father and *Barzanes* fell, and why he has been thus long conceal'd.

Tene. Madam, in that ſad day, *Polineſſo* in vain attempting to ſave his Father, was with my ſelf, and theſe you ſee here, caſt on a ſandy bank, from whence by good ſwimming we got to ſhoar, and have been ſince diſguiſed for fear of *Laſcares*, in ſeveral Princes Courts ſoliciting for aid, to force the *Grecians* to quit their ſtollen poſſeſſion of *Hungary*; when in the midſt of *Polineſſo*'s preparation, he hears that *Philoeles* had reſign'd the Crown to be preſerv'd for you; This made us lay aſide all further preparation for War, and thus diſguis'd to paſs this way to *Belgrade*: It ſeems by deſtiny directed to your reſcue.

Selin. I ſhall find ſome fitter time for my own ſtory, twere good that we removed my Brother —— he walks —— how are you Sir, has this repoſe refreſht you?

Poli.

Poll. I am something better then I was *Astella*, and shall soon be well, now I may look on thee.

Sel. And I most happy! my brother you must give us leave to remove you to some place of rest, and safety, and you must be still conceal'd; which these new wounds, with your Perriwig will be disguise enough.

Pol. I shall be directed by you.

Sel. You must also a little counterfeit your voice, least you be remember'd by it; for should *Lascares* know who were in his power, all his hopes of *Hungarie* would vanish untill he saw you dead; I am call'd *Selindra* here.

Pol. Who were those Robbers? and how came you amongst them?

Selin. 'Twas *Cleonell*, who did beguile me, after he had sworn to carry me to *Belgrade*, was conveying me to his own Castle.

Pol. Was not *Cleonell Cecropia*'s son? and will not his death, be our ruine if we stay here?

Sel. My interest in the Princess *Ordella*, will secure you, and his guilt was such a crime, as can expect no justice from the law to touch you; besides the rescue you brought the Prince, will merrit a reward, —— but where is *Phillocles*? where is the Prince! we are all lost indeed, if he be falln; I have been so much distracted, that I mist him not till now!

Tecknor, What Prince mean you Madam?

Sel. Prince *Phillocles!* 'twas he my brother rescued; run, look, search about the Wood, for heaven sake search; —— unfortunate *Astella*, and unworthy, that could thus long forget him; now

Pollinesso

Pollimesso lives, I have no hate to *Phillocles*; methinks his vertues now look gloriously upon him —— but how shall I look on *Ordella*? if her beloved brother have lost his life, to save my honour!

Pol. Was it *Phillocles* that I found fighting with *Cleonell* and his two men?

Selin. 'Twas he.

Pol. 'Tis strange I knew him not, but I now remember as I came in, he did persue the man that fled into the wood, —— (let me look that way,) *Selindra* I must glory in my wounds, that have sav'd thee from false *Cleonell*, and relieved *Phillocles*, who my soul thirsts to see, next thy self most dear to me.

Sel. And mine trembles at his absence.

Enter Phillocles *bloody, and weary, leaning on his sword; he calls before he is seen to Enter.*

Phil. *Selindra*, *Selindra*, is *Selindra* safe? —— has she any mercy yet for *Phillocles*?

Selin. She is safe and happy too, now she sees you alive sir; my heart is so much disturb'd by

< *She goes kindly to him.* >

my fears and joyes, that I know not how to express my gratitude: good sir, let these strangers dress your Wounds, they have shewed much skill on this hurt man.

Phil. My Wounds are but slight scratches when

Selindra

Selindra smiles; my joyes are much more dangerous then my Wounds.

Selin. My life sir, and my honour you have saved, I must look on you with devotion! pray be pleas'd to own these our Redeemers, and give them some assurance of your Protection, they fear *Cleonel*'s death may by *Cecropius*'s power with the Emperour, prove their destruction.

Phillo. I will be their security, *Selindras* Redeemers shall command my Life; of what Country are they?

Tene. Hungariam Sir, Men that since the late War have sought Fortunes in Forraign Lands, and now on private Affairs were returning home.

{Selindra *brings* Phillocles *to* Pollidor.

Phillo. Unto you Sir, I have a great Obligation, such as my whole Life shall expres my Zeale to serve you, for by you *Selindra* lives.

Poli. Sir, I am rewarded much above my merrit and shall bless the occasion that gave me power to serve you.

{*Enter* Antillacus} {*and* Antenor.}

Antilla. Sir, the Emperours much inraged at *Cecropius*'s hurt you gave him, and at your departure, staid us till now; —— Is this *Cleonels*, or your own blood Sir?

Phillo. Tis neither, *Cleonel* fell by that Noble hand, whose timely ayd deliver'd *Selindra* from a Rape,

Rape, and me from death; My Arme *Antillacus* is grown weak of late, and thy good Sword so dull it will do nothing in my hand.

Ante. But Sir, how comes it that you thus neglect your wounds?

Phillo. I have businesse of more weight to think on, now *Selindra* smiles: —— *Antenor* pray haste you back unto *Ordella*, and desire her to be the first relater of *Cleonels* death, bid her tell my Father of his horrid Treachery, and let her magnifie these strangers sent by the gods to save the innocent, and to chastise the perjur'd Ravisher; make haste *Antenor*, and tell *Ordella* that I am in Paradice.

Ante. She will be glad to hear that you are well Sir.

Phillo. Well *Antenor*, why thou art well, and so is he, and he, we are all well; But I am blest with all my heart can wish for; tell my Sister the gentle and the fair *Selindra* smiles, and let her think the rest; —— I am all Ayre, *Antillacus* pray thee

< *Exit* Antenor. >

help me to rub my wounds, a little smart may let me know that I am mortal.

Antil If I mistake not Sir, you'l finde smart enough in your Fathers rage, when he hears of *Cleonels* death.

Phil. Some anger will do well *Antillacus*, to allay this joy within me.

Selin. I have some fears too, least *Cecropius*'s malice may ruine us, you know his power Sir.

Phil. Let not my Divinest Mistris have so mean

a thought of my power to serve her, let not a sad look appear on this day, that you have dain'd to smile on *Phillocles*: Madam, tis time that we were moving towards the Town with our wounded friend; how must I call him?

Selin. I think they call him *Pollidor*; Sir, though my confidence in you be equal to the value you are pleas'd to set on me, I cannot chuse but fear *Lascare*'s anger, when I think on *Cleonel*.

Phil. Believe me *Selindra*, I will rather dye, then let them suffer.

He leads off Selindra, *the rest take up* Pollidor.

Phil. *Thus let us march in Triumph to the Town,*
Aloud proclaiming Pollidor's *Renown;*
While the Arched Heaven does Eccho its content,
To see Selindra *freed from Raviſhment.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE

The Fourth Act.

{*Enter* Laſcares, Ordella, Cecropius, Antenor, *and* Servants.}

Cecro. SIr, I beg the due Execution of our Laws on Murderers.

Ordel. And I Sir, beg mercy for thoſe that have ſav'd my Brothers life.

Laſcares. I may not hearken to thy ſuit *Ordella*, the Lawes muſt be inviolable; to pardon ſuch a Murther, would pull down Vengeance on my own head, on thine too, on all our Family.

[*She weeps.*

Cecro. When you remember *Cleonells* faith, and his many ſervices, I hope Sir you will not deny me Juſtice.

Laſ. Cecropius you ſhall have Juſtice; —— go you *Antenor*, and command the Provoſt of the City that he ſeize *Selindra*, and her fellow-Murtherers, let them be all cloſe Priſoners in the black Tower; by to morrow this time, ſhall their bloods be ſhed, as they ſhed *Cleonells*.

Ordel. Did you ſay *Selindra* ſhould be Priſoner Sir.

Laſ. I did.

Ordel.

Ordel. Good Sir, call back *Antenor* till you have heard me ſpeak.

Laſ. I may not *Ordella*.

Ordel. Who can forbid you to be Merciful, and Juſt? you break the Laws of Hoſpitality in this; *Selindra* is a ſtranger, ſhe is innocent, and cannot ſuffer juſtly; *Cleonel* was full of horrid guilt, and was cut off by a juſt hand; —— the Travellers too have ſaved *Philocles* his life; good Sir, let not *Cecropius* malice perſwade you to do, what you will bluſh to think on after.

Laſ. They ſhall have Juſtice, and a Legal Tryall.

Ordel. Oh Sir! where is your wonted mercy? whither is that goodneſs fled? how have I loſt your favour, that cannot with my Tears, nor Prayers prevail on your miſtaken anger.

Enter Phillocles, Antillacus *and* Armanthus.

Phil. Is it your Majeſties Command that *Selindra* ſhould be a Priſoner?

Laſ. Muſt I aske your leave?

Phil. Though not my leave Sir, I cannot chuſe but wonder at ſuch rigour!

Laſ. You have leave to wonder on.

Phil. Thus low Sir, I do humbly beg *Selindra*'s

He kneeles.

Inlargement, and an equal Tryal for thoſe that reſcued us; ——

Laſ. *Selindra* as chief acceſſary, muſt abide the

Sentence of the Law, in this case of *Cleonel:* —— *Phillocles* thy mean Love has drown'd all my Favours, and Eclip'st all thy former actions; from this time I shall study to forget thee, unless thou wilt forget *Selindra*, and Lead the Army to relieve *Astella.*

Phil. I shall obey you Sir in this, and all things else, so you will be pleas'd to send *Selindra* safe to *Cipres*, and set those innocent men free that saved my life.

Laf. Degenerate fool, I shall cure this disease in thee; *Cecropius* send presently for the Judges, Command them by virtue of this my Signet, to put the Lawes in present Execution, upon thy Sons Murtherers; let the rigour of the Law pass on them all.

Phil. Ye Gods, to what purpose are men innocent? why is virtue pray's'd, and taught us? —— Good Sir, consider how you do murther these innocents with a shew of Law, and a pretence of Justice.

Laf. How dare you talk thus?

Phil. You make me desperate Sir.

Laf. Do not raise my temper higher, least I cut thee off, as if thou wer't no part of me; —— they shall dye.

Phil. Had the Gods so pleas'd, I wish my self the meanest of your Subjects, for I am now a slave unto your passions, and must inherit the curse that's due to all your guilts, such as I shake to think on; 'Tis you Sir, that have murthered *Cleonel*, 'twas your poyson that *Selindra* fled from by your confining me, you gave *Cecropius* first, and

Cleon

Cleonel next the power to become Raviſhers; pray let the Law take notice of this; —— It may free innocent perſons.

Laſ. Who am I tro? Is this Gallant my Son, or my Soveraigne?

Phil. Sir I do ſee fire, and fury in your eyes, and am prepar'd to meet it, 'tis better to dye with thoſe are Noble, then to live thus neglected; by my hand two of *Cleonells* men fell, 'tis I am guilty of that ſin of reſcuing *Selindra* from a Rape: let your Juſtice and your Lawes grow famous by my blood, 'twill pleaſe *Cecropius* well; by all our Gods I'le not out-live thoſe innocents.

Laſ. Tis fit to take thee at thy word.

{Laſcares *Draws and Runs at* Phillocles *to kill him,* Ordella *ſteps between.*

Phil. It will become your own hand beſt.

Ordel. Have you another Son Sir, when you have ſlain my Brother?

[Phillocles *is going out.*

Laſ. *Antenor* call in my Guard, and carry *Phillocles* to the New Caſtle; ſee that he be ſafe, and cloſe there, as you will anſwer it with your life; —— I ſhall not truſt you in the Army now Sir.

Ordel. Pray Sir re-call this ſevere command, my Brother has no danger in him, you ſaw he did not avoid death, when your hand offer'd it.

Laſ. *Antenor*, I will be obeyed; —— by Heaven

< Here all Intercede. >

he dyes that dares dispute my Will.

Phil. If I go to Prison *Selindra* dyes, there is

[*speaks aside.*

none can help her, and then I shall have time hereafter to lament her sad fate; Sir, I aske your

[*He Kneeles.*

pardon for the harsh words I utter'd, I did believe those truths might touch you, and move compassion towards those you threaten so much rigour too: but I now see your anger has decreed them dead, and that you have the same thought for me; my last sute is, that since we may not live, we may dye together: I shall submit to any kind of Death Sir; But I have vowed to be no more confin'd.

Las. You of the Guard seize on him.

{*As the Guard comes toward him he draws.*

Phil. Against Imprisonment I shall endeavour what I can; command my death Sir, and I will welcome it.

Las Kill him; — Kill the Traytor; — dares none stir to do it? Is my breath grown so weak? I'le try my own strength then.

Lascare

{ Laſcares *ſnatches a Partizan from one of the Guard, and wounds* Phillocles *in the breaſt ſlightly,* Phillocles *holding down his Sword opens his arms and receives the wound; they ſearch his wound ſet him in a Chair, while* Laſcares *ſtands amaz'd at what he had done.* }

Ordel. Oh, my Prother's ſlain! how cruel, and unnatural a deed is this?

{ *Enter* Cecropius. }

Cecro. The Surgeons ſay the Chief Priſoner will not Live till Morning; I beg Sir, that the Sentence may paſs on the reſt.

{ Laſcares *gives* Cecropius *no anſwer, only points to* Phillocles, *lets fal the Partizan till then in his hand, and* exit *with* Cecropius. }

Antil. 'Twas well the Emperours age did not permi his force to act his will, the wound ha not paſt the bone Madam, 'tis but a ſlight cut in the fleſh.

Arman. 'Tis time that you haſten to the Army, for while *Cecropius* holds his power, you can not be ſafe here.

Ordel. He adviſes well Brother, untill my Father be diſpoſſeſt of this evil ſpirit that reignes in him. I wiſh you away too.

Phil. I think it muſt be ſo; the Souldiers I hope have not forgot their love to me; —— My Dear Siſter, pray will you o're-take my Father leaſt in this fit he ſlay all our Friends; ſay that *Selindra* did fly willingly with *Cleonel*, and that ſhe regards not my Love, ſay any thing to gain alittle time, untill I may do ſomething to relieve them.

Ordel. I ſhall do my beſt: ——

[Ordella *at the door meets* Laſcares *with* Selindra *in his hand, and* Pollidor *led in, he delivers* Selindra *to* Ordella, *and points to them to ſet* Pollidor *by* Phillocles, *then goes out with* Cecropius *and ſervants.*]

Ordel. What means my Father, by this dumb ſhew.

Polli. Where are we now *Tenedor?*

Tene. Truly Sir, I know not, but I ſee Friends here.

Polli. Who are they?

Tene. Thoſe that brought you in were the Emperour, and *Cecropius*; you know Prince *Phillocles* that whiſpers with *Selindra*, that other ſure is the Princeſs *Ordella.*

Polli Is that the Princeſs *Ordella?*

Phil. Your preſence Madam gives me ſtrength, and

and your kind looks give life unto my drooping spirits.

Selin. How miserable am I Sir, that am the occasion of all these evils.

Phil. Your own sufferings are the onely evils to be lamented, I could curse my self, that brings such troubles on you; —— but Madam we forget to comfort this Gallant man, by whose sword we enjoy our lives: —— Sir can you pardon me that undertook so much, and can so little serve you?

Polli. It was an injury Sir, to think I would receive my life, ransom'd by your death.

Phillo. By my wound *Pollidor*, I have appeas'd my Fathers Rage; by thy Wounds *Selindra* Lives, and through all these Clouds I see the Tempest ceasing; —— cannot *Selindra* speak to him?

Selin. I have a heart as full of Gratitude as yours Sir, but not yet any means to shew it; I shall make it my business to serve him.

Phillo. Has my Dear Sister no complement for *Pollidor*? by whose valour she enjoyes *Selindra* and me.

Ordel. Yes *Phillocles*, I am studying how to expresse it, for you two have left nothing for me to say: Sir I can only thank you o're again for my Brothers, and my Friends preservation, by which you have obliged me, and the whole Empire, and do deserve some publique Honour, and High Recompence.

Pol. What honour, or what recompence can outweigh this you now heap on me? Madam, if what I have done, be a service that you will own, I have

no wish beyond it; I shall ever on this day keep a solemn Feast unto the Gods, that did direct my course that way, and gave me power to become as happy here, as in *Elizium*

Phil. Let those lodgings next to mine be made ready for *Pollidor*, I will not trust him farther from me; — *Antillacus*, go you with as little noyse as may be to the Army, and let the Souldiers know that I will suddainly be with them; — some take up *Pollidor*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

{*Enter* Lascares *and* Cecropius.}

Cecro. 'Twas not revenge, for *Cleonel* made me press your Majesty to do Justice on his murtherers, but to cut off *Selindra*, by which *Phillocles* might have no hindrance to gain *Aftella*; But Sir, since you have freed the Prisoners, and are content the Prince shall marry *Selindra*, I have done; if you Sir, can lay by all thoughts of *Aftella*; and that Crown, I shall soon forget a private losse

Las I must laugh *Cecropius* to see how thou art abus'd by my feigned shew of kindness, which I only did to heal the wound I gave; had I another Son, by whom I might gain *Hungary*, *Phillocles* had found my Force answerable to my Anger; but I confesse I did relent upon a suddain thought which made me strike so feebly at him, for now to loose *Phillocle*, were to throw *Hungary* away, and to destroy *Selindra*, were by another kind of stroak to destroy *Phillocles*.

Cecro.

Cecro. What other way have you Sir, that I cannot yet fancy.

Laf A ſure one *Cecropius*, a way that cannot fayle, I will give looſe reines to my Sons Love, let him run on, and Joy in his Beloved *Selindra*, whoſe ſweets once had, and his young Appetite allayed (as moſt violent paſſions ſooneſt are) then 'twill be beſt to take away *Selindra* by a poyſon; then it may be done without ſuſpition, while I urge on the Marriage, joyne in all the Nuptial Jollities, and put on ſuch ſleaſing looks, as ſhall make thee doubt my purpoſe, though thou knoweſt my heart.

Cecro I ſee not yet how this can get *Aſtella*, or that Crown.

Laſ. Thou art grown ſo dull of late, that thou ſeeſt nothing; while this joy laſts, *Aſtella* may be found, and then *Selindra* dying, what can hinder *Phillocles* from getting *Aſtella?*

Cecro. I do ſubmit Sir, and muſt applaud your purpoſe, tis a deſign I do confeſs much above my reach, and the firſt miſchief I have come ſhort in.

[*Exeunt Amlo.*

{ Pollidor *ſeen as in his Chamber.* *Enter to him* Phillocles *and* Ordella *and* Selindra, *the ſervants go off.* }

Phil. You look chearfully to day *Pollidor*, we may hope to ſee you abroad ſhortly.

Polli. I believe I might venture now Sir, though my

my Surgeons be not of my mind; but Sir, how do you find the good old Emperour disposd?

Phil. I like not my Fathers smiles *Pollidor*, his suddain starts into such extreams, makes me apprehend more danger in his kindness, then his rage; so that to prevent all further evils, I have a purpose to repair unto the Army; and tis *Ordella*'s wish as well as mine, that *Selindra* would trust her self with me there.

Polli. That may secure you both, but will not *Selindra*'s Honour suffer?

Ordel. Now that *Selindra*'s interest, and his are become one, I see no reason she should fear to go, nor indeed any scruple why their Marriage may not be privatly, and presently dispatch'd, for while the business lingers thus, they give hopes to such Endeavours as would divert it, and do run daily hazzards, by staying here.

Phillo. *Ordella* argues what my soul wishes, but *Selindra*'s looks, do not consent to make me so soon happy.

Selin. Sir, my looks do be-lye my heart, if they shew ought that would delay a happiness to you, for I have none beyond yours: —— But Sir, above all other reasons, *Pollidor* (not being yet able to attend you) if he be left behind, will hardly escape *Cecropius*'s fury?

Phil. Most true *Selindra*, he will be in danger, I shall therefore attend his recovery; without him I will not move; nor will I put a thought in act without thy Councel.

Ordel. You have both said well, but in my Judgement this is no fit time for such Complements,

plements, when your lives are daily sought.

Poll. If you be resolv'd to attend my recovery, I shall propose a sudden fancy of mine, to that purpose, which may secure us.

Phill. Speak it *Pollidor.*

Pollidor. Suppose *Selindra* do ask the Princess leave to return to *Cyprus*, and give out that she onely expects her Fathers coming to convey her thither.—— Sir, you may court *Selindra* publickly while she stays, and she seem to neglect your love, and put on a shew of kindness unto me, as in gratitude for my hazzards in her redemption, I will also counterfeit affection to *Selindra*, and give out that I am of better quality then I seem: This Sir, if well manag'd, will be ground enough to deceive their best Spies, and for some time secure us all.

Phillocles. I approve your thought *Pollidor*, and if *Selindra* can undertake her part, doubt not me, I'le put on such a seeming jealousie, as shall puzzle the old Fox *Cecropius* himself.

Selindra I shall easily observe my directions, and soon learn to be civil to a man I owe so much to!

Phillocles. Come *Ordella*, while they practise love, we will reconcile us to the Emperour, and try to bring him on a present visit to *Pollidor*, before this fit of his good nature leave him.

Ordella. Selindra we must find you sitting in a more familiar way with *Pollidor* then ordinary conversation does allow.

[*Exeunt* Phillocles *and* Ordella.

Selindra. I shall obey you Madam:—— Now they are

are gone, we may enjoy our selves, this happy design of yours, will afford us many hours of freedome.

Pollidor. My soul is joyed to look on thee *Astella*!

Selindra. And my happiness too great to be expresst by words! that you live, makes this Earth a Paradice to me; my heart can scarce make room for *Philocles*, it is so full of *Pollidor!*

Pollidor. I am all thine *Astella*

[*She embraces him.*

{ *Enter to them* Tenedor,
{ Tecknor, *and others.*

Tenedor It is time Sir, that you retir'd to rest, you spend your spirits by so much discourse, which does retard your cure.

Tecknor You should neglect no means Sir, for your recovery, least by a long stay here, some accident unlook'd for, may make you known.

Tenedor. I wonder *Philocles* does not call to mind that he has seen you.

Pollidor. He believes me dead, as all others do; but I shall observe the best Rules for my recovery however: — Now *Astella* we have time to hear how you were conveyed from *Belgrade*, pray make me know how you came hither:

Selindra. That same night that you departed to the Army, and our first Embassadors went towards *Greece*, to implore *Lascares*'s aid against the *Germanes*, I was by my Fathers own hand deliver'd

ver'd unto *Periander*, whom I was to call Father; and by him was brought to *Ciprus*, where the Plague then raging, he transports me with his family to this Town.

Pollidor. How came you into the Court then?

Selindra. On the first Feast-day, I went with *Periander* to the Temple, that I might see the Emperour, and the Princess *Ordella*, where the Princess casting her eyes on me, found mine so fixed on her, that I could not remove them, but blush'd, and still look'd on her: by what power led I know not, but she took a fancie to have me live with her, which *Periander* durst shew no dislike to: thus was I to my great joy call'd to Court, where I became a Companion to the Princess: within a short time *Cleonel* had affection for me, which did not free me from old *Cecropius* dotage: of which, with Prince *Phillocles* his worthy love, you shall know hereafter, for I have now held you too long from your repose.

Pollidor. Deareſt *Aſtella* thy words are balsome to my wounds;

[*Exeunt Lords.*

} Pollidor *and* Selindra *embrace.*

} *Enter* Lascares, Phillocles, Ordella, Cecropius, *and train, and see them embracing.*

Phillocles. Your Majesty will not think this honour too much for *Pollidor*, when you shall know he

he is of better quality then he ſeems; —— ha! what do I ſee?

They embrace and riſe diſturb'd.

Laſcares. That which ſhould teach thee to have nobler thoughts *Phillocles.*

Phillocles. How they are diſturb'd!

Ordel. They do it rarely well.

aſide.

Laſcares. Sir, I am now come to excuſe the impriſonment you had, and to give you thanks for my ſons life; I ſhall rather endeavour to recompence your merit, then trouble you with words.

Poll. Great Sir, this honour, with the many other favours I receiv'd, do ſhame me to think that you allow me a merit I cannot own; but if the Gods do give me life, my only buſineſs ſhall be to ſeek occaſions to ſerve you and yours.

Laſcar. I ſhall contribute what I can to your health, and will pleaſe my ſelf with the expectation of great things from you.

While they talk, Laſcares *obſerves* Phillocles *courting* Selindra, *and ſhe neglecting him*; Laſcares *obſerves* Pollidor *to be troubled at their Courtſhip, and is pleaſed at it.*

Poll. Sir, you oblige me beyond words to utter my ſenſe of your favours.

Laſcar. My purpoſe is to give you a kind welcome,

come, and a reſpect ſuitable to your worth, and quality: —— *He goes to* Selindra. fair Maid, I know not well how to frame my diſcourſe to you, whom I have ſo ill treated: but I ſhall no more diſturb your joys, I do now make it my ſuit, that you will deſer your return to *Cipres*, I ſhall lay my Commands on *Ordella*, to deny you her conſent to go.

Selind. Sir, the favours and honours I have received here, are far beyond the ills you mention; and my happineſs ſuch in the Princeſs *Ordella's* love, that I lament the thoughts of my departure; but when I conſider the miſchiefs paſt, and foreſee worſe like to follow, 'twere madneſs not to fly them; when my father is return'd, I ſhall renew my ſuit to have the Princeſs leave to leave this place, and until then make it my care to tend this hurt man, my redeemer! to whom I owe my life and honour!

Laſcar. Selindra if I can add any thing unto thy happineſs, I ſhall do it gladly, for thou art ſomething more then I have ever found in woman.

[*Exeunt* Laſcares *and* Cecropius.

Phillo. What thanks do we owe *Pollidor* for this diſguiſe! it takes *Ordella* beyond our hopes; did you obſerve how my father eyed us, while he talked to *Pollidor*?

Ordella. Yes, and do believe *Cecropius* and he are gone to compare their notes, for that Fox was very vigilant.

Phill. Selindra let us enjoy this bleſt minute.

Phillocles *leads* Selindra *to the Couch, and* Ordella *ſits by* Pollidor. *Phill.*

Ord. Sir, While the two Lovers whisper, pray oblige me with the knowledge of the occasion of your coming into these parts, by which we have received so great an obligation; and if you please to pass this time with the relation of your own story, unless with your self you would conceal it.

Poll. Madam, My story is not worthy your cares, nor my self this honour: —— yet I have a story, ——such as will make me blush to utter, though no crime do belong to it: —— nor am I what I seem, and yet not fit to appear other, ——but, Madam, your commands are too high honours to be neglected, my own resolutions shall give way, and my nearest Concerns submit to your will.

Ord. I perceive you are disturb'd at my curiosity, to know what I believe you would conceal; it may be you have vowed not to discover; truly Sir, for want of what to say, I onely said it.

Poll. Madam, I was surpriz'd by your approach, which made my tongue appear less ready then my heart to obey you; your commands, Madam, are sufficient to dissolve any vows of mine, and since you will vouchsafe to hear, I shall relate.

Phillocles and Selindra *come to them.*

Phil. How are you Sir, Methinks your eyes do shew some anguish in your wounds, do we not trouble you?

Hen

Here Phillocles *and* Selindra *interrupt* Pollidor, *which puts him into some passion, for he now began to love* Ordella.

Ord. We have done ill to stay thus long, *Selindra* 'tis your fault, you should have directed better.

Poll. No, Madam, my hour to rest is not so precisely to be kept, nor have I any pains upon me, as the Prince thinks; my wounds heal the faster for your company.

Ord. You are civil Sir.

Poll. Madam, the Prince's kindness, and his care is not at this time necessary: —— pray Sir, if your occasions call you not, do not take your self away thus hastily.

Phill. Pollidor we know your civility is great, our discretion must not be the less, I see you are disturb'd, and know your pains are great upon you; make no reply, we'l visit you again suddenly; come *Ordella*, let us leave *Selindra* to her charge; good rest unto my friend, all joys unto my Mistress.

Exeunt Phillocles *and* Ordella.

Poll. Beshrew your kindness at this time—how like *Tantalus* was I?

Selind. What mean you by this passion brother? shall I call the Surgeons?

Poll. No *Selindra*, they have no skill in my disease.

Selind. You talk, and look, as if you wanted ſleep, pray retire to reſt.

Poll. Reſt *Selindra*! where can I find reſt? *Philocles* has taken all reſt from me! did you not obſerve how the Princeſs ſat down by me? and how ſhe threw her favours on me! when in the height of all my joy, your approach deſtroyed me.

Selind. If this be all, I muſt ſmile to hear you ſigh brother.

Poll. All *Selindra!* doeſt thou mock me? are thy own flames ſo weak? thou ſmileſt at mine!

Selind. I cannot chuſe but ſmile when I rejoyce to ſee my wiſhes fall ſo faſt upon me: you love the Princeſs, and ſhe will love you, ſhe muſt, ſhe ſhall, nay, I doubt ſhe does already! and have ſome fear the work will be too eaſie, if I undertake it.

Poll. Now thou mockeſt me more then thou didſt before! prithee *Selindra* be ſerious, and do not play with what torments me.

Selind. What can be more ſerious? then to make a marriage between ſo great a Princeſs, and the King of *Hungary*? pray where can ſhe make a better choice? or who can better plead your ſuit then I? Look to your wounds brother, leave this affair to me. [*Exit.*

Poll. My beſt wiſhes do attend thee, ſhe has rais'd in me ſuch doubtful hopes, that they begin to vaniſh with her, and ſuch fears to loſe what I never had, do throng ſo faſt upon me, that on the ſudden I am orewhelm'd,

With doubts, with joys, with fears, ſo ſtrangely mixt!
My heart is Hell, until my hopes be fixt.

The

The Fifth Act.

{*Enter* Selindra, *penſive* Cecropius *meets her.*}

Cecro. GOod day unto the bright *Selindra!*

Selind. May your Lordſhip find many ſuch.

[*She is going out.*

Cecro. Why do you fly me, Madam? I come in dilligence to make known to you, what concerns you more then any other buſineſs can, towards which you make ſuch haſte from me.

Selind. I fled not from your Lordſhip, nor did I perceive that you had ought to ſay to me; what is your pleaſure now?

Cecro. My buſineſs is to preſerve you from a certain ruine, and to ſet you above the reach of miſchief, as high in honour, as you are in beauty, and in vertue.

Selind. I were much unworthy ſuch a favour, and not Miſtreſs of any virtue, if I ſhould not return a befitting gratitude;

Cecro. Know then *Selindra*, you are deſign'd unto your grave; your wedding robe will prove your winding ſheet, if I prevent it not; the Em-

perour puts on this shew of kindness, onely to destroy you with less noise; he does consent that *Philocles* by a present marriage, should satisfie his appetite; after which you shall be poysoned, that the Prince may have no object between him and *Astella:* This by all our Grecian Gods is true, and this I have consented to.

Selind. Can there be such a wickedness 'mongst men!

Cecro. Can you doubt it, that have seen so much? or can you think *Lascares* will consider such a life as yours, when it does interpose between the Crown of *Hungary* and him?

Selind. If this be so, how can I avoid it? shall I think you will betray the Emperours trust, to oblige me!

Cecro. Madam, if you would please to look on your faithful servant with equal eys, and on your dangers with judicious thoughts, you'l see that *Philocles* his love brings death; ——and *Pollidor* methinks should not have gain'd an interest where *Philocles* pretends.

Selind. My Lord, I must confess what you have said, is worthy my most serious thoughts, ——but my Lord, 'tis not fit that I treat farther in this affair, until my Father doth return; if you please to move him in it, my obedience shall follow his will.

Cecro. Of his consent I make no doubt, my best Mistress.

She suffers him to kiss her hand.

Selind.

Selind. But how can you ſecure your ſelf, and me from *Philocles?* will not his rage raiſe a revenge as ruinous, as this you would have me fly from?

Cecro. Good Madam, let not ſo mean a thought remain with you; I have *Laſcares* Scepter in my hand, and all the Frontier Towns in my Command; the Souldiers too, ſince *Philocles* forſook them, are become mine; if my fair Miſtreſs would by one kind look confirm my joys, it would encourage me to let her ſee at what a rate I value her.

Selind. Truly my Lord, I bluſh to think that I have ſmil'd ſo much, upon ſo ſhort acquaintance, Pray Heaven you have not a deſign to deſtroy me this way!

Cecro Can you think I will deſtroy my ſouls onely joy? to remove all ſuch fears, I will now put my life into your hands.

Selind How my Lord! your life?

Cecro. You have heard, Madam, how the *Hungarian* Army marches towards *Greece*, it does ſo: drawn in by me, to my aid they came, to aſſiſt me to get *Selindra*, and to ſet *Laſcares* Crown upon her head, if ſhe will deſerve it: ——we are interrupted now, ——think on me, and thou ſhalt wear this Imperial Crown, *Selindra*.

[*Exit* Cecropius

{*Enter* Phillocles *and* *Ordella*}

Phill. What has caus'd thy clouded brow *Selindra*? has that viper vext thee?

Selind. He has frighted me, and will anger us all, if he be not prevented, such horrid mischiefs he has in love to me reveal'd, as I shake to think on.

Ord. To what tune run they?

Selind. To several tunes, some to Love, some to private blood-shed, others to publick War, and in summ to ruine all that's good; ——The Emperour will permit our marriage Sir, and after poyson me, that you may have leisure to gain *Astella*; but above all, *Cecropius* treachery must be lookt to; He has call'd in the *Hungarian* Army to make me his by force: he talked of a Crown too, that I should wear, if I would comply with him, and at that word you interrupted us: good Sir, make it a little more your business to prevent these Devils, and their designs.

Phil. There is danger in this worthy our best care, *Selindra*, I see our stay here will still occasion new designs on us.

Ord. And you too late, I fear, will find my counsel good, why may not I have credit to protect *Pollidor* in your absence?

Phill. I think you may, but yet 'tis not fit to hazzard such a friend to the fury of that Monster *Cecropius*; besides *Selindra* is now engaged in honour to stay for him.

Selind.

Selind. Truly Sir, I think I am in honour bound not raſhly to throw away a man that has preſerv'd us both; —but Sir, when you ſhall conſider that his wounds do now permit him to walk abroad, a few days more will get him ſtrength to ride with us: during which time I can ſecure all, by diſſembling a little kindneſs to *Cecropius*, by which I ſhall alſo diſcover his treaty with the *Hungarians*

Ord. Pollidor is much oblig'd to you *Selindra*, I like well this noble humour in you.

Phill. It does become her, my dear ſiſter, it ſhall be my care to look after *Cecropius* now, and if neceſſity require, I will remove him ſpeedily; I muſt leave you for ſome hours, *Ordella* to attend my Father; Farewel, my bright Miſtreſs, pray let your care continue unto *Pollidor*, and let not fall your kindneſs to *Cecropius*, he may confeſs to you what no tortures can draw from him.

[*Exit* Phillocles.

Selind. It does concern me Sir.

Ord. It does indeed, *Selindra*, thy gratitude to *Pollidor* looks handſomely; methinks as he recovers health, he grows comely, he ſhews to me as if he were above the ordinary rank of men, I dare ſay he has a Noble ſoul.

Selind. Madam, you judge right, did you converſe as I do daily with him, you ſhould wonder at ſuch worth; methinks I ſee greatneſs in his looks, and do obſerve that he holds in that luſtre, with more advantage, then others ſhew it forth.

Ord. He is ſure ſome great Prince diſguis'd,

Selindra! and a happy man he is, that has found one that can discover his conceal'd perfections so fully.

{*Enter* Tenedor to Selindra.}

Tened. Madam, my Master is now awake, and begs the favour of a visit.

[*Exit* Tenedor.

Selind. I shall follow your Lordship when I have brought the Princess to her Chamber.

Ord Is he a Lord too, *Selindra?*

Selind Did I call him Lord, Madam?

Ord. Ask when you see him next, go *Selindra*; this Ceremony to me is needless, I shall find the way alone; 'tis fitter that you attend your charge, *Polidors* wounds will not heal out of thy sight, *Selindra*; —I cannot chuse but wonder what kind of entertainment you can find for so many hours, with so great a stranger as *Pollidor*!

Selind. Sure she is jealous, and I have been too free in praising him; —*Pollidor* and I do spend more hours discoursing of *Ordella's* beauties, then of all other matters; he admires your perfections, Madam; his other wounds are slight, compar'd with those he received from your eyes: for——

{*Speaks aside.*

Ord. Hold, *Selindra*, I delight not in such saucy thoughts from *Pollidor*, nor does it become you to hear, much less to relate them unto me: I do fear, *Selindra*, you hope by this invention to dazle my eys, that I may not discover your own affection to this *Pollidor*; take heed you fall not from that vertue

vertue you are valued for, if you do deceive my truſt, or *Philocles* his love, you will be neither worthy his anger, nor my pitty.

Selin. Let me fall under the weight of both your angers, when I deſerve ill from either of you, your jealouſie afflicts me Madam.

[*She weeps.*

Ordel. I hear my Brother coming, retire that he may not ſee thy tears, and meet me in the Garden after ſupper, then I will hear more of this, and till then ſuſpend my Judgement of thee.

[*Exit* Selindra.

< *Enter* Phillocles. >

Phil. Why went *Selindra* weeping out? and what troubles you my Dear Siſter?

Ordel. I am not troubl'd now Sir: pray how did you find my Father? in what temper is he?

Phil. Well *Ordella*, all is ſafe yet; but I cannot be ſatisfied until you tell me why *Selindra* weep't;—your ſilence will beget doubts more troubleſome, then the knowledge can be.

Ordel. 'Twas nothing but an Argument that fell between us.

Phil. That Argument *Ordella*, if thou lov'ſt my peace, that Argument.

Ordel. I may wrong *Selindra* by it, and trouble you without a cauſe, when I am certainly informed you ſhall be ſo, till then pray do not urge me farther.

Phil. I am ſo weak a man in thy Eſteem, thou dareſt not truſt me with my ſelf; *Ordella*, thy diſcourſe

course will disturb me much, unless thou lettest me know the whole matter.

Ordel. My unwillingness to tell you, is now become the onely cause I fear to do it, for I was questioning *Selindra* onely about her frequent visits to *Pollidor*, which it seems I put into such Language, as made her weep; this on my credit is the truth, are you now satisfied?

Phil. I am satisfied that we have the same thoughts, your judgement on this matter, confirms my observations which till now took no hold on me; —— If she prove false, thus I can blow her off; —— But *Pollidor*, shall pay deare for his Treachery.

Enter to them Pollidor, *very weak in Rich Cloaths; a staff in his hand.*

Polli. Madam, 'tis fit that I visit you before the Temple, and pay my first vowes at your shrine, offering up a Life devoted to your service.

Ordel. You owe your health Sir, next to the Gods, unto *Selindra*'s care, such a Gratitude I have not seen before, nor such a zeal as hers to serve you.

Polli. My Obligations to *Selindra*, I must rank after the Honours I have received from you

[*He turns to* Phillocles

Madam: —— Pray Sir, how does the Emperour, and *Cecropius*, take this fained love between *Selindra* and me? how does it work with them?

Phi.

Phil. Since *Selindra* dwelt with you, the whole Court believes it is a mutual Love; onely my Sister and my self, have other thoughts.

Polli. (Those last words came coldly out, I must remove this jealousie;) I am glad Sir that you are secur'd by it, and I am joy'd to have a hand in any thing, that shall conduce to serve you, I do profess my Medicines have not so much wrought my cure, as the joy I have to see such unparalleld Virtues, and Affections meet, as is yours, and the good *Selindra*'s; day by day she tires her tongue in praising *Phillocles*, and still grows fresh by talking of you Sir; I cannot wish you greater happiness on Earth, then you will have with her, may it last while you last, and my Eternal Curses light on those that wish it less.

Phil. I thank you Sir, and will hope to prosper, as you pray for me, and next to *Selindra*, and my Sister, place you by my heart.

Polli. You Honour me too much, and will make me proud, I must take my leave Sir, my strength is not yet enough confirm'd to stay long abroad.

[*Exit* Pollidor.

Phil. The Gods go with thee, thou Man of Honour.

Ordel. What think you Brother of this Complement?

Phil. I think him really what he seems.

Ordel. I wish I could do so too, but when I call to mind that *Selindra* unto me did talk just thus of *Pollidor*,

Pollidor, as he now discours'd to you of her, methinks it looks like a design.

Phil. Does *Pollidor* presume to pretend to you?

Ordel. So *Selindra* would have me think, which indeed was the main cause of my anger, and her tears.

Phil. I am not willing to be jealous, nor yet so fond, as not to be sensible, when there is just cause; *Ordella* let us smooth our brows, and observe them farther, such a guilt cannot be long hid, and untill we be confirm'd by some better proof, tis unworthy in us to suspect them on our surmises only, since what they do, is by our direction.

Ordel. 'Tis not my nature to judge ill of any, and I hope *Selindra* will deserve better; I am converted, and now we are thus secure, why may not you go to the Army, and leave *Selindra* with me; *Pollidor* in your absence, may Court her in Publick, which will confirm my Father in his mistake, when he sees me dislike it.

Phil I like it well *Ordella*: what will you do this Evening?

Ordel I have some business for a while; *Selindra* after supper will meet me in the Garden, pray come to us there.

Phil. Bid your Boy attend us with his Lute then, it may so happen that I must take leave this night, for I hear that the *Hungarian* Army comes on apace.

{*Enter* Ante } nor *to them.* }

Ante. The Emperour sends you word Sir, that *Cecro-*

Cecropius has deliver'd all the Frontier Towns unto the *Hungarians*, and himself advances in the head of that Army towards us.

Phil. Dispatch a Post unto *Antillacus*, bid him advance towards the Traitor, I will this night set forth, and by day-break shall reach him.

Ante. Sir, *Antillacus* retreats before the Enemy, his men fewer in Number, are so disheartned by *Cecropius*'s revolt, they dare not look on the *Hungarians*.

Phil. Let the Page call *Pollidor* to my Sisters Chamber presently, we will take leave there, and depart immediately; Come *Ordella*, this is somewhat quicker work then I expected; bid my servants make what hast they can to meet me here at my return.

[*Exit Omnes.*

{*Enter* Periander *with a Lady,* / *as in* Ordella's *Chamber.*}

Lady. My Lord, since you went hence, the Court has been in daily Tumults about *Phillocles* his Love unto your Daughter.

Perian. Is *Selindra* so much in favour with the Gods, as to be look'd on by Prince *Phillocles*?

Lady. The Prince seeks no other Heaven but her, and as the World thinks she neglects him, and Loves one *Pollidor*.

Perian. Madam, I cannot raise my Faith to what you say, nor can I joy in such a blessing, until I know the Emperour does approve it; pray Madam, where may I find *Selindra*?

Lady.

Lady. She is now with the Princeſs in the Garden, I ſhall let her know your Lordſhip is return'd.

Perian. You obliege me Madam; —— though

[*Exit Lady.*

I have been long abſent, I have not been idle, nor could I well have made more haſt hither, conſidering how many great Affairs I have diſpatch'd, ſince I went hence.

{*Enter* Selindra *to him.*}

Selin. Oh Sir! You are welcome, I have with ſome trouble, and ſome fear expected your Return.

Peri. Madam, I ſtay'd the longer by reaſon of thoſe Tumults I found at *Belgrade*, a falſe *Aſtella* was ſet up by *Eutichus* and his faction, but ſo ſoon as I made known that you Liv'd, both ſides laid down their Arguments though not their Armes, which I adviſ'd as the beſt means to bring you home in ſafety.

Selin. But why does our Army enter *Greece?*

Perian. That's the riddle Madam, the old Fox *Cecropius* gave notice to the *Hungarians*, that *Laſcares* purpos'd in his own perſon to invade them, ſince *Phillocles* had refuſ'd it, and would by a conqueſt joyn that Crown to his Empire; he infinuates alſo, that if the *Hungarians* would aſſiſt him in his deſign, he would make *Laſcares* unable to harm them, by delivering up all the Frontier Towns into their hands.

Selin.

Selin. And what is his design?

Perian. Onely by their power to force *Iascares* to deliver you, and one *Pollidor* up to him: This I perswaded *Orsanes*, and the rest to harken too, and my long stay was to see the Towns deliver'd to *Orsanes*, which is done, and *Cecropius* fooll'd by his vaine hopes, Marches in the head of your Army, which comes on apace, only to receive your Commands Madam.

Selin. The Gods reward you, for I never can;— but here is Newes *Seriander* beyond what you tell; *Pollinesso* Lives, Lives here under the name of *Pol-*

[*Enter* Pollidor.

lidor; and see where he comes;— Oh! my Brother we are happy above our wish; this is *Periander*, who has so much obliged me.

Pol. I hope I shall live to thank you Sir.

Peri. Sir, I am rewarded in the good I have done, if my services do prove such in your Esteem.

Selin. My Brother, you must dispatch *Periander* back unto the Army to give *Orsanes* and the rest notice that you live; —— *Cecropius* has rendred the Towns, and comes on demanding to have me deliver'd to his lust.

Pol. We shall order him at leisure, our care to inform *Orsanes* must indeed be speedy; —— *Periander*, though I cannot command, I may intreat you that know our Affairs to return unto *Orsanes*, and give him notice that I intend this night to set forth with *Phillocles*, and will come over to him, with my first opportunity; bid him march fairly through the Country, and take heed that *Antil-*

lacus

Iacus ingage him not to fight till I Arrive; if you ride hard, you may be back with us, before we part from hence, for I hear *Cecropius* is not far off.

Peri. By my ſpeed Sir, judge my Zeal to ſerve you.

Pol. As you paſſe by my Lodgings, pray ſend all my ſervants to attend me in the next Room, from hence we ſhall take Horſe this Evening; —— Now

[*Exit* Periander.

Aſtella, methinks the Gods do ſmile on *Hungary*, and on us; if *Ordella* would be gracious *Pollinesſo* were moſt happy; How does my love proſper, *Aſtella?*

Selin. I can make no certain Judgement on it yet.

Poll. Canſt thou not procure me one ſmile before we part?

Selin. 'Twill not be poſſible, if you depart this night; I could wiſh we had more time, becauſe I now propoſe ſome pleaſure in my woing for you; methinks the ſtormes that I have rais'd, look merrily now the calm is certain, and ſo nigh, I have ſo light a heart, that I could play with dangers, if any were within my reach.

[*They ſit.*

To them Enters Phillocles, *and* Ordella, *who ſtand unſeen behind them, ſiting on the Couch.*

Pol. Let me Embrace and Kiſſe thee, my Dear, Dear *Selindra*; thou art ſo great a Joy unto my ſoul,

soul, that I lament to part one minute from thee; when we meet next, we shall Embrace more freely.

[*Embrace.*

Selin. That you must go from me, grieves me; — must you needs go with *Phillocles*? may you not stay one day longer with me?

[*She weeps.*

Pol. I dare not, do not weep thus, thy tears will prove ill Omens, and I become a superstitious fool, to fear I know not why.

Selin. How can I chuse but lament to part with what is dearer to me then my life; pray do not go this night, bestow this night on me.

Polli. I swear thou makest me sad, prethee speak more cheatfully, and dry thy eyes, least *Phillocles* perceive thy tears, and *Ordella* do discover us, and so unmask us both before we be prepar'd.

Selin. No matter for their jealousie, are not we above the reach of malice now?

{Phillocles *draws and offering to strike, is held by* Ordella.

Pol. Not yet *Selindra*, we may be ere long, till then, tis not good to provoke any, it is by your advice to, that we should be still disguis'd.

Selin. Yes, and tis my opinion still; but when *Phillocles* is gone, who can discover us?

Phil. The Gods, who will not suffer such impiety to be longer hid? let me loose *Ordella*, and I will cut these twisted Monsters into Atomes,

that their united soule, may so expire together.

{*The Women part, and hold them.*}

Pelli. Why thus inraged Sir?

Phil. Canst thou aske false man? we have heard and seen, all that has past between ye.

Fol. It may be so, and yet be mistaken in all you have heard and seen too; —— Sir, if you will have a little patience, your shall see your mistake, and be sorry for this injurious Language, when you know to whom you speak.

{*Phillocles offers to run at him, but is held by* Ordella.}

Selin. Good Madam, perswade the Prince to hear us, and there will be no cause to fight.

Ordel. Thou worst of Women, how dares thy lips move towards me?

Selin. For Heavens sake Madam hear us, you will too late repent this rashness else; we are both Innocent.

Ordel. Brother you may do well to hear them, and revenge at leasure; pray lay by this anger for a while, and take it up again when you see cause; they are in your power to punish as you please.

Phil. I thank thee *Ordella*, they are so; —— I am tame, and now you may say on.

Pelli. Sir, if you have heard, and seen what past between us, I do confess you have reason for your anger, and our fondness doth deserve blame, but no

not death; 'tis true, that we have negligently shew'd, what we might better have conceal'd; necessity therefore now compells us to discover what we yet meant not to do, that our Innocency may no longer suffer.

[*Exit* Phillocles.

Phil Your Innocence.

Polli. Madam, the Prince his absence gives me opportunity to beg your pardon for *Selindra* and my self, who have too long hid our affections from you, and our selves also; for she is my Sister, and will ere long appear worthy *Phillocles* his best thoughts, and I do hope my self, when I shall dare to be my self, may have leave to say, my life is vowed to serve you.

Ordel. Sir, you are mistaken, I am not to be deceived by this slight trick; —— you would gain time to escape my Brothers vengeance.

Polli. No Madam, you will shortly see I am above it; and if—

{*Enter* Phillocles with a Guard.}

Phil. Seize on that Traytor.

{Pollidor *steps to the other door, and calls alone.*}

Pol. Tenedor, Periander, Teckner, Treason; —— what means this madness *Phillocles?* a reasonable man should hear another speak; if I do not satisfie all your doubts,

{*They Enter, & both parties stand ranged on either side.*}

you shall find that I dare meet your fury, and can raise storms as high, as you can wish to see.

Phil. Pray unfold this misery, I do attend you.

{Pollidor *leads* Selindra *to* Phil-
locles *who steps back from her*; —}

Poll. Let this pledge speak for us both, for I can have no other interest, then to give her up into your Armes Sir, send your Guards off, and this riddle shall be as easie, and as pleasant, as it now looks hard; —— *Phillocles* will blush when he shall know from whom he flyes, and by whose hand offer'd to him.

Phil. I understand you not, nor do I care; — hark, what noyse is this?

{*Enter the Emperour with his Train,*
and his Guard, Swords drawn, cry-
ing Arme, Arme, as they enter.}

Las. What's this? a War within his our own Walls; *Phillocles* is this a time for private brawls? when the *Hungarians* are at your Gates?

Phil. I am ready to depart Sir; and shall send them back much faster then they now come on. I beg your pardon Sir, for my neglect.

{*Enter* Gillon.}

Las. What Newes brings *Gillon?*

Gil. Antillacus sends you word Sir, that you must prepare to receive him with the Army under

the Town Walls, his Souldiers have so many pannick fears, he dares not lead them out to face the Enemy; he also wishes that Prince *Philocles* would draw out the Court Regimens, to hearten his dejected men.

Las. I think 'twere better to receive them within the Walls, until their shame do out-face their fears; Tell *Antillacus* my old Armes are on, and that I will my self, strike the Traytor in the face.

Phil. Hast back good *Gillon*, and tell *Antillacus*; If he can defend his Camp till I Arrive, I wish him not to move this way; my looks will send those ungratefull people home, if not, I have a flame within me, which will consume them all, —— I beg your pardon Sir, for my neglect.

Las. Repair it by your speedy succour, I shall take present order for what the Town can afford us.

[*Exit* Lascares.

Phil. Ordella I have a War within, that will consume me.

Ordel. I hope this great Affair will divert your thoughts, and remove your trouble.

Phil. For some few dayes it may; —— farewel my Dear Sister; —— and when I return, you shall hear from me Sir.

[*To* Pollidor.

Pol. I shall not stay behind you Sir, my wound

< Phillocles *is going out.* >

is not so ill, as to keep me from waiting on you;

when this hurry and your anger is over, I hope you will be at leasure to hear me out, and be pleas'd rather to finde you can be mistaken, then me guilty.

Phil. I will by no means suffer it, 'twill be no charity, to permit you to hazzard *Selindra*'s interest by new dangers.

Pol. Sir, your scornes shall have no more power to stay me, then your anger has, I will along.

Phil. But you shall not; I do suspect you will betray me to your Country-Men, and dare not trust you with me.

Pol. All this will not do, I know you do not doubt me that way? and I do swear, unlesse you break the bonds of Hospitality (and do imprison me) I will along.

Phil. And I will rather do it, then have your company, if you desist not.

Pol. Phillocles will not so much blemish his great Name! imprison me that sav'd your life; —— me, that am vowed to stand or fall with you; —— Sir, I must chide you now, you do too long hold up a causeless anger, you know not why; too long neglect the great Affair that calls you hence; —— I will stay no longer for you, but go do the work before you come.

[Pollidor *is going off.*

Phil. Stay *Pollidor*, thou hast confounded all my reason, such a mixture of Nobleness, ne're met with such a Treachery till now; though I do know thee false, and do resolve with my own hand to Kill thee; I will trust thee this way, and

do now intreat thee to stay till to morrow that my Father comes.

Pol. I Obey.

Phil. *Oh! my Dear Sister, once more farewell,*
I am now fall'n from Paradice to Hell.

Ordel. *The Gods go with you, and your action bless,*
While I retire, and pray for your success.

[*Exeunt all but* Pollidor *and* Selindra.

Pol. We will be gone *Selindra*, and face *Philocles* in the head of our own Army; —— what news *Periander?*

[*Enter* Periander.

Peri. Sir, I am come to fetch you to your Army, I can convey you thither, before you are mist here.

Selindra. We are ready now, how far off is the Army?

Peri. You may hear their Drums Madam, at the City Gates.

Pol Come, let us hasten to our Troupes; ——
When Instruments of War, from War release,
'Tis a good Omen, to a happy peace.

[*Exeunt.*

{*Enter at one Door* Lascares, Philocles, Anillacus, Armanthur, Gillon, *and the Grecian Army.*}

{*Enter at the other door* Cecropius, Orsanes, *and other Lords with the* Hungarian *Army.*}

Lasca. Thou art a bold ill man *Cecropius*, thou

art ungrateful to thy Country, and my truſt.

Cecro. Sir, I have but hid my gratitude under this old Armour, which is onely now put on to obtain what my prayers could not,—— I demand juſtice Sir, for *Cleonels* bloud, which you have hitherto denied me, in favour to his Murtherers:

Laſc. This fained modeſty is more impudent then thy Arms are, thou knoweſt I was more eager then thy ſelf to do juſtice on thoſe that ſlew thy ſon, and thou ſeeſt clearly our Laws cannot touch them for his fall.

Cecro. Was not *Cleonel* ſlain by *Pollidor?* and was not *Selindra* acceſſary? and does not our Laws condemn ſuch murtherers to die?

Laſc. No; thou knoweſt they do not, thou knoweſt thy ſon was by a juſt hand puniſh'd, and that *Pollidor* deſerves,——

Phill. Good Sir, ſpend no more breath on this vile man, the ſlave is not worthy your anger:—— ——Fooliſh *Hungarians*, ingrateful perjur'd people:—— *Orſanes* I did not look for this from you;—— but my ſword ſhall ſpeak my vengeance.

Orſan. Prince *Phillocles* has not in *Greece* a more faithful ſervant then *Orſanes*; Pray Sir lay by this paſſion but a few minutes, and you ſhall ſee that I have labour'd hard to bring your own deſires to their wiſh'd ends;—— and *Cecropius* the main Agent in it all!

Phill. Why do your actions and your words ſo diſagree? *Orſanes* knows our Grecian hearts cannot be compell'd, when we have time to draw our ſwords.

Orſan

Orſan. Great Sir, your actions have enough declar'd your worth unto the World, and to our Nation moſt; which we ſhall ever own, though now by ſome neceſſity compell'd, we do appear as enemies, in the behalf of this good man, who has ingag'd us to deliver up a Lady call'd *Selindra*, and one *Pollidor* to his hands, which he by ſtrong arguments aſſur'd us, would be for your, and for our future happineſs: this done, we are all at *Phillocles* command.

Phill. Thoſe two you mention are of late become unworthy of my thoughts; yet your engagement was barbarous, to undertake you know not what: ——ſound the charge.

Orſan. Hold *Phillocles*, I have entertain'd you with diſcourſe thus long, only till I might hear that ſhout behind us: ——hark, hark, Sir! [*a ſhout within.*
Now the time is come for us to keep our oaths to *Cecropius*, and to manifeſt our love to *Phillocles*, —make way there for the King.

The Hungarian Army opens, and through them enters Pollineſſo *crown'd, leading in* Aſtella; Orſanes *delivers them both unto* Cecropius.

Phill. What Riddle's this? what wonders do I ſee?

Cecro. Take away that ſhadow of a King to preſent death, *Orſanes*; and now *Selindra* you are once more at my diſpoſe: and you Sir, that think you

you can command the World, shall find this weak old arm can justifie my title here.

Orsan. Have I now perform'd my oath unto the great *Cecropius?*

Cecro. You have.

Orsan. I must then set this Lady free from the danger of our swords,——

[*a shout of joy*

{*He delivers* Astella *to* Pollinesso.

Orsan. Long live the King of *Hungary.*

Cecro. I am betrayed.

Phill. *Pollidor!* and *Selindra!* why is he crown'd! how come they there?

Lasc. They are confederates with *Cecropius*, on which design they have thus long liv'd amongst us.

Poll. *Orsanes*, lay that Monster at his Masters feet.

{*They deliver up* Cecropius.

Phill. *Pollidor*, what mean these misteries?

Poll. All respects to *Phillocles.*

Phill. How comes *Selindra* then with thee? and that Crown upon thy head? I tell thee *Pollidor*, if *Selindra* can neglect me, I can contemn her; and not envy thee that mis-becoming Crown thou weares't, which I will tear from off thy swel-

ling

ling brows, and trample on it, when 'tis mine by a second conquest.

{*Pollidor leads* Selindra to Phillocles, *and he retires.*}

Poll. —— Will *Phillocles* forsake the List? fly from such a foe! send for the Princess *Ordella* then, that we may meet on equall terms.

Phill. You are merry Sir, my gentle temper I see, begets contempt from your great courage.

Poll. No, Sir, you are mistaken still, I am your servant, and do value *Phillocles*, more then he can contemn me: —— *Orsanes*, bring my Standard hither: ——carry this and my Crown unto the Princess *Ordella*; lay them at her feet, and if she dains to take them up, tell her your King with his whole people do wait on her Commands.

Phill. I understand not what these Riddles mean.

Poll. If *Phillocles* be yet at leasure to hear me speak, I shall soon remove this wonder?

Phill. If *Pollidor* prove worthy, I shall not trust my eyes nor ears for ever.

Poll. But when Prince *Phillocles* shall know that *Pollimesso* speaks, he will believe no hand has more right to deliver up *Astella* into his arms, then I: Do you not know me yet Sir?

{*He pulls off his Perriwig, and his patch from his eye.*}

Phill.

Phill. Nor yet know my self; —— *Antillacus*, do I wake? or is this a Phantosm that I think I see?

[*Phillocles stands amaz'd.*

Ant. 'Tis as strange to me, Sir.

Lasc. While my sons wonder lasts, let me embrace you, Sir, and obtain both yours and *Astellas* pardon, and chide you both in the same breath; why did you suffer us to walk so long in this unhappy darkness? and run so many hazards, which this light would have avoided.

Poll. There was no other way to obtain this light, while *Cecropius* eclips'd your glory Sir.

Phill. Does *Pollinesso* live? can he forget my crimes? and forgive my blindness!

Poll. Can *Phillocles* pardon my concealment? by which he was so blinded?

[*They embrace.*

Phill. There is but one happiness on earth beyond holding *Pollinesso* thus!

Poll. To me too there can be only one above it! ——and that is *Ordellas* leave to love her: —but Sir, have you no room for *Selindra* in your heart?

[*Points to* Selindra.

Phill. I dare not look that way: I dare not have a hope so high as pardon from her. —— I am so full of guilt, that I dare not live longer to think of my unworthiness.

Selind.

Selind. What have I done Sir, that you ſhould be thus cruel to me! will you not look on me?

Enter Ordella *and* Orſanes.

Phill. I ſhall bluſh to death, if you ſpeak thus again.

Aſt. Will *Phillocles* turn from me ever?

Phill. Yes, Madam, as aſham'd to look on you; I have a guilt within, that takes my manhood from me! —ſhall I dare to think you can forgive my unworthy jealouſie?

Aſt. If you can forgive me that provok'd you to it? I can meet you thus.

Phill. And I fall as low as earth will let me, to receive your pardon.

[*They embrace.*

Ord. I am ſo much amaz'd at what I ſee, that I know not which way to turn me!

Laſc. This way, *Ordella*, if you will by me be guided to felicity? —this is *Pollineſſo's* wiſh too, if I miſtake not.

Laſcares *leads* Ordella *to* Pollineſſo.

Pollin. 'Tis my ambition Sir, my higheſt hope on this ſide Heaven.

Ord. And my honour, that *Pollineſſo* has ſuch thoughts for me; but Sir, 'twill ask ſome time for me to raiſe my wiſhes to ſuch a value of your worth, that we may meet on equal terms.

Phill. *Pollineſſo's* merit, and his worth is ſuch, that

that when he says he loves, 'tis argument enough to gain the greatest Queen: — *Ordella*, the Gods smile upon us now: — and you, Sir, I hope concur with Heaven in our felicities.

Lasc. My prayers and my blessings shall not be wanting: let *Pollinesso* give sentence on *Cecropius* before we go unto the Temple.

Pollin. Let him live for ever banish'd from this happy Climate, which he has so long polluted with his venomous breath.

Lasc. *Antillacus* see it done.

[*Exit with* Cecropius.

Ast. Madam, can you pardon my disguise?

Ord. I cannot well tell what to answer! to find *Selindra* worthy, is a Concern greater then *Astella* can be to me; and that you now are *Astella*, does not more raise my wonder, then that you were *Selindra* does confirm my love, and my respects to you, Madam.

Ast. I have a heart too full of joy to keep this distance any longer!

[*The two Ladies embrace.*

Phill. *We now lose time that might be better spent,*
In sacrificing for this blest event!
Lasc. *Lead on then to the Temple, and proclaim*
A publick feast, in bright Astella's *name;*
While we do march in a triumphant state,
That all the City may participate
Our joys, now Phillocles *captivity*
Is chang'd into a triple Victory.

FINIS.

The Actors Names of Ormasdes.

Leandra, Queen of *Citherea*.
Ormasdes, Her General, a Prince of *Greece*.
Old Titus, Admiral,
Young Titus, His son.
Cleobulus, *Nearcus*, *Chiron*. } Great Lords of *Citherea*.
Ladies Attending the Queen.
Servants to *Ormasdes*.
Doctors,
Guards.
Nearcus his servants.
Embassadour, From *Valeriana* King of *Treconia*.
Mariana, His sister.
Cleon, *Erillos*, } Embassadour servants.
Ladies to *Mariana*,
Other servants to the Embassadour.
Pages.
Surgeons.

ORMASDES.

The First Act.

THE SCENE

In the Island of Citherea.

{*Enter* Menetius, *and* Nearcus; *A Messenger meets them.*}

MESSENGER.

MY Lords, the Queen sends me to let you know.
That she is safe, and her whole Fleet secure.

Mene. The Queens safety, is welcome News to all,
Though from the Castle top, we saw the fight;
None could so clearly the success discern;
As to rejoyce for her security!
Till you are arriv'd.

Ne. T was bold, & bravely done, with leſs numbers
To Aſſault ſo great a Fleet, ſo near home!
I wonder how they got Intelligence?
So juſt, to know the Queens return from *Greece.*

Meſſ. To Aſſault us, was far from their deſign;
They fell by chance amongſt our Ships ith' night,
As they were paſſing by; found us ſecure,
And unprepar'd for ſuch an accident:
So we together ſail'd, till Day appear'd;
Then our great Admirall, and his brave Son,
With their two Squadrons, did begin the Fight:
— The Queens Ship was attacqued on every ſide,
In which, *Ormaſdes* by the Gods was plac'd,
That by his hand, *Cleandra* might be freed,
As by a Miracle! her dangers ſuch!
And his Achievements ſo beyond them all!
That my Relation, 'would Romance appear,
To tell you, how he acted every where.

Men I hope this accident, will now perſwade
The Queen, that ſhe no more ſuch journies make:
Great Princes to ſuch viſits and not bound,
Where Complements do ſo great danger bring.

Near. Though *Cleandras* viſit, may not admit
Of a State Argument to juſtifie
A danger; — She had reaſon to return
Some high reſpect, unto the *Grecian* Court,
Where ſhe ſo long, in ſo great ſplendor liv'd;
Before ſhe had this *Citherean* Crown:
Nor was it now amiſs to ſhew the Power,
And Glory, of ſo great a Fleet, as *Greece*
Ne're ſaw before! by which, our renew'd League
Will be more valu'd, and our Nation fear'd.

Mene.

Mene. I have no Argument for a diſpute;
—— This viſit paſt, ſhe needs no other make;
But Sir, how comes *Ormaſdes* here again?
What great Affair, occaſions his return?
Near. How can the *Grecian* Empire ſo long ſpare,
So great a Captain? and ſo much belov'd.
Meſſen. That happy Emperour; who has no War,
Did give *Ormaſdes* liberty once more,
To grant *Cleandras* ſute for his return,
That he may now confirm, what he has won,
Leaſt his late Trophies in the *Zelnian* War,
Be tumbled down! for we may doubt! thoſe Kings
Who border *Zelnia*, will not long indure
Such loſs; as will *Cleandras* Crown ſecure.
Though her great Anceſtor that King dom won,
And left it to his moſt unhappy Son;
Who all thoſe Princes Tributaries made,
That in Affection call'd him to their Aide.
Mene. Heark *Nearcus*, heark how the People ſhout!
As if the Queen were now, come near the ſhore;
Pray Sr. cõmand the Guards advance with ſpeed,
Unto the Port; *Nearcus* I do fear,
The Queen may land, while we are trifling here.

[*Exit.*

Enter Cleandra *Queen of* Citherea, Ormaſdes *a Prince of* Greece. *Her General with his Arme in a Scarfe. Old* Titus *Admiral, Young* Titus, *Lords, Ladies, and Train.*

Admi. The Gods have given you a full Victory,
And all your Fleet will be in Port, by Noon.

Queen. I have thank'd the Gods *Titus*, and do see
Yours, and your Sons mirits, in this great work:
But have not words that can express my thanks
To brave *Ormasdes*, for preserving me;
Had you seen my danger, when the bold *Turks*
With assured Victory, my Labin forc'd!
And how by his hand from that Ruine freed!
You would with me admire, if not adore
The force which Rescued, with so great a Power!
My fear, my wonder, and my joy, so mixt,
I had no time for any thought betwixt
My danger, and my safe deliverance,
Which did the Price of that great work inhance!
The bloody Trophies of *Ormasdes* sword;
Surpas'd what *Mars* to *Hector* did afford.

{Ormasdes *faints, and leans on Young* Titus.

(weak;

Adm. He faints, this remove to Land, makes him
—— How do you Sir?

Ormas. My soul *Titus*, shrunk away, much asham'd,
To hear my service by *Cleandra* fam'd,
To much for any modest man to own,
That my weak Arm, should rescue her alone!

Quee. I am amaz'd, thus suddainly to find
The Gods so cruel, who have been so kind!
Thus to Eclips the joyes they freely gave,
Shews they repent the mercy which did save;
Ormasdes death will now so dismall be,
I cannot sacrifice for Victory.
Unless the Fates this mischief do divert!
It will our Triumphs, into Tears convert.

Young

T. Tit.-His wounds shew not the danger you con-
Madam, you Prophesie so great an ill, (ceive;
The Fates themselves will tremble to fulfill.

Ormas. I am well Madam, only blush to hear,
That my slighe wounds, should be so much your
If great *Cleandra*, do mean Acts admire, (care
Brave men will not to high Attemps aspire.

Enter to them, Nearcus, Cleobulus, *and* Cathareus, *they Kiss* Cleandras *hand, a noyse of joy within from the People.*

Cleo. Madam, the Publick joy for your return,
Does shew how much we did your absence mourn.

Qu. My Peoples joy brings me great happiness,
And your love my Lords, my true value has:
But still I must your gratitudes, direct
Unto *Ormasdes*, by whose powerful hand,
Cleandra was preserv'd, and now restor'd. (don,

Ormas. Madam, you reward my small endeavors
With praise above the merrit of a man!

Queen. I can afford *Ormasdes* as much Worth,
And Honour, as the Antient *Heroes* had,
So he will me such gratitude allow,
As suites with my great benefits receiv'd;
— What Fleet *Nearcus*, lies within our Port?

Near. 'Tis from *Treconia* Madam, here's Arriv'd
A brave Embassadour, from that great King,
Who here has long expected your return;

His Equipage is Rich, and with him shines,
A Lady he calls Sister; hither come,
To wonder at the Glories of your Court,
While we do all admire, their Princely Port!

Qu. He shall have present Audience, to excuse
His long attendance; give him a respect:
Beyond the reach, or thought of a neglect;
— Do you *Nearcus*, bring him to us now; —

[*Exit Nearcus.*]

— *Cleobulus*, what news from *Zelnia*?

Cl. The frontiers have been frequently attaqu'd,
Since you went hence, but no great damage done.

Ormas. I beg the Honour Madam to chastise
those haughty Rebells, for their Insolence.

Q. The whole world knows, *Ormasdes* can cõmand
The fortune of a war; why then should you?
As if your Name were yet obscure! desire
New dangers? But you covet a Renown,
Beyond the value of the *Zelnian* Crown;
Else, you'd secure my People from their fear,
By your consent to be my Vice-Roy there.

Or. Such proffer'd gifts from Princes are not us'd
To be molested, and much less refus'd!

Ormas. But I must not your Majesty permit,
To load me with an honour so unfit!
As will Eclips the merrit you allow,
When gifts shine brighter, then my Actions do.

Qu. Is there no way *Ormasdes* to remove
These niceties? must I for ever own
Your benefits? and make you no return?
How little do I seem to your great Eye?
Who scorn I should your service gratifie.

Ormas.

Ormas. I have in *Greece*, all my relations left,
To serve you Madam, and am hither come,
With a fixt zeal to wish, and to obey,
What ever you command! and only fear
My inclinations may my tongue direct,
To beg what you'l deny: though I affect.

Qu. Though I your sute dislike, I will consent,
And from your happiness, raise my content.

Or. With your permission Madam, I would beg
Leave to retire unto the little Lodge,
Within the Forrest, half a League from hence,
Where after all my Travells, I may find,
Ease for my body, and refresh my mind,
With the soft solace of a private life,
Free from Affairs, and Courts Eternal strife.

Qu. This is far beyond my fears *Ormasdes*,
Tis no wonder you my favours slighte!
When you do our society dislike.
But I will not your purpose now oppose,
Though I your councils, & your friendship lose;
Who in debates can speak; in fight command,
And order all, that in disorder stand;
— Can nothing alter your desire from this?

Ormas. Not unless, troubles be prefer'd to bliss.

Queen. Ormasdes it shall be as you desire,
And freely, when you please, you may retire.

Or. Though for a while absent my self from Court,
I shall be ready to lay by my Books,
When you do call me to put Armour on,
Stories tell that great men the like have don.

Qu. Though I know no example, I believe
What e're *Ormasdes* shall make choice to do,

May be a president, that will ingage
Brave men to follow, in the future age (content
Ormas. Your Majesty in this, has given me more
Then all the favours proffer'd me before.

[*Exit Ormasdes.*

T. Tit. Is this his humour? or some fancy grown
From passion for some Love, to us unknown;
Qu. No *Titus*, he has ever been observ'd,
A great contemner of Amores, and does
True friendship more esteem, then idle Love.
Ti. The more like now to be so much concern'd
When touch'd; our mortal bodies are so frail,
That we may love, and know not what we ail!
Why, does your Majesty think friendship can
With as much force as love, transport a man?
Qu. Not to such frensies, as wild brains Create,
When fancy cannot change the course of Fate—
— When love to faces, with the face decay,
A virtuous friendship will for ever sway. —
— I wish you *Titus*, when he first retires,
To try how far your friendship can prevail,
To get the secret from *Ormasdes* soul;
Tis for his good, that he his griefs impart;
True friendship will allow a little Art,
When the design does nothing more import,
But bringing of *Ormasdes* back to Court.
Tit. I shall be joy'd, and happy if I can
Bring back to Court! so Excellent a Man.

Enter { *An Officer* } *and* Ormasdes.

Officer. The Embassadour attends your Majesty.

The Queen sits.

Queen. Admit Him.

Enter { *Embassadour* } *and his Train.*

Embas. Madam, my Master, the *Tyreonian* King,
Salutes you in these Letters, and by me,
Congratulates your *Zelmian* Victory;
But does lament, that he no share acquir'd,
In that great Conquest, he so much desir'd:
He was ambitious Madam, to command
In that near War, and not a neuter stand.
When strangers merits do such Triumphs claim,
While he to you unknown, sat still with shame.
But since *Ormasdes* conduct, and his skill,
With such high Valour, has fulfill'd your will,
He envies not so great a Souldiers praise,
But would have shar'd in his Triumphant rayes.

Qu. If I had known *Valerianus* mind,
He might my thanks have shar'd, and not repin'd.

Emb.

Emb. I have commission also, to propose
A League between your Kingdoms, & your selves,
Such, as new Conquer'd *Zelnia* will secure,
That *Citherea's* peace may long endure. ——
— Your beauty Madam, more then Crowns invite,
Valerians wishes to unite
Your hearts; and then, your Scepters may
Be doubly fixt, when both do love obey.
He begs, that he in person may appear,
To plead his love, and treat this great affair.

Qu. Valerianus friendship I approve,
But never shall consent to treat of love;
'Twould raise my dead Lords Ashes in his Urn,
If I should to a second Lover turn?
Your great Kings proffer'd League, I do imbrace,
With fit Affection, and a chearful face: ——
Declairing to the World, how I respect,
His person, though I must his Suite reject.

Emb. I shall acquaint my Master, — and beg leave
I may your Majesties commands receive,
Without the Ceremonies that belong,
To a State audience, in a formal throng.

Qu. You shall have free access, as you desire,
And now my Lord, I must a Sutor be,
That fair *Mariana* will appear,
Who I am told is come to visit me. (quest,

Emb. That Madam, should have been my next re-
That you my dearest Sister would permit,
To kiss your hand, who does attend without.

Qu. Will you *Ormesdes* please to bring her in? —

[*Exit Ormasdes.*

= If

— If I had known that she had been so near,
She had been better treated for your sake.

Emb. You oblige me Madam.

{*Enter* Ormasdes, *with* Mariana *and her Ladies; the Queen Salutes Her.*}

Qu. You do me, and my Country, honour more,
Then any Lady ever did before.

Mari. I have done my self a favour Madam,
And tis your Majesty that honours me;
The fame of *Citherra* I confess,
May Princes hither bring, but my address,
Is to *Cleandra* self, that I might see,
The virtue fam'd for such Divinitie.

Qu. Madam, if you such flatteries throw out,
You will your welcome spoil, and make me doubt
You rather come to mock, then to admire:
On such another word? I shall retire.

Mari. I can be silent Madam, while I live,
But must speak truth, when you this freedom give.

Qu. We then will change our argument, & place,
Least I do chide, whom I intend to grace.

{*Exeunt all but* Nearcus *and* Cleobulus.}

Cleob. Did you observe, with what forc'd modesty
The Embassadour suppress his anger?
When his Masters suite, so briskly was denied.

Nea. Yes, and how suddain his sad looks change,
When bright *Cleandra* did so soon admit

His

His private visits; as if himself were struck!
And did no further press his Masters Sute.
Cle. I have other thoughts, that made me believe,
The Lady he calls Sister, is his Love.
Near. Such things have been, and *Mariana* may
His Mistris be; whose beauty in my Eye,
Does far surpass *Cleandras* Majesty.
And now you put these thoughts into my head,
I did observe *Marianas* eyes and his,
Did a long practiz'd silent language shew,
While they by turns did entertain the Queen.
Cleob. But I had second thoughts, led me to think,
I did sometimes perceive *Marianas* eyes,
On brave *Ormasdes* fixt; and seem'd to take
Such a survey, as Purchasers do make.
Near. I doubt *Mariana* has not an estate,
To purchase him, at great *Cleandras* rate.
Cleo. Let us observe them better next, and see
If it be Art; or their simplicitie.

[*Exeunt.*

{ *Enter* Embassadour, *and* Mariana. }

Emb. I have undone my self, *Mariana!*
For now beyond resistance I do love;
And find *Cleandra* will by her neglects,
Dash all my hopes, and turn from my respects.
Mari. There does not a just cause to me appear,
For such a doubt; much less to raise dispair:
Because *Cleandra* runs not at first sight,
Into the arms, of such a wandring Knight.

Though

Though your State Arguments cannot procure
To Treat; she may but a short Siege indure,
When as your self, a King you do appear,
The Castle may be won, by love, or fear.

Emb. No *Mariana*, I have heard, and seen
Too much, the brave *Ormasdes* stands between
Me, and my happiness, his retirement
Is to cloak their close love, and to prevent
Pretenders; or such scandal, as would rise,
If openly in Court, without disguise!
Such unproportion'd love should ere be known,
Which shews they dare not their affections own.

Ma. What nee such dissebling? to hide that love,
Which all the *Citherean*s do approve;
And publickly do pray, his great Renown,
Might be rewarded with *Cleandras* Crown.
To publick fame, I therefore credit give,
They not in love, but in true friendship live.

Em Such friendship between man, & woman, may
'Mongst silly people make a holy day.
No Callenders of mine, shall ere admit
Of a red Letter, for a counterfeit.

Mari. The Gods defend Brother.

Emb. Why *Mariana*? what is your concern?
To blush, because we do their crimes discern!
Can you believe, that a Platonick flame,
Has power to Cannonize *Cleandras* Name?

Mari. I blush for you, who now so boldly dare,
Against the person that you love! declare.

Emb. Your words, and looks, do not at all agree,
But shame for your *Ormasdes* infamie.
He is the man in *Marianas* eye,
Whose blushes, would his vices justifie.

Mari.

Mari. Though I his virtues honour, and admire
The glorious Actions of his life, my heart,
Is not in any danger to be loſt.

Emb. When a heart is ſo well loſt *Mariana!*
'Twill ſoon be found, I did believe my own,
As faſt fixt as yours, and yet at firſt ſight,
Of the fair Queen, 'twas from its center forc'd.

Mari. I Brother, your buſineſs was to loſe it.

Emb. But the blind Deity conſiders not
Our purpoſes he wounds at randome ſtill; ——
—— I wiſh thou wouldſt ingeniouſly confeſs,
If in thy thoughts; *Ormaſdes* be not grown
The handſomeſt and gallanteſt of Men;
Whoſe famous actions, in our weſtern World,
May well excuſe thy wonder, and thy Love; ——
—— I wiſh thy beauties could his heart ingage,
That I might have no Rival for the Queen.

Mari. To oblige my dear brother, I will try,
What may be done, for your ſecurity.

Emb. Thy whole life, never can oblige me more,
—— *Ormaſdes* is a great Prince in *Greece*,
And I for thee, will make him greater yet,
By my additions in *Treconia*;
If you can think him worthy of your Love?
— Our forces joyn'd, may double conqueſt gain,
When ſeve'rd; both indeavours may prove vain.

Mar. While you talk thus, I had as good confeſs:
What you ſo much believe, and do allow,
I gladly would obtain, if I knew how.

Emb. That was well ſaid, let us to Councel then--
Suppoſe I Court the Queen in my own ſhape?

Mar. I think tis beſt that you do firſt inquire,
How far the ſubtle Queen does ſtand ingaged

Unto

Unto *Ormaſdes*, that you may not kneele
To her, if ſhe unto another bow?

Emb. It will not be amiſs, that I inquire,
Of ſome great man in power, who I may bribe:—
Such as *Cleandras* truſt does moſt admit,
To plead my Maſters cauſe, and argue it:——
— What if I firſt *Ormaſdes* ſelf do try?
Twill ſearch his love, and his fidelity.

Mari. I am not fit to judge, nor can adviſe;
But will with prayers, aſſiſt your enterprize.

Emb. I'le viſit him, and if he guilty be,
I ſhall confound his great ſecuritie.

Mari. I fear you ſooner will your ſelf deſtroy,
Then by your furious paſſions him anoy.

Emb. Will you go with me to *Ormaſdes* Lodge?
Leaſt I diſturb his ſolitary Soul,
And with my rude breath, harm the man you love.

Mari I'de rather be the ſubject of your mirth,
Then great *Ormaſdes* ſhould ſuch rage diſcern,
As from your Arguments will ſoon ariſe.

Emb No, I'le approach him with my gentle looks,
As calm, and ſmoath, as Virgins when they ſmile,
Such as our tender yielding hearts beguile;
But if *Ormaſdes* do a lover prove!
He will my hopes and fears to anger move;——
— Do you attend the Queen, till my return.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter

Enter Ormasdes, *a Book in his hand, as talking to Young* Titus.

Ormas. I never liv'd, till now you think me dead--
Does my dear friend believe, what I have said?
Y. Tit. Sir, if the friendship you allow, be more
Then an Airie name? you will now permit
That I as freely speak, as I do love.
Orm *Titus* friendship would have honored *Cato*,
And now my self am prouder of advise
From *Titus*, then for all my victories.
Tit. Thus then *Cleandra* thinks, and so do I,
This loneness will your sorrows multiply;
Passions conceal'd, do nourish discontent,
But if reveal'd, much mischief may prevent:
Tis my ambition to obtain this trust,
If great *Ormasdes* thinks I dare be just.
Ormas. By all our — I know no discontent,
Nor has my quiet brest a passion in't. —
Titus Hold *Ormasdes*, hear me out; who now come
To let you know, that I, and many more
Who love you, do believe that you repine,
Because *Cleandra* is so much reserv'd;
And dare not own the passion that you have.
— If this be your trouble, trust it to me;
And you shall soon perceive, what I can do,
In satisfaction to your highest wish:
— I do so far incourage, and assure,
What I have mentioned; Is the Nations hope;

Who

Who pray that great *Cleandra* may comp'y
In all, that will *Ormaſdes* ſatisfie
Thus my affection, has my heart expreſt,
And I expect an anſwer I may truſt.

Ormaſ. What you have uttered *Titus*; I believe,
And ſcorn to think ſuch friendſhip, can deceive.
By the ſame ſacred tye, I you conjure,
To credit me, who ſeriouſly do vow.
I only choſe this ſolitary life,
To eaſe my body, and repoſe my mind;
I have no paſſion, nor do grief ſuſtain,
Nor have a wiſh beyond *Cleandras* ſmile,
And *Titus* friendſhip; which I'le near beguile.

Titus. Sir, I am bound to credit what you ſay,
And ſhall no more endeavour by diſcourſe,
To alter ſuch well grounded purpoſes:
But muſt we never hope for your return?
To Court? where you with the ſame freedom may
Enjoy what private hours you can deſire,
And not thus put the World ſo wholly off;
Which ſurely was, with all its glories made,
For uſe of man, and its felicities
To be by us injoyed; without a crime.

Ormaſ. Yes *Titus*, but we vain men miſtake,
And from our fickle Infancy propoſe,
Glittering felicities we never find,
For as we grow up to the injoyments
Of what riper years bring with them, we ſee
That our deſires do daily higher grow
And our fruitions but foundations lay,
T' entertain our buſie brains, a new way.
So that we ſeldome contentation have,
In what we do poſſeſs; but forward look,

And only find some pleasure in the way,
Towards the end we aime at; which obtain'd,
Brings not those real joyes, we did expect;
Only affords some relish which invites
Our idle fancies, to seek new delights;
— How unhappy then, is our best happiness?
When no fruitions, can our fond hearts bless.
Still subject to unsatisfied desires,
That from quench'd Ashes, does beget new Fires.
Thus all our Appetites, do make us slaves,
And from our cradles lead us to our graves.

Young Titus. Has the Gods only given us active souls?
And no objects, fit for them to fix on?

Orma. To think on those Gods, will afford our hearts,
A full variety, of lasting joyes;
With which our earthly fancies cannot mix,
When on Cœlestial happiness, we fix.

Titus. I shall e're long, this argument revive,
And shew, how you are buried alive!
Where is that valor, and that virtue gon?
Whither that courage fled? I doated on.
Though you can passion and desire sustain,
You must not quit the Court, as if disdain
Of all the glories that a Court can give,
Could not perswade you there again to live.
— I must now leave you to attend the Queen; —

[*Exit* Titus.

Ormas. A clearer virtue I have never seen.

[*Exit omnes severally.*

Enter

{*Enter the* Queen, Embassador, Mariana, Old Titus, *and Train.*}

Embassador. Madam, shall I return without a hope?
No gratious answer to my Masters suite!
Queen. My Lord, I fully have declar'd, that way.
Embassador. Never to marry Madam!
Queen. Tis my opinion now.
Embassador. Will you permit my Master to appear?
Whose person may bring Arguments to prove,
It necessary to allow his Love.
Queen. By no means my Lord, I shall not admit
His visit, if he come on that affair!
But must against his coming now declare.
Embass. How can you Madam, thus declare against
A person, and a passion you see not?
Or prejudge, what you will think hereafter!
His presence, may change this severity.
Queen. I have consider'd all that can be said,
Urge it no more.

{*The Embassador stands concern'd.*} {*Exit* Queen, *and Train.*}

Ma. Brother,-Sir,- what do you ail? what strange looks
Do you put on? you will be discovered!
Emba. I *Mariana*, tis now my business,
To try if this Scene changing, may not change
Cleandras stubborn heart; when she shall see
This borrow'd habit, thrown away; if then,
She scorn my Love! I will break off the League
And in my own Right will a VVar declare,

For her ſo lately conquer'd *Zelnian* Crown,
And there will try, if her conceal'd Gallant!
The great *Ormaſdes* may once more be drawn
From Sanctuary, to defend her Right,
From my juſt rage; —— I will now viſit him.

Mari. This humour is not fit for complement,

Emb. Fear not *Mariana*, I'le not wrangle now,
My buſineſs is to bribe that mighty man,
And make him plead my cauſe to the fair Queen,
—— But if I find him rotten at the heart!
I ſhall unmask him, ſpite of all his Art.

Mari. That is what I fear.

[*Exeunt*

THE

The Second Act.

Enter the Embassadour, with Ormasdes, *who holds a Book in his hand, they sit on Chairs by a Table.*

Ormasdes.

YOur Lordship by this visit, honours me;

Emb My visit brings you business of the State,
You must not take it for a Complement.

Ormas. What is your business then?

Emb. I have observed *Ormasdes*, the Queens sence,
Is yours, in her Affairs of Consequence,
She moves by you; this brings me to consult
My Masters Marriage, for a full result!
For I conceive *Valerianus* Name
Of so great Credit! and so high a Fame!
That our two Nations, by our Princes joyn'd;
Though our surrounding neighbors were cõbind,
Our Territories would be safe, and we
Should thank the Gods for such Tranquilitie.
But when a Lady Rules, they may presume,
And their Rebellious Principles assume;
If great *Ormasdes* shall be call'd away,
And fair *Cleandra* left alone to sway.

Ormasdes I know Sir, that *Cleandra* does esteem
The stout *Treconians* friendship, as she ought;
And know she honours your brave young King,
Whose martial acts have gain'd him through the (world,
A character so noble, and so great!
That she with joy this proffer'd League, does treat.
Onely dislikes the Marriage you propose
On good State Arguments, as I suppose,
In judgement, and affection to her Son,
She will not raise a Rival to his Crown.
And for her angry Neighbours, she believes
The late *Zelnian* war, has such wisdome taught,
They will not suddainly, unurg'd, provoke,
A Queen, so powerfull, and so fortunate.

Embassador. Suppose *Valerianus* take offence?
And look on this neglect as an affront!
Because he only did propose this League,
To introduce his sute, which he conceiver,
Will both our Nations equally advance;
But if laid by with scorn! suppose he then,
Do joyn with your old Enemies? and claim
His Fathers Title to the *Zelnian* Crown;
What may the hazzards? and the issue be?
If a new war, dispute your Victory?

Ormasdes. I will not Prophecy the sad event,
That so unjust a war, may justly bring
Upon so Gallant, and so wise a King!

Embass. Suppose then, that I have his Commission?
To lay by the Treaty of this new League,
Untill the Marriage be agreed unto;
And if deni'd! I must Proclaim his Right
To *Zelnia*; and your late Conquest bring,
To a new question, with a Powerfull King.

Orma

Ormas. If *Valerianus* be so fixt, we must
No hazzards fear, in wars that are so just.
Embass. Your great success have high thoughts begot,
Above your Conquest, which I value not?
But wish such evils as we now foresee,
May be avoided by our industry;
For 'twill become your Wisdom, and your Trust,
T'advise *Cleandra* to this happy Match,
Wherein if you prevail! I have full power,
Now to confer on you, the first, and best
Of our *Treconian* Principalities.
Ormas. You do me wrong, and are in this unjust,
To think that I will break *Cleandras* trust,
Which I do value 'bove your Masters Crown!
And therefore boldly will advise the Queen
Not to admit his suite, on Arguments
Which must an evil consequence produce
To her Sons Right, if she Comply,
And by it lessen her own Dignity.
Embass. If my imployment, anger did allow,
And my own Honour would permit, to strike
A Book-man! this rude language, I'de correct.
Orm. If the Queens honour were not more concern'd!
In a respect to your imployment due;
You soon should find, how little I do value you!
The Book-man would not from your Master take
This Insolence; but for *Cleandras* sake
I do forbear; pray visit me no more.
Embassador. Fear it not; when *Valerianus* knows
How little worth, *Cleandras* honour is!
He will this League, and her Alliance scorn;
Who puts *Ormasdes* into this Disguise,
To hide her Lover from her Peoples Eyes?

Ormasdes. This is beyond sufferance.

{ Ormasdes *Grapples* *with the Embassador* }

{ *Enter* *The Queen, Young* Titus, *and* *Train, who part them.* }

Queen. Hold *Ormasdes*, I heard his Insolence —
— Sir, you have leave to go aboard your Fleet,
Where you only can be safe; begon then,
Without reply be gone; for if't be known!
What you have said! my People may revenge
My wrong, before your Master do me right. —

[*Exit Embassador in Anger.*]

— *Ormasdes* you must in this, my will obey,
Your wonted Judgement, must your passion sway:
While I by a quick war, with Fire and Sword,
Require such Justice as he must afford.

Ormas. Madam, the Conduct of that war I beg;

Queen. If you this passion will lay by till then!
You shall: But no more of this anger now;
I came to take the Ayre this After-noon,
But will defer it, till another day.
—— Pray be pacifi'd, you shall not stir out;
I do intreat, and do command you stay.
Titus stay you, till this heat be over.

[*Exit Queen and Train.*]

Ormas. *Titus*, my friend; I have a flame within,
That will consume my heart, if you help not!

Young

To. Tit. Do you doubt my assistance, to serve you,
In any way you can prescribe a friend?
Or. I'le rather thank thee for't, then doubt thy love,
Th' Embassador can this night hardly reach
Coriola! where we, in a swift Boat
By break of day, to morrow may Arrive;
It some hours since! we in the dark, Imbarke!
To. Titus I gues's your purpose, and I will obey;
Yet I would gladly have an Argument,
To justifie what we intend to do;
Left Forreign Princes should condemn our State,
That Laws of Nations rashly violate;
And so *Cleandras* honour, suffer more,
Then by his Insolence, she did before.
Ormas. How can he justifie, those words he spoke?
His rude language, the Law of Nations broke.
For when a Publick Minister puts off
That sacred shadow, which should him protect;
And dares in such vil'd language give affronts,
To a much greater Monarch then his own!
That minute, his Commission did expire;
When he his Cloak of Majesty laid by;
And like a Ruffen, talk'd so lavishly.
To. Titus. This I confess, is reason for revenge,
But if the World our action not approve?
Pray think, what we shall urge for our excuse,
In case we can no president produce?
Ormas. A president *Titus!* where will he show,
That Nations do Embassadors allow
To be so barbarously base, as he?
When he dares make his Act, a president!
I will another shew, and kill him for't.

In

In the first Age, no presidents, were known,
And in ours, this shall be my Creation:
'Tis not *Cleandras* work, nor is it thine;
The glory, or the shame is only mine.
Titus my heart would break, if I permit
That man to brag, as he will do at home;
How he has brav'd *Ormasdes* to his face!
And on *Cleandra* thrown so foul disgrace.

T. Tit. Since I your resolution cannot change,
Pray name the place, and hour, and I'le not faile.

Ormas. Some 3. hours hence, we'l at the Ferry meet,
Where a swift well-man'd Boat, you must provide,
My motion may some jealousie beget,
Of what we do intend; and must perform;
If our best speed, can but this Mad-Man reach,
I shall his fury, better manners teach.

[*Exeunt.*

{*Enter* Cleandra, Mariana, *Old*
Titus, Cleobulus, *and Ladies.*}

Queen. Madam, you are now got so near my heart,
That I am sad to think that we must part.

Mariana. And I too soon do find, that I too late,
Am now involved in my Brothers Fate.
We leave our hearts behind, though we now fly,
This place by our impulsive Destiny.
My soul has not a wish can send me hence,
If I could stay on any just pretence.

Queen. Why may you not stay here *Mariana?*
And let him go, we will a friendship make,
Such as thy virtue justly may expect,
And my affection give, if here you'l live?

Mariana

Mari. I am unhappy Madam, who must be
At his disposé, has done you injurie
So great! that I must suffer while I live.
Queen. Rather then you shall suffer, I'le forgive
Mari Your pardon is, beyond your power, I fear,
Unless you will admit his Master here?
Queen His pardon then, is far beyond my reach,
If for his King, his own concern be such!
And yours, so much for him; I must consent
To part with both; yet I could be content,
To see him for your sake, I and forget,
What he so rashly has against me said,
Thy tears for him, have satisfaction made.
Mari. My Brother is already on his way,
And has ordered Boats for me to follow,
Where I expect to find his rage to high,
To hearken to such mercy, as I bring,
Unless *Cleandra* will admit his King!
Queen. I have not seen such useless rage before,
Whom but himself? can his mad fury harm?
Mari It is a Riddle I dare not expound.
Queen. Dare not *Mariana?* am I so low
In your Esteem? you dare not let me know
What you dare do? this secret I confess,
Has only power to make me love thee less.
Mari. I cannot, I have sworn not yet to say
What 'tis, to him I'me doubly tied t' obey;
But since your goodness, can so soon forgive,
So great a Crime, I'le try to bring him back,
And if I can prevail, for his consent,
I'le shew the cause of his distemperment. ——
Queen. You have his pardon, and may now persue
Your own design, to bring him back with you;

But

But if he chuse to go, and set you free,
Your self shall be much welcomer to me.

Mar. Your words incourage me to take no leave,
But cherish hopes which may my heart deceive
With present thoughts rather to smile then mourn
As a good Omen to my quick return.

Queen. You *Nearcus*, shall conduct *Mariana*
To *Coriola*, and at your own house,
As you pass by; pray treat her as my friend.

Nearcus. I shall be carefull in it Madam.

{*Exeunt* Nearcus, *and* Mariana.

Queen. I love her, and am somewhat more concern'd
To part with her; then I can make you see!

Admiral. She has by her behaviour, gain'd esteem
From all the Court, and from the Nation to.

Queen. I wonder *Titus* none of you lament,
When so great Beauty from the Court is sent!

Admi. Your Majesty has shew'd enough for all.

Queen. I do mean Love *Titus*, and did expect,
Her beauty should have fir'd a hundred hearts!
And by the powerfull charms of her bright Eyes,
O're-ruled, our *Citherean* Destinies.

Admi. My heart Madam, has been so often burnt,
There is no substance left, that can take fire;
Indeed I wonder how the rest have scap'd!

Cleob. *Nearcus*, and my self, had other thoughts!
Of this great beauty, which did secure us;
We do *Mariana* for his Mistris take,
Few Sisters Travel for a Brothers sake!

Queen. How *Cleobulus*! have you any ground
For this? to justifie so vile a thought;

Cleobulus.

Cle. Only the freedom, which they daily us'd,
With this new way, for Men who have no Wives,
To carry Sisters, into Foreign Courts!

Queen. Though not in use, it does not sure deserve
A censure so severe! such Innocence,
In *Mariana*, did to me appear,
That I should sooner judge her good, if bad!
Then blemish such perfections by a thought
It cannot be! so Insolent a Guilt!
He durst not own! nor such a scandal raise,
On his own Name! and on his Country too!
I do command you to suppress this thing,
I am asham'd a *Citherean's* heart,
Should entertain a thought of such a crime!
We bring our own Worth in question then,
When we asperse the Worth of other men.

Cle. They were but thoughts, as rashly then tain up,
As now thrown out; with no design to wrong
The Innocent; I wish her virtue may
Our thoughts convince, and she be justified.

Queen. Keep firm there my Lord, for all those who live
Near Princes Eares, should weigh how they let fall
A word, that may a Womans Honour blast;
If I were apt to credit your report?
And on your groundless jealousie affront
Such virtue! what a sin were it in you?
To make me guilty of so great a Crime!

Cleobulus. I am sorry for my rash opinion,
Since it offends your Majesty so much!

Queen. It is the baine of Courts, when we permit
Those near us, to asperse the Innocent;
If our strict Laws for petty theft, gives Death?
How much a greater punishment is due

For

For Robbing a good name? a ſin ſo vil'd,
And ſo unknown! no puniſhment was made
By way of Propheſie, for crimes to come!
If I did think this malice from your heart,
I would for ever baniſh you my Court.

Cleobulus. Your Majeſty does raiſe your anger now
Above my guilt; which had no miſchief in't.

Queen. I am no farther angry with you now,
But take occaſion to declare my ſence,
Againſt all ſuch as defame Innocence.
'Tis a Prince his chief buſineſs to be Juſt,
The Gods impoſe on us no higher Truſt!
We have no petty faults, to anſwer for,
Univerſal Juſtice, is our great work,
And thoſe who ſhall divert it, to deſtroy
The Fame, or Fortune of an Enemy,
Deſerves to be thrown off with Infamy.

[*Exit Queen and Ladies.*

{*Remains the* Admi-
ral *and* Cleobulus.}

Admiral. I have not ſeen the Queen in ſuch a heat!
You have offended her ſome other way?

Cleobulus. Not that I know of, in this kind ever!

Admi. What Devil, made you talk thus to her now?
You knowing that ſhe is ſo good her ſelf,
She makes a doubt, that any of her Sex
Can do amiſs! and tis great Nobleneſs!

Cleo. There is a kind of pixe Devil, dwells
In many Courts, that haunts our idle heads,
And prompts us, when we know not what to ſay;
To Entertain great Princes with reports

Of

Of others so to please and pass the time;
This foolish spirit, I think, entred me.

Admiral You gave *Cleandra* cause, for your reproof,
For how can Princes judge Malice, for Mirth?
When cunningly thrown out, with specious shews,
Of probabilities; when those aspers'd,
Are never call'd, to answer for themselves;
The Queen did Excellently well, to chide
You, whom she loves; that none may ere presume
The like hereafter! for if Princes be
Born Credulous? Malitious persons may
Defame a Nation, if they please! this way.

Clevbulus. I know I was to blame, but from this day,
I'le hold my peace, till I know what to say.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Nearcus, *with* Mariana *and Servants at his House.*

Mari. Where are we now my Lord? this house stands well.

Nearcus. It is my poor habitation Madam;
Here I must treat you by the Queens command,
'Tis the mid-way unto *Coriola.*

Mariana. 'Tis a Noble, and a most pleasant Seat;
Has it no Mistris Sir? Are you single?

Nearcus. I am only that way, happy Madam;

Mariana. You have a Mistris then? or do you call
It happiness? that you as yet, have none?

Nearcus. Will you please Madam, to view the garden?

The rest of the Train stay looking on the Pictures, and see them not go out.

Exit Nearcus *with* Mariana.

The

1. *Lady.* That piece methinks, does look as if it liv'd.
2. *Lady.* I do prefer that smiling Figure first;
Whose hand is it my Lord?
Lord. I have not skill enough to know the hands,
Though I love Pictures: — pray observe the next;
Is not this sleeping *Venus*, rarely done?
See how that *Cupid* in the Tree stands off!
2. *Lady.* Tis rare indeed, that *Satyr*, and the rest,
Of the whole piece, is excellently good!
1. *Lady.* Let us look into the next room my Lord;
Lord. This way they went, & this way must return.

{ *They go out, and return hastily.*

Lord. The doors are lock'd, and we can pass no way.
1. *Lady.* Is this by accident? or on command?
Lord. Let us attend a while, and we shall see;
From the next Chamber window, where they be.

[*Exeunt.*

{ *Enter* Nearcus *with* Mariana *in the Garden.* }

Mariana. I have no Argument for further talk,
And now am weary grown, with this long walk;
Where is the beauty? you so much admire!
Your praises, have in me rais'd some desire
To see this wonder of our Sex! that I,
May judge your skill, and with your choice cõply.

{ Nearcus *locks the door, and kneeles.*

Nearcus.

Nearcus. She is here already, oh she is here!
A brighter beauty, never can appear!

Mari. Why d'ye lock the door, my Lord? why kneele
To me? you make my heart some trembling feele;
By this surprise, and I do doubtfull stand,
What of kind Treachery you have in hand!
It looks! — yet, like a Lionnesse he may'd
Into the Toyles; I scorn to be afraid.

Nearcus. I have no Argument, for either now;
But a distracted heart; that knows not how
T'excuse, what I have done! 'tis love has brought
Me to this Precipis, and too late taught,
That I from hence, shall head-long tumble down,
If you disdain to save; oh do not frown!

[Offers his Sword.

Rather take this, and while you may, prevene
Your own near ruine, and my rash intent.
— That angry look, and those enraged Eyes,
Pierce like quick Lightning, from the stormy skies;
They melt my heart, & make me trembling stand,
To beg what Love, and Nature may Command.

Mariana. Love! do the *Cithereans* by such Arts!
Such force! and treachery! win Ladies hearts?
Fie, fie *Nearcus*, this does not agree
With Love! nor with *Cleandras* trust to thee;
I shame to find such ills! and blush to chide!
— Repent, and I thy Infamy will hide;
Oh 'tis the basest of all crimes, to be
Justly condemn'd, for infidelity;
And with a treachery, my trust beguile,
Beyond the story of the *Crocadile*. —

Ne. What dares not love attempt? when it goes high
Like mine; your ships are ready, oh to night!
The wind is fair; and I, no time but this,
To woe; no other means to reach my bliss!
The Queens command, and my desires here meet,
To throw my life, and fortune, at your feet
That by this desperate course, you now may see,
Your love, or scorn, I make my destenie.

Mari. Nearcus, how would you prevail my *dreams*!
Instruct me not, to answer such extreams!

Nearcus. I would have you Mistris of me, and mine,
Before we part, made so, by vowes Divine:

Mariana. 'Tis a short warning, to a work so great!
Is this *Clarindas* Love? and this your Treat
To strangers? do you think my lips, my heart
Does hold so loose? as at first sight, to part
With it to you? what do you find in me
So slight? that looks like so much levitie.

Nearcus. If you'l afford more time? I will proceed
With caution, and respect! and shall take heed
How I offend; if you'l resolve to stay,
Or to comply, my passion will obey.
— If not! I must this desperate course persue,
And trust my ruine, or success, to you
— Who does in desperate attempts ingage,
Can seldome at first sight, th'event presage:
— Love led me on, and reason comes to late,
Now to retreat; this Fortune, is my Fate.

Mar. Your language, & your looks, do rather threat,
Then woe; which does in me such scorn beget,
As to an Enemy, that does invade
— That Innocence you have bereft of aid;

And boldly dare impose on a free heart;
What should be won by Love, not such base art!

Nearcus. Give me but time to woe! and I will fear;
And tremble in your sight; with zeal appear,
And the same duty, I approach the Gods,
When my offences, make me fear their Rods!
It is not I, (as your affairs do stand)
But high necessity, makes me command;
That all the remnant of my life, you may
Triumph! for my ambition's to obey.

Mariana. Think you by force, that I shall ere think fit,
To yield my self to such a counterfeit?
I am not born unto so mean a Fate,
As to submit unto the man, I hate:
Nor will I be thus frighted, to comply,
With so contemptable a destiny.

Nearcus. I must confess, I can by no disguise
Lessen, or hide, the guilt, of this surprize;
But by some greater crime, more amply shew,
That a distracted passion may soon know,
To act such evills, as I fear to think;
But do not set me in despair thus sink.
Speak so, as that I may, some hope retain,
And you'l restore me to my self again.

Mari Stand by vil'd Man, and let me pass; who waits?

Near. None within call; that now can help! the fates
Themselves have not the power to set you free;
Nor can you hope for safety; but from me!
No storm at Sea, nor in it, ships on fire,
Creates more tetrours, then my wild desire;
Brings me! here is a Tempest in this breast,
Above all them; since raging Love possest

My heart, I am become a walking storm;
Reason, and Virtue, are both wrack'd, no form
Observ'd, while this confusion bears the sway,
None knows to govern; but must all obey,
If we cannot resist; then to cry no,
Is madness, when we must to ruine go!

Maria. I have no power, but must my Brothers will
Obey; I must his mind, not yours fullfill;
Left his great pride, and anger may destroy,
What you'd preserve, and frustrate all your joy.

Nearcus. If my high birth, and quality do prove
Less then your own, I will expect no love;
But hazzard all my hopes, on his consent,
Let his denial, sign my punishment.

Mariana. If your birth equal mine, and he consent
To joyn our hands! I have no argument
Against your hopes; but must be Mistris still,
Of my own heart; not part with my free-will;
Yet now *Nearcus*, I do promise you,
What truth and honour dictates, I will do.

Nearcus. Unless you both do ere you go, comply,
You shall soon see, that I know how to dye.

Mari. Pray call my servants down, that I may see
Your truth, and find my self at liberty.

[*He calls at the do*

Nearcus. Now Madam, that my life's at your disposi
Your self secure, I humbly do propose,
You will before the Gods, confirm by vow,
What you have freely promis'd, to me now.

Mari. By all those powers, I'le keep my promise mad
And never fail to own, what I have said.

Nearc

Nearcus. It is enough, a kiss of your fair hand,
Must satisfie the man, you may command;
Nearcus has no soul, cannot be blest,
Untill his love, with love you do invest.

[*Enter Servants, and all go off together.*

The Third Act.

Enter
[*The* Embassador, *as at* Coriola,]
[*with* Cleon, Erillos, *and Train.*]

Embassador.

THis *Piazzo Cleon*, is Magnificent;
I have not seen any so Beautifull!

Cleon. It shews the Princes Treasure, and their minds,
Are alike great, who can so soon Erect
So vast a City, which in every part
Deserves to be as much admir'd, as this!

Emba. We may walk through it, ere my Sister comes!

Erillos. You may, the River side is your best view;

Cleon. There is a Boat now coming to the shore;

Erillos. Those who land, seem to be of Quality!

Embassador. I see no Woman yet with them appear!
They are very brave, and come towards us!

Do any of you know who these may be?

Cleon. Young *Titus* landed first, but as I think
It is *Ormasdes* who now leads the Troop:

Embass. If so! I must expect some angry words,
From the Offended Queen.

{ *Enter* Ormasdes, *and Young* Titus, *with Servants, who come up close to the Embassador without any respect.* }

Emb. What means this kind of rudeness Gentlemen?

Ormasdes. It speaks my business, who am hither come,
To scourge that pride, you so much glory in.
And with this hand that insolence chastise,
Which boldly durst indeavor to defame,
By base surmises, great *Cleandras* Name. ——

[*He turns to* Titus.

— *Titus*, I beg as you love my Honour,
If I do fall! let none come in to help!

[*To the* Embassador.

— Sir, you shall have fair play, that we may see,
How Insolence, and Courage do agree!

[Titus *makes room.*

Embass. I shall soon satisfie the doubt you make;

[*To his Followers.*

— Stand off; he dyes that stirs to my relief;
Or by a word let fall, does make me known!

{ *They fight,* Ormasdes *hurts and disarms him.*

Enter

{*Enter* Mariana, *and* servants, *who run in and part them.*}

Mariana. *Ormasdes* hold; it is a King you wound!
It is *Valerianus* you fight with.
Ormas. My self a Prince of *Greece* of the same blood
With our great Emperour, will justifie
What I have done; and to the World declare,
If any man do wrong me in disguise!
I do his Titles, and himself despise.

{*Exit* Ormasdes, Titus *and Train.*}

Mari. Oh Gods! my prophetick soul, did long since
Fore-see this Evil! oh let not ——
King. Hold *Valerianus*; there are no Gods!
Nor shall one Altar in my Kingdome stand,
To honour those we foolishly call Gods!
I will Erect new Temples unto Chance,
Which guiddely, thus governs us below.
Val. Take heed Sir, lest you do provoke those powers!
(You now despise!) to punish your contempt!
King. I will not own those Gods, those empty names,
Who cannot shelter us from publick shames!
Val. The Gods be just, and you are much to blame,
'Twas not *Ormasdes*, who the King ore-came!
It was his Vertue conquer'd your offence,
Your Guilt gave Victory to Innocence.
King. Will you, become my Judge? will you, cõdemn
My Life, and Honour? A fit Sacrifice
To your belov'd *Ormasdes* fatal Sword;

Fool, from this hour, I do thy blood disclaim,
And will forget I ever knew thy Name; ——
—— *Erillos*, let my goods be sent aboard,
I will not stay a minute longer here,
Then my necessity compells me to.
Vale. I have prevail'd with the much injur'd Queen,
To lay her anger by, and to forgive
Those rash words you spoke, and have her leave
To bring you to her sight again with hopes
She may her inclinations change, when known!
Your fury did proceed from Love alone.
King. My Love is vanish'd, and my heart too full
Of my revenge, to think of my return;
Till I can pull *Cleandra* from her Throne!
I hope *Ormasdes* will take care of you,
Who plead his cause, and are to love, so true!
Men. Sir, though ye wounds be slight, if you remove
So soon? we cannot answer for your life.
King. I'le rather dye at Sea, then live on shore,
Make haste good *Cleon*; lead me to my Boat.
Cleon. Will you leave the Princess, in a strange land
Thus unkindly cast her off; for ever?
Because her Love did argue for your good!
King. And thee that dares so boldly her excuse,
Who does my honour, and her own abuse.

[*The Princess swoun*

Cleon. Look Sir, she dyes! your unkindness kills her
King. She cannot do her self, and me more right,
Then to dye now! but she cannot depart,
While great *Ormasdes* Triumphs in her heart!—

[*She Recover*

S

—See how his Name, her fainting soul Revives!
Lead on, or I shall laugh to see her dye!
That can raise Trophies for my infamy.

Exit King and Train.

Valeriana. What cruelty is this? to leave me here!
Who love him better, then he loves himself;
—— You'l be all ruin'd, if you stay with me!

Cleon. What we have said, has ruin'd us enough,
If his unruly rage, can reach so far.

Mene. I think 'twere best, that you return to Court,
And do *Cleandras* proffer'd friendship vary,
I have all your Brothers Jewells here,
Which will defray your charges while you stay.

Valeriana. Tis a plentifull provision for us;
But where is young *Nearcus*, all this while?

Cleon. He has not yet appear'd, since we Arriv'd.

Enter to them Ormasdes, *young* Titus, Nearcus, *and Servants,* Ormasdes *stands off.*

Nearcus. Madam, can you forgive, what I have done?
And own the Author of so great a crime?
Who saw not then a Princess in disguise,
But was captiv'd by *Mariana* eyes!

Valeriana. My Lord, I do forgive, and shall forget,
So you repent! and I will serve you too,
With all my power, and interest in the Queen.

Nearcus. If that be all, would I had guilty been,
Of greater crimes, then my good natur'd sin.

Young

Young Titus. Madam, we hear your Brother is unkind,
But by *Cleandras* favours you may find
Some means to reconcile you unto him.
Valeriana. I am most happy in *Cleandras* love.
Yo. Tit. Will you permit *Ormasdes* in your Boat?
Or shall he seek some other passage home?
Maria. I could have wish'd *Ormasdes* less concern'd,
Or that his courage had not been so great;
But cannot quarrel him on this account;
He was oblig'd to right *Cleandras* wrongs;
And must in Justice be applauded for't.
Ormas. Madam, I thank the Gods for my success,
And now with the same breath, can humbly beg,
That you'l forgive, what they so late approv'd?
Valeriana. Sir, it will not become me, his Sister,
—— Now to congratulate your Victory,
Who have just cause to mourn my Brothers Fate;
From whence my own misfortunes have their date
Ormas. Madam, shall we attend you to your Boat?
Valeri. Let *Titus* order all, as he thinks fit!
I am ready now for my remove.

Exeunt.

{Titus *leads off* Valeriana, *the rest follow.*

{*Enter* Cleobulus *and* Chyron.}

Chy. The Queen is troubled, and her Guards are sent
With speed, *Ormasdes* Quarrel to prevent:
Cleob. She must secure th' Embassadors return,
Lest all our Neighbour-Nations do complain,

And

And say, we give occasion for a War;
Which the *Treconians* claim cannot pretend,
Nor the rejected Marriage, Justifie.
Chyron. *Valerianus* has an antient claim
To *Zelnia*, which may beget a War!
If the *Treconians* do a quarrel seek?
There wants no Title to a Prince provok'd
Cleob *Ormasdes* will rejoyce, to see that day!
Chy He is our Nations Darling, and deserves,
Cleandras favour; but methinks, he looks
As if his heart, were higher, then his head!
Cleo. I have been lately chid for juggling looks,
And dare not say, what I believe, I see.

{*Enter to them* Cleandra. *Old* Titus, *and Ladies.*}

Queen. You tell such wonders from *Coriola*,
That I want faith for it! how comes this Newes?
Admiral. Madam, a Messenger but now Arriv'd,
Saw the Combate done, and heard *Nearcus* say,
They would attend *Valeriana* back
Unto your Majesty; (whereas the wonder?)
Princes have been in forreign Courts disguis'd!
Que. But have you ever such strange humors found?
A Prince where Vice, and Virtue, is so mixt!
Admi. No, I have not, nor such a president:
As now *Ormasdes* gives us to correct
Such impudence, as near before was known.
Queen. If I were not concern'd, I should approve.
What he has done, though now I must not own?
Admi. For publique thanks on his behalf, I move.—

——Why

—Why should we thus, our honest thoughts disguise?
When Virtuous Actions, Virtue Justifies.

Queen. Had not *Ormasdes* stird! by Armes I might
Compell his Master to have done me right.

Admi. By war, thousands of guiltless persons might
Have suffer'd, for one mans over-sight.

Queen. You have reason *Titus*, and I shall Judge
Ormasdes Act, as he deserves from me;
Who with my Nation, am so much oblig'd,
I must approve, whatever he will own!
— Let the young Princess lodgings be prepar'd,
Fit for my Friend, and Sister to a King.

Enter to them, Valeriana, *Young* Titus, Nearcus, *and Servants.*

Queen. You are welcome Madam, and I am glad
To have you on these terms; do not weep
To part with, what your virtue could not keep!

Valerian. I am happy, by my unhappiness,
For by your favour Madam, I may find
Some remedy for my afflicted mind.

Queen. Be sure, what *Citherea* can afford,
Is yours; and all *Cleandra* does command
With me rejoyce, to see you safe return'd;
— But where is *Ormasdes?* I must chide him.

Neare. He is retir'd Madam, to avoid your sight.

Titus. *Ormasdes* thinks it duty, and respect,
Not to appear at Court, till you direct!

Queen. Pray fetch him hither now; I hope you can
With me, forgive so Excellent a man! *Exit* Titus

Whos

Whose passion never does his reason sway,
But follows on, when virtue leads the way.

Valeriana. I have no anger to *Ormasdes*, since
Young *Titus* did my Brothers crime relate,
I hope this letting blood, will do him good,
When this affront, at home, is understood!

Queen. Your Justice, and your Charity is great,
And I do see no reason but you may
Admit *Ormasdes*, in my company;
I am inform'd, he has a slight hurt to!

Valeriana. My furious Brother will be glad indeed!
That brave *Ormasdes*, by his hand does bleed.
This accident, if you'l be pleas'd, to call
My Brother back? may reconcile us all.

Queen. I never shall consent to his desires,
Though I my anger, and revenge remove,
In complement to you, whom I do love.

Enter to them, Ormasdes, *and Young* Titus.

Ormas. Madam, if doing Justice, have displeas'd!
I do repent, and now your pardon beg.

Queen. Since his great insolence, and your revenge,
No Age can parallel! both must submit
To such a censure as the World thinks fit.

Ormas. Your pardon Madam, is not all my sute,
I beg your interest to obtain like grace
From this sad Lady! my whole Soul is vext,
To see such innocence, so much perplext.

Queen. I can now secure you there *Ormasdes*,
She does discreetly judge, what you have done,
Was, what a man of honour could not shun.

— Is

— Is not this truth *Valeriana*? speak?

[Valeriana *stands surpris'd.*

Valeri. Yes Madam, I do think, I did say so!

[*She sighs, and weeps.*

Q. What suddain change is this? can your soft heart,
Conceal a thought of ill? towards the man
You have excus'd? and seem'd to smile upon!

Nearcus. She does love *Ormasdes*, and I am lost! *Aside.*]

[Valeriana *weeps.*

Qu. Pray leave us, all with-draw! to the next room:-

[*Exeunt.*

— What have I said? that can disturb you thus?
Impart your grief:, and I will share in them.

Valeriana. I dare not shew 'um with an open face!

Queen. And why, you cannot have a guilt so great
That I cannot forgive; speak it freely.

Vale. Has not my face, my guilty heart betray'd?

Queen. I understand you not!

Vale. — I am safe then, and may my sorrow hide.

[*Aside*

Queen. Madam, what means this talking to your self?
While I stand by neglected! is your trust
So great? that you can doubt I will be just?

Vale. I doubt my self great Queen, and fears not you

[*Aside.*

She's jealous of me, and my thoughts too true!
She loves *Ormasdes*, and most unhappy I,
Am forc'd to smile on my own Tragedy.

I know

I know no way to hide my broken heart,
Unless I do immediately depart! ——
—— Madam, I beg your Pardon, and your Pass,
I must begon, least I too late alass!
By my distempers here, deserve your blame,
And raise my memory, eternal shame.

Queen. You are not well sure, this distracted talk,
Requires Physitians to consult; I'le send; ——

Vale. Oh no! there needs no more consult for this,
You only can restore me unto bliss!

Queen. And can you doubt, that I will not?

Vale. I fear so!

Queen. What I can do, be you assur'd, I will.

Vale. What I desire, may be more priz'd by you,
Then is the *Citherean* Diadem!
—— Will you know now, and if not grant! forgive?
For I am desperate on the saddain grown,
And am resolv'd to make my weakness known.

Queen. Speak it aloud, or in my bosome breath,

[*Embraceth her.*

The troubles of thy soul, let not a thought
Be hid, but freely shew, how much you trust
My love, and you shall find me kind, and just.

Vale. Do not you Madam, value *Ormasdes*
Person? and his service above all mens?

Queen. Yes, I do.

Valeri. You are Just, and Worthy; —— and I am ——

[*Valeriana faints.*

Queen. Help, help, some help there!

Enter

{Enter Ormasdes, Titus, Nearcus, and Ladies, who take up Valeriana.}

Nearcus. Tis love, upon my life! [*Aside.*

Queen. Leave us again, the dangers over now;

Ormas. I beg your permission to retyre.

Queen. My best wishes still attend *Ormasdes*.

{*Exit* Ormasdes with the rest.}

Valeria. What can I say, t'excuse what I have done?

Qu. Speak plainly your full thoughts, & I'm your friend:
But if you longer dally with my love,
You will my friendship, unto anger move.

Valeri. I know you have discover'd by my words,
That your Esteem of him, you boldly own,
Becomes the ground of my distraction;

Que. You love him then, / that look declares it now
And so do I, or I would ne're consent
To give him unto you; if this cure grow
Within my reach, / *Ormasdes* shall be yours.

Valeri. Is not your Majesty ingag'd to him?

Queen. Indeed, I am not so in love with him,
But I can second your desires; and will
With all my power endeavor to perswade
Ormasdes that he meet with open armes,
So great a blessing by the Gods design'd;
Though I must part with what I value most,
Your passion, never shall by me be cross.

Valeriana

Valeri. Madam, your kindness to me flows so fast,
That I am now in danger to be lost,
By my abundant joy for this success
You give, of unexpected happiness.

Que. Remove these sullen clouds from thy fair Eyes,
And be thy self again, for I will shew
Ormasdes suddainly how great a bliss,
The Heav'ns prepare to Crown his Virtue with.

Valer. The Gods reward you with your highest wish!
That you may never want what you desire,
My spirits fail so fast! I must retire.

[*Exit.*

Her Maids lead her off, leaning on them, and shewing much weakness.

Queen. Do so; what's this, I have so rashly done!
Thrown off *Ormasdes* I depend on!
Must I perswade him quit that Interest here,
Which for my sake, he purchased so deare!
— How ill shall I repay his service past?
If I advise, this banishment at last;
What a rash promise, has my pitty made?
By thus proposing my improper Ay'd!
Though by the secret charms of sympathy,
Her passion won my reason to comply,
I must on this imployment *Titus* use,
My Honour will my active part excuse.
— But if his Arguments should not prevail?
And by my nicety, the business fail?
— If she should perish so? and I repent
To late, that ill! which I may yet prevent;

—— I must about it then, and loose no time,
Lest my nice complements do prove a crime!
—— My faith is past, and I will now proceed,
Though brave *Ormasdes* do condemn the Deed.
Exit with Train.

Enter Nearcus, *with* Valeriana, *in her Chamber, her Ladies stand off, but go not out.*

Nea. Madam, my desperate State, and high transport
You may complain of, though not blame me for't
Your eyes, like bright misguiding fires, betray
My wandring soul, and make me lose my way.
'Tis now too late, to see that I am lost,
Led by those guides, to this obdurate coast,
Where neither Rocks appear, nor crossing Tides
Yet this expected safety, ruine hides!
—— But I must claim you by a solemn vow,
Made in the sight of Heav'n; and am come now,
To prove my Birth, which you will not deny,
Is with your own, of equall Quality;
These are such Arguments for your consent,
I cannot think, you dare your vowes repent.
Vale. It cannot well be thought, and much less fair
That I repent a promise, never made;
How could such hasty words, strict vowes appear
Which my surprise, then made me speak in fear
When you to seize me, stretch'd those Lion paws
And threatn'd 'gainst all Hospitable Laws!
Worse then Death to me; what might I not do
To get from such a Monstrous Beast as you!
Nearc.

Near. Did my humility such danger threat?
Or my submission, with such horror treat!
Were it even so, as you your self have said!
I might my own conditions, then have made.
Vale. Did you not all my Servants first exclude?
And me into a loneness so delude,
As that no rescue could be had! to free
Me from your Trayterous Captivity,
When you with humble looks, strong fetters laid,
And words let fall, which made my soul afraid;
And caus'd me use some little Art, to gain
Your trust, that I my freedom might obtain.
Near. Tis true indeed, and you reproach me well,
Or else you might another story tell!
For I confess, I did too much! to prove
The humble passion of a gentle Love;
And much too little, now to justifie
My high affections, or my fact denie.
Had I with vigour my first step persu'd, (new'd.
You might have wish'd my vows, with yours re-
Vale. You talk, as now, I at your mercy were;
As if you still might threat; and I must fear!
But I shall make you know your self, and me,
If you proceed not with more modesty!
And shall soon let *Cleandra* understand,
How well you Treated me! on her command.
Near. Though I do shake, and tremble at your frown,
Cleandras anger, cannot bow me down.
For if my suffering no compassion move,
Nor your past vowes, make you regard my Love!
You shall then see, how little I esteem
This Life, you will not with a smile redeem!

Valeriana. I am not thus ingratefull as you say,
So I may be secur'd another way;
— I did not threat, till you aspers'd my Name,
By this false promise, you unjustly claim.
For though your Birth flow from a Noble Spring
Tis something less, then Daughter to a King.
And more, I must the secret now impart,
That brave *Ormasdes* long since, had my heart.

Near. Madam, I have no Plea beyond my Love,
If that, do of too mean a value prove!
Think how your honour stands ingag'd by vow,
And that my all depends upon it now!
Yet here I do before the Gods profess,
To quit my Title, if my birth be less!

Vale. From *Nearcus*, the Gods will me protect,
Who boldly must a subjects claim, reject.

Near. Which I am not; but a Prince Nobly born,
As is *Cleandra*! though you now do scorn
The Man, who lay'd his greatness at your feet,
Without a thought, of Royalty to meet!
Your Virtue, and your Beauty did engage
My heart to Love; and did create that rage,
You now so much condemn; and makes me shar
I did no more, who was so much to blame!

Vale. You do amaze me! knows *Cleandra* this?

Near. She yet does not, but must do, when I plea
My Title to *Valerianas* Bed.
For Madam, you can onely now be mine,
Made so by humane Lawes, and by Divine.

Vale. What ere you are! I do much scorn to think
Of being compell'd and will strong poyson dri
Rather then be by such a trick betray'd,
Or of your scandalous reports, afraid;

Ye

Your first attempt was base; and now as vain
Your hopes are; you are a Prince! I do disdain
To have a thought for him, who poorly can,
Demand, what's given to another man.
I must this Injury at last reveal,
And to the Queen, for Justice now appeal.
Near. I am content, then let *Cleandra* Judge,
Vale. I'le hear no more.

[*Exit with Ladies.*

Near. What a strange heat I feel, that always burn,
Yet do not wast, cannot to Ashes turn!
But like a fire-flaming Statue stand,
To warn the World, not to approach this Land;
Ye Gods! how cruel is your doom? that she
Melts not; but should an Icie Mountain be,
Of power to kindle such tormenting fires,
Where her own frozen heart has no desires.

[*Exit.*

The Fourth Act.

{Enter Cleandra, with Ormasdes, the Lords, and Ladies stand off.}

Queen.

I shall allow your Argument for War,
If the *Treconian* do provoke so far!
But how shall I, *Valeriana* free?
From her fierce Brothers great barbaritie;
And how Estate her in her Mothers Land!
If her mad Brother, should that right withstand
Though she do now desire but what's her own,
If he should dye; She must Ascend that Throne
Ormas. I have heard so, and that, by my rash Act,
She suffers, which makes me repent the Fact!
Queen. Her virtues, do her beauty far excell,
And in my judgement, have no parallel;
What is your thought? will not the man be blest
Whom Gods with such felicities invest!
Ormas. I doubt not Madam, her perfections may
In hearts of Men; above her Scepter sway.
Queen. She has won me, to a concern so high,
As if my own, were the same Destiny

With hers; my thoughts do labor where to treat
A Marriage with some Prince, worthy so great
A Queen; can you *Ormasdes* find me one
To recommend? will *Greece* afford us none?
Ormas. Madam, if *Citherea* can produce
None fit! for *Greece*, there will need no excuse;—
Queen. I think so too, unless *Ormasdes* will
Himself, thus my prophetick soul fulfill!
That does such glories, and such joyes foresee,
As may indure unto Eternitie. ——
Ormas. Me Madam, does your Majesty think me
A man worthy of so great Felicitie?
Alas I am too old, now to begin
To Love! you may as soon learn me to spin;
—— My Sword, and Armor, into Needles turn,
As each my Age in Youthful flames to burn.
Queen. Tis you *Ormasdes*, are the man so blest,
Her love to you, she has to me confest;
And me in honour has ingag'd to try,
If I can now perswade you to comply.
Ormas. Madam, I hope you do not thus abuse
Your servant, cause my nature does refuse,
Such correspondence with your sex, as might
Ingage a braver Man; Oh do not fight
Against my weakness! that must now confess,
I never unto Lady made Address;
And onely chose this solitary place,
That I might here some quiet thoughts imbrace.
—— Sure Madam, you mistake; how can it be?
That she should covet such Antipothy!
—— Can the good Gods to her be so unkind?
To let such excellence, become so blind?

Qu. Think you her self knows? what her self desires?
Or that she has no sence, of those quick fires,
That do consume her! can you doubt such Love?
Which through dispair, did then so mortal prove!
That but to name *Ormasdes*, she did Dye,
Till you appear'd, to change that destiny;
—— And when you all retir'd, she did confess,
Her life depended on her good success;
Your Glorious Acts had raised so loud a Fame,
That she was first in Love with your great Name!
Which brought her hither, with a full intent,
To Judge, and Justifie, that Argument.

Ormis. Madam, I must believe what you avow,
And do so far your Argument allow,
That it has rais'd in me, a greater war,
Then I was ever in; and am so far
From slighting this affair, that I descry,
My certain Ruine, by this Victory.
The Gods cannot afford lesse punishment,
If I refuse to hear! and if consent!
I'm lost, to all my joyes on Earth; for Fate
Has not in store, nor can the Gods Create
An evill, I fear more, then to deny,
What you command; though a sad Desteny;
—— Can nothing less then my destruction? save
This Excellence? from an untimely Grave!

Queen. If I could see this danger you foretell?
Ormasdes harms, should make no other well!
Though *Valeriana* do my pitty move,
Ormasdes friendship, is before her Love
In my esteem; but if this match unite
Your hearts? it will our Children then invite,

To imitate our friendſhip, and ſo tye
Faſt knots, for everlaſting Ametie.

Ormaſ. My mind can move my body any way,
But my hard heart, will not my will obey;
My utmoſt power, my ſoul to mourn ſhall teach,
Cauſe my Affection, is beyond my reach!

Queen. If you oppoſe not, but your ear will lend,
I doubt not, but the Gods your heart will bend
This way, and your good nature in ſhort time,
Will make you wiſh for, what you judge my crime.

Ormaſ. Although I cannot, wiſh, and muſt not chuſe,
I would not Madam, willingly refuſe
What you adviſe; but boldly meet my Fate,
That no one thought, may a vain fear Create,
Leſt you ſhould judge my ſlackneſs, for neglect,
Becauſe I graſpe not, what I cann't affect.

Queen. Can you ſuch pleaſure tak, in this diſguiſe?
Be thus retir'd? and all that's good deſpiſe,
When offer'd! do you fear? or ſcorn to meet
This Excellence, now fallen at your feet!
—— Is your great heart *Ormaſdes*, onely made
For dangerous attempts? ſhall it be ſaid?
This Parragon of all our Sex! now dyes,
Becauſe *Ormaſdes*, does her Love deſpiſe!

Ormaſ. No Madam, I do ſuffer more, then ſhe
Does for her ſelf! hers, is my miſerie;
I dare not virtue, with vain hopes abuſe,
I cannot love; and therefore do refuſe
To dally with ſo bright a Saint, whoſe Shrine,
Compells all hearts to bow before't, but mine;
I am not capable of Love; not bleſt
That way! my heart's with other flames poſſeſt.

Queen.

Queen. All flames you feel, would vanish, did you see
Valeriana in such misery
As she endure! now fetching her last breath,
Enquiring your health, neglecting her own death.
Thus my compassion has her sorrows learn'd,
I weep her tears, while you stand unconcern'd!

Ormas. Madam, your passion does my pitty move,
Though my dull heart cannot consent to Love;
My resolution is now fixt; I'le try
My self to vanquish, or her Martyr Dye!
— I swear, I did not hear that she was ill,
And now it does my soul with horrour fill,
For her concern; no danger is so great,
But I will rather dye in't, then retreat.

Queen. Tis bravely said, but dare you try the effect,
Of one short visit? after such neglect!

Ormas. Thus provok'd! if your Majesty stands by!
I will not such a visit now deny.

Queen. You speak, and look, as if you meant to fright,
Much rather, then revive her by your sight!

Ormas. Madam, to Complement, I have no skill,
Nor can be pleas'd, if lov'd against my will!
Yet sensible, and civil, I can be,
Though it do prove unfortunate, to me.

Queen. When shall I bring this comfort? to revive
Her fainting soul; if she be still alive.

Ormas. Is she really so weak; so soon grown
Thus ill? I have no skill, in this unknown
Mystery of love! but will boldly try,
What I can do, for her recovery.

Queen. High passions do weak bodies sooner bring
To the Graves mouth, then any other things;

Her deſpairs, are of a much longer date,
Though ſuddain ſickneſs do break out thus late;
— When I your humour, did at firſt reherſe,
And ſhew'd, how your whole life had been averſe
To Love; ſhe figh'd, and preſently grew pale,
Deſpair that minute, made her ſpirits fail;
And ſo tranſported by her fancy, fell
As if my doubts, had rung her paſſing bell.

Orm. Though I cannot ſpeak, nor do yet know how
To look; I'm ready to attend you now!

Queen. I fear, ſo ſuddain, and ſo great a joy!
As your approach; may equally deſtroy!
Let me her heart prepare, that by degrees,
She may but hope retain, before ſhe ſees
The comfort, that your viſit brings; and then
Ormaſdes may ere long, prove beſt of Men.

Ormaſ. Madam, I do my ſelf to you ſubmit,
Pray order me in all, as you think fit.

Queen. You ſhall then ſtand unſeen, while I do tell
This welcome ſtory, which will make her well.
And then by what you'l ſee, you may obſerve,
How my true friendſhip will from both deſerve!
Who have no wiſh beyond *Ormaſdes* good,
When time ſhall make me rightly underſtand.

Ormaſ. Madam, I have now no more to ſay,
But that I will your Majeſty obey.

Queen. You ſhall not ſtir *Ormaſdes* till I ſend.

Exit Queen and Train.

Enter

{*Enter to him*} Nearcus.

Ormas. Did you not meet *Cleandra* going out?
Near. Yes, but I have buſineſs of importance,
Pray let us withdraw, and be more private.
Ormas. Come this way then: —

{*They go out, and Re-enter.*}

Ormas. Why have you drawn me to this inner room?
Is the ſecret, of ſo piercing quality?
That fewer walls then theſe, cannot contain't!
Near. It is my Lord of a high nature grown,
I muſt impart it to your ſelf alone;
—You and I, muſt kill one another now;
Orma. May not I live? though you are pleas'd to die?
Near. No Sir, ſince tis decreed that I muſt die!
I am reſolv'd to have your Company.
— There's a ſword, the ſame wth mine, defend you.
Ormaſdes. Hold a while: ——
—— May not I know the cauſe of this hatred?
Near. I have no hatred, yet endeavor, muſt
That we together may revert to duſt.
Though you by chance have rob'd me of my right
—I'de not out-live *Ormaſdes*, if I might!
Or. From whēce dos this ſtrange kindnes to me grow?
Say, for I will not fight, untill I know!
Near. This then, will teach you to defend your ſelf:

{*Runs at him; he put his Sword by, and holds him.*}

Ormaſ.

Ormaſ. I ſhall call my Servants, unleſs you now ſhow
The cauſe of this diſtracted fury?
Near. I will: ——

[*Lets him go*

—— *Valeriana*'s my Quarrel;
She throws neglects on me, and dotes on you.
Ormaſ. You are miſtaken ſure, and much abus'd!
It is not poſſible! —— She dotes on me!
Who never Courted Lady in my life!
Near. By all that's good, ſhe told me ſo her ſelf.
Ormaſ. This muſt be ſome deſign, beyond my reach!
But if true? from whence does my guilt ariſe?
Who never heard of your pretence, till now!
Nor have a ſerious thought for hers, to me;
If ſuch a folly, do her heart poſſeſs;
Am I to anſwer for her guiltineſs?
Near. I do accuſe you, of no guilt at all;
But joy to think, if by my hand you fall;
It will Create in her ſuch miſerie,
As will adorn my death with Victorie.
Ormaſ. If ſuch revenge, and malice you intend?
Where is the Love, that you ſo much pretend?
Near. We'l talk of that, as our two ſouls expire;
She flatter'd me with hopes, that blew my fire,
She threw out vowes to marry me, and now
In hope of you, diſowns that holy vow.
Ormaſ. Made vows to marry you! and yet love me!
Pray ſhew me how, this ſtory does agree?
I ſwear, I never had a thought of Love
To Lady In my life; and will now quit
The intreſt you pretend, rather then fight ——
For ſuch imaginary Dreams, as this.

Nearcus.

Nearcus. You must Fight.

{ Nearcus *offers at him, he rings a Bell:* *Enter Servants.*

Ormas. No; disarm him, — so, now leave us alone, —

[*Exeunt.*

— *Nearcus*, I have lov'd you, and shall still,
If you'l permit! — what does this story mean?
Near. By Her — *Valeriana* did ingage
To marry me; if my birth equal'd hers!
But now repents, in hope to marry you.
Ormas. This story grows stranger, and stranger still
Does your birth equal hers? on which you ground
Your Title, and on which her vow was made.
Near. It does *Ormasdes*, and did hers exceed,
When I first urg'd that sacred vow she made;
She but a Subject, unto me appear'd.
Ormas. And are you other now?
Near. Yes, have you not heard that Prince *Orontes*,
Brother to our late King, had a young Son
Call'd *Leonatus*, who by sad mishap,
Fencing with the Prince, hurt him in the Eye,
Of which hurt he dyed; and the King, inrag'd,
Made vowes to Sacrifice the Murtherer;
As if the mischief, purposely were done!
In order to his own Succession; —
— (After *Cleandra*;) who was then married
To a young Prince in *Greece*, and setl'd there.
Orm. I've often heard the Queen, with sighs lament
Her Brothers loss, by that sad accident:

And

And say, the pittied *Leonatus* death,
As innocent! for that unhappy youth,
She heard, was drown'd, endeavouring to escape
Her Fathers Vengeance, he unjustly vow'd.
Near. She was mis-inform'd my Lord, he yet lives;
'Twas by this fatall hand, her brother fell;
And I accurs'd, that have thus long survi'v'd!
To fall a mis-becoming Sacrifice,
To Love; by a disdainful Ladies Eyes.
After so long concealment, and so safe!
By Old *Nearcus*, put in this disguise,
Bred as his Son; but now, I Life despise;
And call to have that Justice on me done,
Which I have us'd much industry to shun.
Ormas. You tell me wonders, of a different kind,
Of which I shall enquire; and if I find
Valeriana stands ingag'd to you?
And all this story of your self, prove True!
I will my best endeavors soon imploy,
This gross mistake of me, to rectifie.
Near. If my addres, do find no good success!
The business of my life, shall be to dye,
And whether by your hand, or by command
From our great Queen? it is the same to me,
The Princes must my Life, or Death decree.
Ormas. I shall conceal your Name, untill I see,
I may reveal it, with securitie;
And in few hours, if my desires succeed!
You shall from all your doubts, and fears be freed.
Near. You will oblige me ever, if you do?

[*Exit* Nearcus.

Ormasdes.

Ormas. My hour is come, to wait upon the Queen;
Unto *Valeriana*, where this Newes,
I hope will bring me off, from the first Rock: —
— By *Valeriana* to be thus lov'd!
And by *Cleandra*, for another woo'd!
And by *Nearcus* kill'd, I know not why!
To me is a new kind of Misterie.

[*Exit.*

{*Enter* Valeriana, *brought in very weak, lying in a Couch, with Physitians, and Servants; She speaks very faintly.*}

Valeri. Is not the Queen return'd to Court yet?
Lady. No Madam.
Valeri. I wish she were; my heart dessolves so fast!
That I do find, I shall few minutes last.

[*She faints.*

Doct. Your fancy, does your weakness much increase,
This passion, is the worst of your disease.

{*Enter* Queen, *and* Ormasdes, *she sets him to stand unseen.*}

Doctor. Oh Madam! you are much wish'd for here;
Queen. Let all withdraw, I must be private now,
Onely do you *Ormasdes* stand unseen; —
— How is it with my friend?
Vale. I'm glad that you are come to close my Eyes,
My spirits waste so fast, that I must dye!
Queen. I hope not yet *Valeriana.*

Valeriana

Vale. Alass Madam, I had not liv'd till now;
But for the joy my broken heart conceives
In hopes to hear *Ormasdes* is grown well.
Before I leave this world.

Queen. 'Twas the distemper of an Ague fit,
And he is now so far from being sick,
That he without, begs leave to visit you.

Vale. Me, did you say? to visit me Madam!
Will *Ormasdes* visit me? is it so?

Queen. Yes, He's without, and does by me desire
You will admit him; —— Why are you silent?
Now my endeavours prosper to your wish!

Vale. Does wise *Cleandra* think it will be fit?
That I in such a passion leave this World!
As I shall do, if I see *Ormasdes*! ——
—— I shame to think that he should see me dye;
Yet cannot chuse, but wish it heartily!

Queen. Shall I call him in then? why do you doubt?

Vale. Oh Madam, I dare not see him, must not!
You have said something, to bring him hither!
Makes me fear to see him; it must not be!

Que. Pray see him, and let this great crime, be mine;
His presence, may your troubl'd heart revive.

Vale. He cannot Madam, for 'tis now too late!
I do feel here, the heavy hand of Death
Is crushing me to Ayre.

{ *She faints in the Queens Armes.*

Queen. *Ormasdes* your help! she dies, she dies!

{ *He draws, and proffers to kill himself.*

Ormas By all our Gods, I will dye with her then!

Queen. She lives again! *Ormasdes* your help now; —

{*He flings away his Sword, and helps.*

— So let her head lye alittle from us.

{*He kneels, and holds her hand.*

Ormas. For Heav'n sake Madam, tell what I must say?
Or what now must do? is she not dead still?

Queen. Does not her hand inform you, that she lives?
Is it not warm?

Ormas. Oh yes! 'tis warm, but I, who never dar'd
Thus boldly touch a Ladies hand till now;
Understand not how to use it, nor ought! —

{*He Kisses her hand.*

Que. There needs no other kindness, then you shew,
How it is now *Valentine*?

Vale. Well Madam, too well, I fear, to last so:
I dare not look that way, because I blush
To think how I have scandaliz'd my Sex!
And how *Ormasdes* now is justified!
In his contempt of Women, for my sake!
I have no power to take away my hand,
Yet dare not own, to leave it with him longer.

Ormas. Oh why? what has *Ormasdes* ever done?
Justly to merrit this dissertion?

Vale. Pray Madam, say something in my behalf;
Either to hide, or to excuse my shame.

Queen. Turn this way then, and let your Eyes excuse
That guilt, which will *Ormasdes* disabuse.

[*They turn her.*] *Ormas.*

Ormaſ. She looks deſperately ill!
Queen. Tis only weakneſs, and no danger in't;
Pray call her Servants, and let us retire.
Ormaſ. Retire! you have engag'd me now ſo far,
That I muſt ſee the Battle won, or loſt!
Before I can conſent, to a Retreat.
Queen. Tis late, and ſhe muſt ſleep.
Ormaſ. Why Madam, ſo ſhe may, though I be by!
I'le ſit as ſilent, as the God of ſleep,
And here attend, while her tir'd ſervants reſt.
Queen. You will not watch all night *Ormaſdes?*
Ormaſ. Oh but I will Madam; watch night, by night,
Till ſhe recover! This is my fixt Poſt,
Appointed by the Gods; not your command,
Nor any force, has power to take me hence;
While this good ſword will hold for my defence.

[*Takes up his Sword.*

Queen. Why ſo fierce, and violent *Ormaſdes?*
I am much joy'd, to ſee you thus concern'd!
And on this quarrel, am not like to fight
With ſuch a man at Armes, by candle light!
Or. For Heav'n ſake Madam, pardon my rash words;
And diſreſpect unto your Majeſty;
For I do ſcarce know what I ſay, or do;
I am become a ſtranger to my ſelf,
So ſuddainly tranſform'd, that I would hide
Me from your ſight, if I durſt ſtir from hence!
Queen. I will forgive, ſo you'l let me direct
Your future actions, I'le your Love protect!
Ormaſ. If you'l command? — I gladly will obey.

Queen. You must submit, to what she does appoint.
Ormas. Most willingly.

{Valeriana, *sighs aloud, and weeps.*

Qu. Does our discourse, these sighs, & tears produce?
Vale. You have said nothing that will need excuse.
These tears flow from joy, and gratitude,
To you great Queen, who by this act, include
More pious pitty, then past stories tell; ——
To make *Ormasdes* counterfeit so well!
- This thought raisd those unruly sighs you heard,
And Madam, now it makes my soul affraid,
To see so great a courage thus submit,
To flatter me, because you think it fit;
—— At your command, to put on this disguise,
In kindness unto one, he does despise.
Queen. Do you then think his kindness counterfeit?
Can his great soul consent, to such deceit?
Vale. I can yet find no argument, for ground,
To change so great contempt, as I have found,
Into so high esteem! as he does now,
By your advice, in charity allow;
That my last minutes, may some pleasure have,
He yields to send me smiling to my grave.
Queen. You cannot judge so ill, of him you love;
Nor can so brave a man, so worthless prove!
Vale. I do confess, I should be glad to find
All real that I see; and his great mind
The same brave Character he had, maintain
Through his whole life; and not that glory stain
But if't be real, this comes now too late,
His kindness cannot change the course of Fate!

Queen

Queen. Think not of Death, for if you will endure
The Tryall? I will undertake the cure;
I see your sufferings do compassion move,
Which in most generous hearts, does turn to Love.
Ormas. Madam, I know not what, you do call love,
Nor how in that fantastick Sphear to move!
I cannot talk the language Lovers use,
When they design fair Ladies to abuse;
Nor can I yet, by this experience guess,
If Love, or a distraction, does possess
My heart? give me but leave to watch this night,
That while you sleep, I may my heart invite,
To tell me what it ails! if it be love?
What all the World allows! I shall approve:
And then, I'le rather dye, then e're forsake
What I avow, or what I undertake.
Q. Pray Madam, give him leave to watch this night,
Some serious thoughts may set his fancy right.
He has lyen often on the frozen ground,
On less occasion, and more danger sound.
Vale. I shall not rest then, though you think it fit,
I shall condemn my self, if I submit.
Queen. Tis somewhat more then custome does allow,
I must confess; but how to help it now,
Who knows? you see he is resolv'd to beat
Us all, if we but mention his Retreat.
Ormas. Pray let not this my first suite be deny'd,
But give me leave to sit on yonder side,
As silent as sleep self; my body shall
Be fixt, as is that figure on the wall.
Queen. Let him *Valeriana*, pray consent,
'Twill prove his honor, or his punishment!

Ormas. Who can have more care? who so fit as I
To watch? who am resolv'd with her to Dye.
— Good rest unto your Majesty.

{*He leads off the Queen.*

Queen. He'l turn me out, if I refuse to go!
— But why *Ormasdes* do you tremble so?
Ormas. This shaking fit may to a Feavor turn,
And I, e're day, in Loves bright flames may burn.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The Fifth Act.

{Valeriana *is discover'd asleep on a Couch, with Doctors, and Ladies all asleep about her* Ormasdes *rises from the ground, at the Couch side.*}

ORMASDES.

ALl eyes are shut, all hearts can rest, but mine,
I've something here, that will not let me sleep:
— Tis Love, I am bewitch'd, or it is Love!
That thus disturbs my body, and distracts
My mind; no other passion works like this!
Well then, if it be Love! where's the wonder?

The

The wiſeſt, braveſt, and the greateſt men,
Have been in Love as much, or more then I:
—— But why then was I, thus long without it?
Why did not bright *Cleandras* beauty burn?
Why was not this fire kindl'd untill now?
How comes *Valeriana* by this power?
To wound me deeper, then *Cleandra* did!
My Kind, Loving Heart, how comes this to paſs?

Valeriana ſighs, and groans aloud.

Ormaſ. Ha! Her ſpirit by that ſigh informs me,
That doubl'd groan, ſtruck through my wavring ſoul,
Oh thou Divineſt power! what ere thou art!
I do ſubmit, *Valerianas* groans
Are all ſufficient arguments for Love!
It ſeems, my ſtony heart, was proof againſt
All charms, but deep fetch'd ſighs, & dying groans;
By which, tis now made ſupple, and ſo ſoft,
That it is ready to take any form;
That ſick *Valeriana* ſhall direct; ——
— Great God of Love, forgive my paſt neglects,
And now reſtore this Lady to her health,
Then I with Inſenſe will thy Altars load,
Thy Temple with thoſe Trophies, now adorn,
Which my whole life prepar'd, for *Mars* and *Jove*.
Since they allow me to ſubmit to Love!

Valeriana wakes, and calls.

Vale. *Druſilla.*
Ormaſ. Madam, your Servants do all ſleep, but I.
Vale. I would not have wak'd you, *Ormaſdes.*

Ormas. You have not Madam, I have not slept yet;
Pray let your Servant know what tis you want!
Vale I want assurance of a thing I doubt.
Ormas. Can I give you that assurance?
Vale, Yes.
Ormas. And will you not lay that command on me?
Vale. Do they all sleep?
Ormas. They do.
Vale. Ormasdes I would know, what I do fear,
You are pre-ingag'd never to tell me;
Ormas. By your fair self, I swear, I'm not ingag'd
In any kind, but may, and will impart,
What ever in my knowledge, you inquire.
Vale. My first doubts does still remain, that the Queen
Upon assurance of my suddain death,
Has won you, thus to flatter my last hours,
Like glittering Sun-shine upon dying Flowers.
Ormas. Madam, by all thats holy, she has not:
What shall I say? what do? to gain your faith?
Vale. You have done it now; I am satisfied.
And do believe all's truth, *Ormasdes* speaks,
But I do fear this truth appears too late.
Orm. Why Madam? have you made vows against me?
Will no repentance? nor no pennance serve,
To wash away my Sins against your Sex
Will you, that Universal quarrel wed?
And bring distruction, on your Servants head?
Vale. Vows *Ormasdes*, and those against you made!
Oh do not take away the Joy you gave,
By such a thought; I never wish'd, nor pray'd,
For blessing upon Earth, beyond your Love,
Which you in charity, so amply shew,
That I do doubt I dream, what I injoy.

Ormas.

Ormaſ. Madam, you do now misjudge my paſſion,
To call that charity, which may be love
For ought I know; this ſo late acquaintance
With my new heart is ſhort, and my tranſports
So great, it muſt be madneſs, if not love:
For, give me leave to ſwear, that I will know
No other Joys then yours, nor thoughts admit,
But with deſign to ſerve, and honour you.
Vale. I do now wiſh the Gods my life would ſpare,
And make me worthy of *Ormaſdes* care.
Ormaſ. Madam, you ſpeak a Language of reſpect
To me, who merrit nothing but neglect;
Your favours flow ſo faſt, they over-whelm
My heart with joys, and raiſe my ſoul ſo high,
It turns amazement into extacy.
Vale. I ſhould not talk thus, if I did not ſee't;
Tis harder for you now to hide, then ſhew't:
I do not fear your paſſion will go leſs,
But doubt by death to loſe, what I poſſeſs.
Ormaſ. You cannot dye Madam, I have no fear
To find ſo great a curſe, from Heav'n ſent,
I onely doubt I ſleep! and fear to wake
Leaſt this abundant bliſs ſhould vanquiſh quite,
And ſo involve me in Eternal Night;
May I preſume to beg a favour yet?
Which will my fancy fix, and ſo confirm
My doubtfull ſoul tis real, and no dream.
Vale. You may.
Ormaſ. I beg that Ring you wear; but if of price
Too great for me? pardon my Avarice.
Vale. Tis a trifle, ask ſomething of more worth.
Ormaſ. Sure nothing can of greater value be
If you repent, what you now promis'd me.

Vale.

Vale. You ask, what is not in my power to give!
My dying Mother with this Ring bequeath'd
Her curse, if ever I did part with it!
But to the man I meant to make my Lord.
Ormas. Tis a charm not to be dissolv'd by me;
Who dare not touch it, on the terms, you name;
I was ambitious to wear it Madam
But onely as your servant, not your Lord.
Vale. It never can be had, on easier termes;
Ormasdes you must have this, and me together,
Alive or dead, you must have both, or neither.
Ormas. All my Limbs do tremble, at what I hear,
I dare not understand the words you speak,
Least my mistakes do give you an offence,
Beyond a pardon, for such impudence.
Vale. You do not mistake me, nor can you err!
If you'l avow, this kindness that you shew.
Ormas. By all our Gods, I think my flame is Love,
I know no other name for what I feel,
But if you doubt? propose a way to try,
And as it proves, declare my destiny.
Vale. I will consider on some way to try,
But must submit unto this drowsinesse,
For a minutes time, twill take me from you!
Pray Sir, command the musick now to play.

[*He steps to the Door then.*]

[*Musick playes awhile.*]

Ormas. She has talk'd her self into a Repose,
Now I will try to get a little Rest.
That my tir'd fancy, may at last be fixt.

Valerians

{Valeriana *Counterfeits to sleep*, Ormasdes *lyes on the ground by her Couch, and while he sleeps, she puts the Ring on his finger; then the Musick ends.*}

Vale. So — when he calls to mind, what I have said;
He can expect no more, then I now give;
— Great goddess of pure hearts, protect my fame,
And this rash act, forgive; which frights me now;
To such repentance, with such suddain pain,
I am resolv'd to take it off again, ——

{*She offers to take it off, and cannot.*}

—— His hand is so fast clos'd, I cannot do't;
And to wake him in the attempt, is worse;
Such boldness may a double censure get;
I blush to think how rashly I begun,
And now repent the folly I have done: ——
—— His hand opens: ——

And now tis mine again, {*She takes off the Ring, Musick playes; she sleeps in earnest, while the Musick is.*}
Oh blest accident!

{*Enter the Queen, and Train.*}

Queen. Wake them not; has *Ormasdes* walk'd to night?
From that corner, hither, in his sleep?
Did any of you hear them talk ith' night?

Doctor.

Doctor. Not I Madam.
First Lady. Nor I.
Second Lady. I heard none stir Madam.

{Ormasdes *wakes and stirs up.*

Ormas. The Queen; is it so late?
Queen. You have had a hard Lodging my Lord.
Ormas. I have had the happiest night Madam;
And am Richer far then both the *Indies*; —

{Ormasdes *starts, and looks distractedly for something lost.*

— Ha! I am undone, undone for ever!
Qu. What look you for my Lord? what have you lost?
Ormas. I had it now, just now, on this finger!
I look for Treasure Madam, worth the World;

[*He Searches.*

— 'Twas no dream, it must be here abouts!
— I beg your pardon Madam, for this search,
Which does concern my life, and honour too.
Queen. This is the strangest passion, I ere saw,
Has your great loss, no name to know it by?
Ormas. Yes, I have lost *Valerianus* Ring.
Queen. You did but dream, see, tis on her finger:
Ormas. How! tis so indeed, do I not dream now?
Or do the Gods us men with shadows mock?
When we do seek such great felicities,
As they allow us not to have below!
— What a strange height of bliss? am I fall'n from?
Has this one night, such mutual friendship gain'd?
That the prophetick Ring, could be obtain'd!

Ormasdes.

Ormas. I know not what to say, nor what to think!
I know not when I sleep, or when I wake!
Yet must believe that Ring, was mine this night;
And I have lost that Treasure Childishly:
Some kind friend strike me hard, that I may feel
I now am waking; your pardon Madam
For my disaster makes me almost mad.

[Valeriana *wakes.*

Queen. How have you slept *Valeriana?*
Vale. Very well Madam, for one so weak!
Ormas. Did you not wake about mid-night Madam?
Vale. Not that I remember.
Ormas. Was ever man so much abus'd in's sleep?
Vale. Ormasdes, what means your disorder'd looks?
Queen. He finds his waking fancies are much less
Delightfull, then his sleeping happiness.
Orm. I dream't Madam, that Ring you prize so much,
Was this night, by you, put on my finger;
When a thousand, thousand joyes fell on me,
Which now waking, I have no name for.
Vale. My Ring *Ormasdes!* and on your finger!
And by me put on! 'twas a dream indeed!
I hope, you do not waking, think it fit,
That I, should waking do so bold an act.
Ormas. Madam, it does not become me to say
I wish, what you do not allow; nor dare
I tell so great a lye, as to deny
The joy I dream'd of, when I thought I saw,
And did believe I felt, it once was mine.
Vale. 'Tis far from my serious thoughts *Ormasdes,*
After such high passion, as I have shew'd,
Now to raise any discontent in you,

But

But do not lessen your esteem of me,
By the acquisition of such favours,
As you your self in others would condemn!
Have we not both, at first sight, done enough?
To just sie, what we profesie; I fear
Too much on my part, did not *Cleandra*
Own all that she has done, on my behalf.

Ormas. I submit, and will wish, and think, and do
What the wise Queen, and you advise me to.

Queen. *Ormasdes* has not lost his time I see,
Nor my design for your recovery
Fall'n short: the gods in their good time will bring
You to give, and him to accept the Ring.
May your new friendship never know decay,
But freely both command, and both obey:
— I must now leave you for an hour, or two.

Ormasdes leads the Queen to the Door, and returns.

Ormas. Madam, is this a fit time to enquire
Nearchus Story? may I now desire
You, to unriddle the bold claim, he makes?

Vale. You shall hereafter have it all at large,
Only know now, he us'd a violence,
In shew, with such unparallel'd deceits!
Such insolent demands, so cunning couch'd!
His threats, with humble looks, so plain disguis'd;
That at first sight, I found, I was surpriz'd;
Then, to avoid his purpose, I was forc'd,
To use such doubtfull words, to bring me off,
His madness did interpret his own way;

While

While I was safe, by what I wisely said,
To farther my escape, when so afraid!
Thus was *Cleandras* trust, and mine abus'd;
A baser treachery, was never us'd.
Ormas. You have inform'd me fully of his fact.
I suddainly will find *Nearcus* out,
And hurle such vengeance, on his curs'd head,
[*Aside.*
That all the World shall say, tis well he's dead.
[*They carry off* Valeriana.]
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[*Enter* Nearcus.]

Near. Tis strange, I hear nor of *Ormasides* yet!
If he oblige me really I'm his,
If not I shall resume my first resolves;
This his delay, begets more jealousies
Then my impatient burning heart, can bear. —

[*Enter* Ormasides.]

Nea. — Now Sir, how have I prosper'd in your hands?
Ormasides. As you deserve.
Nearcus. How is that?
Ormas. With much scorn rejected.
Near. So ends thy merrit, in your opinion?
Ormas. In mine, as in *Cleandras*, and in all!
Who have heard the ground of your false claim,
Which the fair Princess, and her Servants tell;

— A

— A Treachery so base, an act so foul!
That all do think *Nearcus* has no soul.
Near. This you dare justifie?
Ormas. I had not dar'd to tell it else! me thinks
My looks might shew, my business was to find
You out, and now to let you know, I must
Defend the Princess, in a cause so just.
— Before I knew *Valerians* heart,
Or was at all acquainted with my own;
I Judg'd your cause, against her innocence.
But now inform'd the right from all, I find
No argument, in Justice to compell,
Such a forc'd promise to *Nearcus* made,
Should now to *Leonatus* be perform'd.
Your juggling Arts, and your disguised Name,
With your unworthy force, ore-throws your claim
Near. You are become a subtle Orator,
Since you convers'd with Ladies; but I shall
Your great Eloquence, with this steele convince;
I am not to be frighted by big words,
We now must try the temper of our swords.
Ormas. We must indeed, though I lament, my hand
Should harm a man, unto the Queen aly'd.
Ne. Shall that scruple, & this good sword once more
Teach you to call for help? as heretofore?
Ormas. I may change your opinion, with my own.
Near. Come then.

They Fight, Ormasdes runs him through, Disarmes him.

Ormas.

Ormaſ. Get Surgeons for *Nearcus* preſently;
My hurt is ſlight.

Exit Ormaſdes.

Enter Surgeons, or Servants, who carry off Nearcus.

Enter the Queen, in Valerians Chamber, with her, and attended by Old Titus, *Old* Nearcus, *Lords and Ladies, of all Train.*

Queen. Tis by your good nature, *Valerians*,
That this mans evil ſpirit threatens us;
Had you reveal'd *Nearcus* treachery!
His puniſhment had fixed with his crime.

Val. Madam, I do confeſs my lenity
May have imbolden'd him to higher ills,
Which my juſt complaint, might have prevented;
But then, how hard a cenſure ſhould I again?
By ruining ſo Eminent a man.
Who from his principles of honour fell,
Through love to me; though I cõtemn'd his hopes;
His paſſion made me pitty his diſtreſs,
So far, as his firſt errour to forgive,
In hope he might in better order live.

Queen. You argue well, and ought to juſtifie
Your gentle diſpoſition, to forgive.
Mercy, thoſe young Princes, much adorn;
But I am bound to vindicate my ſelf;

My Nation suffers, if I be not just,
To punish crimes like this! I break my trust;
He is the first, that ever dar'd aspersе
The *Citherean* Name, by such a fact,
As no past Chronicle, can parallel!
I shake to think, how great your danger was!
And how much greater might have been my shame
To trust a man, who values not his fame.

Vale. Let not his faults your anger higher raise,
The punishment he feels by ill success,
Is a just doom, for his unworthiness.

Queen. His sentence must, to after times appear,
Least my story be blemish'd with a thought,
That I, did wink at such a crime as this!
My people will exclaim, the Gods will frown,
If such a wickedness unpunish't pass!
He must dye *Valeriana*, his house
Be burnt, the ashes scatter'd in the Ayre,
With prayers t' appease our *Citherian* Gods,
We cannot offer a less Sacrifice.

Vale. For my sake, let his doom, be banishment.
If I have any favour in your Eyes?
Make not me guilty by that Sacrifice.

[*She kneels*

Queen. Rise Madam, you shall govern as you please

{ *Enter to them* Ormasdes, }
{ *and Young* Tirus. }

Queen. Ormasdes, are you hurt, by that vil'd man

Ormas. It is too little, to be call'd a wound I
I come now, to beg *Neocus* pardon;

Twas I that did inforce him to this fight.
Vale. And I, most wrong'd, who freely do forgive;
Quee. The wrong was done to me *Valeriana*,
I put you in his power, my trust, he broke;
My honour, for your safety, was ingag'd!
Our Nation suffers by his Villany;
The *Citherean* honour calls for Justice,
Against so barbarous a breach of Faith;
Nor was it you provok'd, but were compell'd
By him to fight, for innocence aspers'd!
Ormas. Madam, though I shall never justifie
Nearcus actions; his misfortune may
Admit excuse; Because humane nature
Is subject to passions, which the best men
Can never manage, as they ought! how then,
May *Valeriana*'s beauty guilty be?
That did excite *Nearcus* love; and led
Him into this distraction, past his power!
To manage his own heart, (as we think best;)
If so! 'tis she has turn'd him to a Beast;
But when your Majesty shall call to mind,
The gallant service by this Mad-man done;
You will then pity his Distraction.

Enter to them Nearcus, *brought in a Chair.*

Quee. What means this boldness?
Near. Madam, I come not to beg your pardon,
But to justifie my actions, and my self;
Against *Ormasdes*, who does now with-hold
Valeriana, my betrothed Wife;
Confirm'd by vows, in presence of the Gods.

Queen. Now *Ormasdes*! is he fit for pardon?
Ormas. Yes Madam, as a distracted person!
Near. Why do you wrong my person, and my cause
To call my just Title, a distraction;
Do me Justice *Cleandra*, or give me death!
Queen. You may have both your wishes in good time.
Cleobulus guard him to the Castle.
Vale. Pray Madam, let his doom be banishment,
Because his Crime, went not beyond intent.
Queen. Madam, he must thank you, for his life then.
— *Cleobulus* see him a close prisoner,
Untill his wounds permit his banishment.
Near. I do your proffer'd mercies, all refuse,
And either Death, or *Valeriana* chuse.
Queen. Lead him to banishment; make him obey.
Near. Hold a little; — *Cleandra* looke, this way,
Tis *Leontius* calls; he who at foyles,
The young Prince your Brother, slew;
And fled your Fathers rage, (untill his death!)
Then shelter'd by this borrow'd Name, return'd,
And in *Nearcus* family secur'd,
By this disguise; liv'd as his onely Son,
Who dyed, as I return'd; — is it death yet?
Qu. No, this insolence, shall not change your doom
Nor your confest disguise, (long known to me,)
Force a punishment beyond the merrit
Of that sad mishap! which I believe
Was fatall accident! no purpos'd crime!
Though my Father look'd on his onely Son,
By your hand slain, with such revenging rage!
As might his loss become, and him ingage
To throw out vows, that Justice should persuel
So great a Traytor, as her then thought you;

For your succession after me, became
His fancies object, which encreas'd your blame.
— But I, who have exactly been inform'd,
Of my dead Brothers love, and yours, now must
For that sad accident, to you be just.
Near. I'le rather quit my innocence, then own
Your mercy, when you Justice do deny;
Give me the fair Princess, or give me death.
Queen. I cannot with Justice, give you either;
How can I, a free Princes will compell?
Or how *Ormasdes* true pretence deny,
Or how afford you death, for that offence,
Which your unluckie hand, did act by chance.
Near. Would I had dyed, the day of my return,
Since great *Leandra* dares not do me Right;
But suffers false *Ormasdes* to possess,
What is my due; I all your mercy scorn,
And will the worst of Tyranny endure.
Queen I have imploy'd you as my Brothers friend,
Thus long not at his Murtherer conniv'd!
And untill now, by force compell'd my face
To frequent smiles, in favor of your worth,
While my heart ak'd, to think what you had done!
But you of late, unworthy our great Name,
Have scandaliz'd the *Citherean* Fame
Boldly to own a Crime so great! as may insence,
The world to question your first innocense.
Which clearly shews, you are for mischief built,
That dar'd to entertain so base aguilt!
— My mercy may prove sin, unless betimes,
My Justice do prevent your farther crimes.
Near. Must I be held? and baited thus to death!
Be torn, and tortur'd by a womans breath?

Queen. See my Command obey'd *Cleobulus.*
— I shall take order for an Equipage
Fit for your great birth, and shall now confine
You to an Island near, from whence you may
Return, if you out-live me, and mine!
— Remove him hence.

Ne. Hold a while! — curse on, curse light on you all,
For this unjustice, which you mercy call;
Tyrants, cruel Tyrants, your juggling Art
Lay by, and strike a Dagger through my heart;
— If *Ormasdes* any honour have in store?
He'l fight another bout upon the Shore,
As I take ship; and if I chance to Dye!
My soul shall then applaud thy Victory,
And sing thy praise to the infernal Ghosts,
That they may chuse thee Captain of their Hosts,
When thou com'st down! — Let not a Ladies word
Destroy, by piercing deeper then thy sword! —
— Will you not answer? cruel, and unjust!
Ye gods! why put you Scepters into womens trust
Who crushes me to raise a Cowards Name!
Whom I will in the *Elizium* fields Defame,
No honor'd Ghost of *Troy*, shall there own thee,
The *Grecian*, and the *Roman* Souls, with me
Will trample on thy Cowards neck with scorn,
— Poor shadow of a gallant man, only born
To lye in Ladies laps, perfum'd, and curl'd!
— I'le Post thee Coward, in the other World.

They force him away on the Queen beck with her hand.

Admir

Admi. Tis strange, that none of us should know him!
Young Titus. The general opinion he was drown'd,
Made us not see through his disguise;
Admir. But his strange passion does amaze me most.
Ormasdes wedding, will his frenzy cure;
When love does see no possibility,
Desires, and hopes, will vanish by degrees.
You. Titus. We see dispairs, work often other wayes.
Queen. He has disturb'd me, but I'le forget him;
— *Valeriana* come, let us consult
The Ceremony of your Wedding day,
Ormasdes joys, and yours, will blow away
The farther thoughts, of *Leonatus* crimes.
Vale. Our Wedding Madam! I see no reason
For so great a haste! now we are secure.
Or. Madam, since you have rais'd my hopes so high!
It were a sin, to doubt my destiny.
Yet say, when shall my thoughts so fixt remain?
That I may never think I dream again.
Vale. Ormasdes, not too fast, we must proceed
With much discretion, in so great a deed!
The eyes of all this Nation, do behold
Our actions, and may think my part too bold,
If I again shall do; what I repent!
It would deserve a double punishment;
My over-hasty Love, was once my crime,
I must redeem that fault, by taking time
To finish, what so violent begun,
Least into greater errours, I do run;
— A year or two's delay, will add much grace
To our young Love, which Time cannot deface.
Orma. Why have you led me forth, with gentle gales?
Into this dangerous deep? why fill'd my sailes,

With such propitious winds? as would convey
Me safe to my wish'd Port, the nearest way.
Why do you now abstruct this happy course?
As if you wish'd for storms? or for something worse?
Why thus forsake the Light? to sail ith' dark,
As if you sought out hazzards, for this Bark,
In which, you are the onely fraight, that I,
Can fear to lose; by my mortality.
Oh! do not then my Joyes to time betray,
Least you do ruine all, by your delay!

Queen. How *Valeriana!* must this Scene of Love,
Fall from its height? and now no further move!
Does your quick conquest of *Ormasdes?* make
Him less worthy? when we such prisoners take,
As might our selves command! if they will serve!
We cannot give them more, then they deserve;
Consider well, least you, your self destroy,
If thus, you do defer *Ormasdes* joy!

Vale. Madam, you, and the world too well do know,
My Love to him, can now no higher grow!
I onely, thus stand off, least he despise,
A conquest gain'd, without an enterprize.
And that my injur'd Sex, hereafter may
Judge of my innocence, by this delay;
Honour forbids, that we in haste ingage,
Rash actions often, all events presage.
Though I, (like a tall ship that spreads her sails
When she is carried on, with prosperous gales;
To her wish'd Port,) do sigh, to be delay'd,
And blame the Remora, by which I'm staid.

Ormas. Honour, and Fancy, at great distance stand,
You have no argument for this command,

But

But your own nice, unneceſſary thought,
By which your virtue, may become a fault!
Tis true, that my neglects to woman kind,
May urge, that I ſhould now no favour find;
Till my whole life be ſpent, to gain a bliſs,
To crown my lateſts hours with joyes, like this!
I do confeſs ſuch judgement were my due
From all the women in the world, but you, —
Who have no argument, nor a pretence,
Why you, ſhould prove the Rod for my offence.
Vale. *Ormaſdes* true, I only now would prove
By ſome ſhort time, the temper of your Love;
And ſhew the world, that mine was not in haſt,
Though its firſt motion mov'd ſo fierce and faſt!
It makes me bluſh to think, that this great Queen,
And her whole Nation, have ſuch weakneſs ſeen!
As all commanding Love, forc'd me to ſhow,
Oh! tis a bold attempt, when women wooe!
Ormaſ. What ere the vulgar think, great Princes may
The dictates of their greater ſouls obey;
Tis a ſelf-doubting ſin, when you alone,
Dare not avow, what gods, and men do own.
Queen. Theſe cautious wayes, are only fit for ſuch
As have ſuſpected virtues; you are much
Above the reach of Cenſures; — twas I,
That woo'd him firſt, mine be the infamy,
Who boaſt the active part, with the ſucceſſe,
And would not for the world, it had been leſſe!
It does become me, now to ſee your hands
United, as your hearts! — If my commands
Be ſlighted! and my ſelf not underſtood!
When I require what's for your mutuall good,

I ſhall

I shall repent the kindness, I have shown,
And wish, you never had *Ormasdes* known.

Vale. Madam, when you command, I must submit;
— But will *Ormasdes* waking think it fit?
Now to accept this Ring? and safer keep
What he desires, then when h' last did sleep;
I had some pleasure, and no little pain,
To put it on, and steal it off again.
But now, since gods and you, do all agree!
Receive this bond of my Captivity.

Ormas. Lais the hand, that freely gives it now,
May Thunder strike me dead, when I do bow
To other Earthly Power, or wish a bliss,
That Heaven can give, the Gods allowing this!
Ormasdes heart, shall into incense turn,
And in bright flames, before this Altar burn;
So long as my fair Saint, does not despise,
To look upon so mean a Sacrifice ——
— To you great Queen, I know not what to say,
How to express a gratitude, that may
Declare the glory of your life to be
A perfect pattern, for Posterity.

Qu. *Brave Lord*, your *Triumphs*, & your *Trophies* still
Increase our wonder! and our Nation fill
With such Esteem, as all my people may,
With Honour, keep your Wedding, Holy-Day.
And in our Story, after Ages show,
Friendship, and Virtue, did together grow.

FINIS.

The Names of the Actors.

The Prince of *Syracusa*.
Theodocia his Daughter.
Pandora, a great Lady of the Prince his Family.
Lindamira, a Lady of Quality.
Lonzartes, Right Heire to the Principality.
Clearcus, a Lord of the Prince his Kindred.
Silvander, a Young Lord of the Court.
Aristonicus, *Clothero*, *Ormuseus*. } Three Councellours.
Teretia, *Philora*. } Ladies Attending the Princess.
Three more Attending Ladies. } For *Pandora*. And *Lindamira*.
Men-Dancers.
Women-Dancers
Sanga and *Geta*. } Lacquies.
An *Old-Woman*.

The Names of the Actors.

THE
Prologue.

Lovers to You I come, without a Bribe,
From one ỳ boasts himself of your own Tribe,
And therefore hopes, that your good Natures may
On his behalf, above your Judgements sway:
What you'le see here is naturall, all pretence
He disavowes, to Wit, or Eloquence:
With Friendship he presents you, and with love,
Such as are wont in his free breast to move,
Such passions as he feels, our Author writes,
And humours such, as he observes, indites:
From Conversation bringing to the Stage,
What he does think, will please the present Age.
And if you do not grudge your time here spent,
He will accept it for a Complement.

PANDORA:

THE

Scene in *Syracutia.*

First Act.

Enter Lonzartes *and* Clearchus *in long Grey Cloakes over their Rich Cloaths, with* Sanga *and* Geta, *two Lacques carrying Lanthorns, the two Lords Enter a private House, the two Servants ſtay.*

San. COme *Geta*, our Lords have no more uſe of us, we may go ſleep!

Geta. Tis a fair time indeed to ſleep, when day begins to break? — this is a lew'd life, that our Lords do lead.

San. Why man? the Night was made for labourers to reſt; and for great Lords to Revel in, come away.

Geta My Lord, is not half so ill as thine.

Sanga. Whats that to thee, or me, come away; we'l go to Beggars Hall, and be as merry as our Lords.

Geta. No, no, I will no more fully my credit, in thy company; I converſe with our tall Dary-Maid, who affords me Honours, thou canſt not gueſs at *Sanga!* Oh the great Felicities! that do belong to chaſt imbraces?

San. I like Imbraces well.

Geta I mean b, Wed-lock man.

San A Cox-comb thou art, and a Cuckold thou wilt be; adiew Fool.

Geta. Adiew Rogue.

Exeunt ſeverally.

A noyſe within, Re-enter Clearcus, *and* Lonzartes. *in the Dark.*

Clearcus. Botts on thy ſlippery heeles; we are undone!

Lonzartes. Let us draw, and ſtand upon guard, I hear ſome call within!

Cle. What was that ſtrange noyſe, you made?

Lon. At the bottom o. the ſtairs, I fell, which gave the Alarum to the doggs, and they wak'd all the Family!

Enter Old Woman.

Woman. Oh my Lord! what have you done? all the Houſe are up, pray ſtand cloſe a while, — are you alone?

Cle. Yes, yes. *Exeunt Old Woman, Lon.*

Lonzartes. Thou art a very Villain *Clearcus*, thus to betray a poor Wench, that loves thee; and to force me accept a Favour, I abhor to think on.

Cle. Be the blame mine, I have no joy in any thing, unleſs my Friend Participate; — if I have any skill in Woman; you will thank me for this favour, and ſay, you never had the like of *Angelica*.

Lon. Suppoſe ſhe will not conſent? muſt I raviſh her? — you ſay ſhe knows not of my coming.

Cle. I ſwear ſhe does not.

Lon. Would I were out again, theſe Romances pleaſe not me; — pray how muſt I proceed?

Cle. Thus, ſhe is in Bed, the Room is dark, I'le entertain her with diſcourſe, while you undreſs; then I'le retyre, and ſoon return with Light, to let her ſee my friend and I, muſt be as one man to her.

Lon. I wonder all women do not hate thee, thou doſt abuſe all them that truſt thee.

Cle. You are deceiv'd *Lonzartes*, ſuch ſilly girles, do take it for a complement, to recommend them to a Noble Friend!

Lon. Well, I muſt now be ſubject to thy will, and do ſubmit to do, what I deteſt! — me thinks this is a kind of Rape I undertake; — thou art too wild for my Converſe *Clearcus*.

Clear. Hold your peace.

Enter Old Woman.

Woman. Hiſt, hiſt, my Lord!

Cle. Here, here.

Wom. Give me your hand, softly, softly, follow me. {Exeunt *Woman leading them off, holding hands.*

{*Enter the Old Prince of* Syracusa, *with* Silvander, Aristonicus, Clothero, Ormuseus, *and Train.*}

Prince. How does *Lonzartes* bear his Suppression *Aristonicus*? now he is full-man grown.

Ari. Like a wise man Sir, that will not seem to see, what he cannot remedy.

Pri. I have better thoughts for him, then he has for himself; if *Clearcus* spoyle him not!

Ari. When more years have overcome some evils, incident to youth, I hope he will be worthy your highest favours Sir.

Pri Some of you should advise him to a little more sobriety, then *Clearcus* will allow of; —— I apprehend *Silvander*, that the *Corinthian* will quarrel, for my refusing to treat his Marriage with *Theodosia*, whom I design another way; —— —— she has aversion to him.

Sil The Princes may be excus'd for her dislike, unto so fierce a man, the *Corinthian* Prince, is all fire, and fury, which does fright, not win affection.

Pr. If *Theodosia* will be advised by me, I shall provide better for her; —— you know *Lonzartes* right *Silvander*! if he were reclaim'd, I would wish him to my Daughter.

Sil. I have some thoughts Sir, that *Lonzartes* does Consort with wild *Clearcus*, and complies in all his Vanities, onely to avoid your Jealousie, of his

his higher thoughts of interest in the State! he is no fool Sir.

Pr. I wish it prove not too much his Nature, to be so debauch'd, for he has not higher thoughts of State interest then I have for him; he has been wrong'd *Silvander*, and I will endeavour to do him right if he'l be worthy of it. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Lonzartes *and* Clearcus *in a Garden.*

Cle. Why, this grave face to me *Lonzartes?*

Lon. Thou art so wild, that I have lost my credit by conversing with thee, which I must redeem, by keeping better company hereafter.

Cle. Wisely resolved, and in good time declared; —— I have indeed observ'd, that you of late converse with Ladies, and delight in rich lac'd Sattin, and in Silver Petticoates; as if you meant to turn Apostate, from the freedom we have had, and now seek your game in secret, my *Lonzartes.*

Lon. If I should, pray which is most Honourable? And most suitable to my Quality? The dayly terrour of getting such diseases, as inhabit your dark houses, has frighted me into better purposes.

Cle. Your Quality! I wish your Princeship had all the Ladies you desire, so I might have like freedom with their Maids.

Lon. I shall not spoyle your Market, but leave you those cheap Cattel, at your own price.

Cle. See the difference now, between your Pride, and my Humility; you have studied, learn'd discourses to, such as must justifie your conversion (as you call it) but have never weighed the difference of our crimes; —— such thoughts *Lonzartes*, do move, my tender Conscience, to take what I

can find, for ready money; which I freely enjoy, without thoſe frights you daily feel.

Lon. Thou doſt miſtake me, and exclaimeſt againſt crimes, I never underſtood.

Cle. You can counterfeit I know, and may cozen all the World but me! I will not give my freedom up, to ſuch follies as you ſerve, to be Maſter of all your wiſhes.

Lon. I ſhall not labour to convert you, but will take leave to diſpiſe your mean waies, while you envy mine.

Cle. Envy! by *Violins* eyes, I do diſpiſe you, and your wayes, and will wager any thing you dare, that I enjoy this night a beauty more exact, then any cloath of Gold Dame you treat with, I envy you! no, I pitty you *Lonzartes*, that after ſuch experience, at your years, you ſhould be fool'd ſo; —— confeſs now ſeriouſly, if you have ever met a better ſhape, a ſofter, or a whiter skin, or any more ſweet, or more bewitching fair, and lovely, then my *Angelica*.

Lon. If I have not! what then?

Cle. Why? ſhe ſhall be Fine, and rich araid, when I ſo pleaſe! I can call her *Sultaneſs* too! and by my fancy, raiſe her above thoſe, the World allows of.

Lon. I do believe thee, and thy fancy, alike Extravagant.

Cle. But why ſo ſerious on the ſuddain? and ſo dull? you ſhall have good Chear, and good Company to night, at the old place.

Lon. I ſhall get an ill Conſcience by it!

Cle. That ſauce, agrees not with the Dainties we

we muſt feed on, pray lay by your Conſcience, untill morning.

Lon. I wiſh I were well rid of thee, all thy *Rhetorick*, ſhall never ingage me, to meet ſuch company again.

Cle. Why pray, how can you ſpend your time better?

Lon. I do begin to hate my ſelf, and will love thee no longer.

Cle. Very good; — Are not you the moſt debauch'd man in *Syracuſa*? (except my ſelf!) how come you by this Impudence? to bluſh for going to a merry meeting? Is not your own Lodging, beyond a Scandal? are not all the Wenches in that Street, your Pentioners? — not love me! I will ſtudy to ſcorn you, and your love for ever; I diſpiſe a man that does forſake his Principles.

Lon. I begin to hate thy over-much lewdneſs, and to ſee my own Deformities.

Cle. Not love me!

Lon. Come, I do love thee, too well I love thee, ſhall we go home, and put off this meeting?

Cle. Lonzartes, though I do love your Friendſhip, I do hate this Humour in you, that thus would lay a blemiſh on me.

Enter to them Lindamira *and* Tereſa, *not at firſt ſeen.*

Ter. See *Lindamira*, the two wild Princes are in our way, how ſhall we get by 'um?

Lin. Put on a confidence beyond theirs, and 'twill amaze them!

Ter. Can that be ?

Lin. I'le be your Forlorne Hope, do but ſecond me, and I'le ſecure your paſs this time; —— You'l ſee them ſtart, ſhoot aſide, as from a *Bazaiske!* the honeſt woman!

Ter. Barbarous! — I have heard indeed, they ſhun all virtuous women!

Lin. They alwaies look over us, as if they ſaw us not; but where they have an intereſt, or hope to gain it, they can like ſubtil Serpents, humbly creep, to flatter and betray.

He now ſees the Ladies.

Cle. A prize, a prize *Lonzartes*, each of us one; let us reconcile for this booty, and diſpute at leaſure; —— yon cloſe walk invites; —— which will you aſſault?

Lon. Neither, they are both virtuous?

Cle. Who knows that? have they done ſucking?

Lin Doſt thou think there be none virtuous, beyond their infancy!

Cle. Yes, much too many, but I hope better of theſe; give me the woman, and keep her virtue to your ſelf: — I'le charge 'um both, there may be a Critical minute for me; —— fair Ladies.

Lin. Hold my Lord, you are out at firſt, one of us is very brown I aſſure you.

Cle. You do not think your ſelf ſo, or if you do, you think brown the beſt Madam.

Lin I do indeed, think my beauty ſuch, as may prejudice your Lordſhip, if you dwell on it; which gave me boldneſs, to interrupt your ſet Speech; leaſt you engage paſt retreating; — our buſineſs is to find the Princeſs. *Cle.*

Cle. And ours, to entertain those, who have nothing else to do.

Lin. How would you entertain us my Lord?

Cle. As young Gallants, use to treat fair Ladies; with love, and our best service.

Lin. I have no imployment for so great a Servant as your Lordship, and for love, I understand it not.

Cle. That you may do is my ambition.

Lin. Nay, if you be come to ambition already! I guess your love will grow to such a Monster, in a moment, that I dread the thought on't.

Cle. You cut me off so short, you cannot apprehend, what I would say.

Lin. Therefore I do it, because I do not care to hear.

Cle. What have I done Madam, to merrit this neglect from you?

Lin. In the behalf of all our sex, I am the chosen Champion, against all men, who do believe, all Women do admire 'um.

Cle. When shall I have leave to speak? that I may inform you better.

Lin. When I have done.

Cle. When will that be?

Lin. When I am gone.

Cle. How can you be inform'd in absence?

Lin. As much as I desire to know, I know already; — my good wishes shall attend your Lordship; — come *Teretia*; we may finde the Princess in the other walks.

Exeunt.

Lon. Now Sir, how do you like this Ladies mettle?

Cle. Why well, I like her, and her humour very well.

Lon. You thought her a sure prize.

Cle. I did but hope so at the first, now I am sure of her, she is my own, if ever we do meet alone;— by this severity, she has cozen'd *Teretia*, and you, and confirm'd me.

Lon. I must laugh, to think how thou art mistaken, in this innocent freedom virtuous women use, and would give a good summe, to see thee but converse a moneth or two, with persons of Honour, which I believe would reclaim thee, and fix those virtues, now lost in a *Chaos* of wild actions.

Cle. I marry, if you could shew me a woman, that would not be won; I would fancy some delight, to pass away an hour or two, at ilde times; but all that I do meet with, are mine, before I wish it; so that I am alwayes forc'd to stand upon my guard amongst 'um.

Lon. Thats no wonder, amongst those women you converse with;— shall I chuse you a mistris? and if you get her! let the reproach be mine.

Cle. Shall she be worth my pains? if so! I will think on't, when I have time to throw away;— come will you go with me yet?

Lon. I'le stay here a while.

Cle. I'le go before then, and make ready for you.

Exit.

Lon.

Lon. What pitty tis, ſuch parts ſhould be ſo drown'd! —

Though I reſolve to quit, I'me guilty ſtill
If longer I do countenance his ill.

Enter to him, as in the Garden, Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Ladies, and* Silvander.

Theodocia. Lonzartes I have been laughing at *Lindamiras* relation of *Clearcus* humour; ſhe ſayes, ſhe has abus'd him his own way, in the behalf of all honeſt women, whom he declares againſt.

Lon. The encounter indeed was pleaſant, but the ſucceſſe is beyond her gueſs! for ſhe thinks, that her neglects, have daſh'd his hopes, by which he is grown confident, that her ſeeming ſcornes, were onely to dazle our eyes, while he doubts not to gain an intereſt.

Lin. I wiſh him joy my Lord, of his quick Victory, the next encounter, will decide this difference of Opinions.

Pan. But how dare you *Lindamira*, enter the liſts of wit? with young *Clearcus*, who has the ſharpeſt tongue in *Syracuſa*.

Lin. There is no conteſt ſo eaſie, his whole diſcourſe to women, is ever of love, or ſomething like it! and does believe that all our ſouls, delight in nothing elſe, which makes me interrupt him ſtill as he begins, and never hear him out.

Sil. Is that civil, to a perſon, of his Quality?

The. Is he not angry, when you ſlight him ſo?

Lin. No Madam, I am his mirth, and he is mine.

Lon.

Lon. If *Pandora* would permit! I do fancy his converſion might be wrought by her, and his Eclips'd virtues, made to ſhine brighter then his vices do.

Sil. 'Twill be a noble undertaking Madam.

Lin. I wiſh he were within my cure.

Pan. We'l joyne our forces *Lindamira*, for I ſhall eaſily conſent unto ſo good a work, as may reclaim ſo great a perſon as *Clearcus*; a man ſo near alied unto the Duke! —— but how muſt this Charitable work be done?

Lon. If you Madam, will admit his viſits? for a Moneth or two, the cure of courſe will follow; for he who never yet convers'd with civil woman, will ſurely be concern'd, when he ſhall ſee the harmleſs mirth, that virtue does allow, to perſons of your Quality!

Pan. So, I be ob'liged no further then to civil v'ſits, his birth does require that for him, which I deny to no man.

Lin. Leave the reſt to me.

Tbe. How happy are you Couſin, that may diſpoſe of your ſelf as you pleaſe! I muſt ſpeak, and look, and move, as my Father, and the State directs me.

Pan. Great Princes indeed, are bound to ſome ſtrict Rules, moſt Subjects underſtand not?

Lin. Your Highneſs complains without a cauſe, we hear the Duke will leave you to your own choiſe, only he will recommend.

Tbe. When Parents recommend, tis ſo like command, it frights me to think whom it may be.

Pan.

Pan. Now you are safe from the *Corinthian*, have no fear untill you see occasion for it.

The I wish my dear Cousin, you would marry too, I should then like it better. I now dread to put on that yoak, by all the World so much desired?

Pan. Will my being in the pound, get your Highness out off it? why would you have me run the hazzard, to loose that happiness I now am sure of? by a single life; —— If men did ever appear in their own likeness! we might chuse some one, amongst many, worth the having, but in our sights, they are alwayes disguis'd in such shapes, and humours, as they believe we like best, and so cozen us, and themselves too; for if they make us unhappy, it seldome failes, but we make them so.

Lin. No Oracle ever spoke truer; I am of your Sect Madam, (as to matters of Faith!) yet I would gladly have a Husband, though it be dangerous to put my heart into anothers keeping (And as my learn'd Author saves,) to give my freedom up, unto I know not whom! (nor ever can do, till I have him) —— this were a sadd condition Madam, if we had not the same Arts to cozen them, that think to cozen us.

The. Would I could get a merry heart, like yours *Lindamira*.

Lin I'le present your Highness with a piece of mine, I have enough for both.

Enter

Enter Messenger.

Messenger. Madam, The Prince calls for you;

The. I attend him, pray Cousin go with me to my Father.

Exeunt Ladies.

Lon. A few such Excellent women would make this World a Paradice! — how have I walk'd in the dark, till now? how strangely been misled, by my affection to *Clearcus*? that have approv'd, and acted in all his ills; begun upon design, and led on, till custome has almost chang'd my nature, but will no more.

Enter Clearcus *to him.*

Cle. How now *Lonzartes*? walking alone? take heed the Devil find thee not at leasure.

Lon. A greater then thy self, can hardly find me.

Cle. Very gravely replyed, if I mistake not, you are whimpering after some great Lady, and now practizing to play the fool wisely, to spend your time, adoring you know not who, nor why.

Lon. Thou art still ith' wrong.

Cle. Let us meet then, at the old place to night.

Lon. That's a freedom, I shall never take more; you have converted me, beyond all the Homilies I ever read, you have made me ashamed of my self for being so long like you.

Cle. Oh Hypocrite! what new piece have you got

got? that I must not be trusted with; come tell me, and I'le cry up your Austere purpose, and rail at your conversion, as if I did believe it.

Lon. When you see me next in ill company, I am then that Hypocrite you mention.

Cle. Out upon these tender Consciences, they spoyle more mirth, then they are worth; let old folks hear Homilies, while we enjoy the time we have, and not whine away our youth, on dreams of virtue, which signifie we know not what.

Lon. Peace *Clearcus*, thou art not half so ill as thou appearest; but dost glory in talking worse, then thou canst be.

Cle. What should we talk of more then what we most delight in?

Lon. Of nothing less, because we often do delight in what we ought not own; — Is't not enough to offend the Gods through frailty, which perverse nature does invite us to; but we must provoke Heaven, beyond sence, and appetite, by our discourse, as if we studied to defie those Powers, we ought to tremble at.

Cle. I hate Hypocrisie.

Lon. And I abhor to aggravate my crimes, by such unnecessary boastings, as thy wild brain delights in; when I offend I am sorry for it, dost thou all honesty dispise, all virtue slight?

Cle. How I *onzartes*, will you confine honesty, and virtue, to the fruition of one woman only? Fie, what a scandal is this to man-kind, as if there were no honesty, nor virtue but in such chast breasts as yours? what an affront to this good company, pray speak Gentlemen, is any here of

of his opinion? can you *Lonzartes* ſhew me one young man, that looks as he were guilty? or any ſo old, who would be thought ſo weak? — Is this a fit deſign, to ſet up your Title to the Dukedom?

Lon. I ſee this is not the hour for your Converſion.

Cle. Nor ſhall ever live to ſee that hour, I hope.

Lon. Nor you I fear, ever live to taſt, and reliſh the true felicity obtain'd, by ſuch a conqueſt on thy ſelf; but I will pray for thee, and thy converſion.

Cle. I had rather your Lordſhip were at *Jeruſalem*, then ſee that day of my converſion; what have I done *Lonzartes?* to deſerve ſuch ill from you, do not provoke me to a revenge.

Lon. Revenge, for what?

Cle. Can you aske for what? ſuppoſe the gods ſhould hear your prayers, and turn my heart, how miſerable a man were I, how ſhould I ſpend my time, for forty years to come; Is it not enough to forſake your cauſe, but you muſt ſeduce me too? *Lonzartes*, if you pray for me, I ſhall curſe you heartily; I dare ſtay no longer with him.

Exit Clearcus.

Lon. *If this brave man this humour could expell*
His virtues would his vices far excell.

I have put on this Cloak of wantonneſs onely to avoid being thought a ſerious man, leaſt the Duke grow jealous of my pretentions to his Crown; — while the Duke is civil and I am ſafe; — he ſhall be ſo too? — But if I find deſigns

designes against me; I have Friends, and force enough, to gain my right by this; — Oh but *Theodocia* does unman me quite; — when I look on her, all these high thoughts do vanish, and I become the humblest creature in the Court: —

I have no Title, that I ere shall owne,
Unless she daine to raise me to the Throne.

THE SECOND ACT.

Enter Lonzartes *alone*, Clearcus *hearkning at the Door.*

Lon. OH *Cloris, Cloris!* what ſtange unwonted pains I feel? what fears? what new diſeaſe conceales my blood? — if it be love, twill not offend the gods, becauſe my ſoul does now rejoyce to find, Beauty and Virtue ſo divine, that both may be well worſhipp'd at one Shrine.

Clearcus *chaps him hard on the Shoulder.*

Cle. Are you talking in your ſleep *Lonzartes*? or is it ſome divine medication, thus tranſports you?

Lon. You are too rude *Clearcus.*

Cle. I cry you mercy Sir, you can be angry then I ſee; I thought your converſion, had ſet you above ſuch paſſions, as we wicked men are ſubject too.

Lon. I do confeſs thou didſt make me ſtart, and ſpeak haſtily, but I am not angry, nor can be with thee. *Imbraces him.*

Cle. I'le try your temper preſently, — Oh Beauty and Virtue ſo Divine, both may be worſhipped in one ſhrine; Ha, ha, ha.

Lo

Lon. What of this, you heard me repeat an old Song.

Cle. An old Song to a new Tune *Lonzartes*: doſt thou pray for my Converſion this way? muſt I get a *Cloris* to ſigh after? —— as thou doſt; —— I have heard all, and have obſerv'd thee too, I and do gueſs who *Cloris* is, —— come, tell me quickly, that way to oblige me to ſilence; for if by my own skill, I do diſcover her, I'le lay thee open to the World, tell me who *Cloris* is, leaſt I tell thee; Adiew. *Exit.*

Lon. How can he diſcovee that I love, when I know it not yet my ſelf? —— Yet I may admire her, and by my adoration of her virtues. ——

Be by them, from all meaner paſſions freed,
When this new virtue, ſhall my vice exceed. Exit.

Enter Geta.

Geta. What the Devil ailes my Lord? his wonted mirth is changed into *beyboes*, and twenty times a day, he ſends me on ſleeveleſs Errants, that he may be alone; I think Lord *Clearcus* will prove the wiſeſt man at laſt; —— I have been five times this morning to enquire, if the Princeſs be in health! if ſhe be ſtirring, or if near ready! if ſhe go to the Temple! —— And after dinner I muſt enquire, if ſhe have dyned! if ſhe comes forth in publick! if ſhe ride abroad; and thus twenty times a day, he tires me, with theſe ſilly Errants, when I might aske them all at once, and ſave much labour; I'le try if I can find ſome way to contract theſe Embaſſies; —— tis well for my Lord, that his man is wiſer then himſelf. *Exit.*

Enter Silvander *with* Lindamira, *and her Maid.*

Sil. Do not my looks *Lindamira* enough expreſs what I would ſay?

Lin. Yes, to me, who do diſcern your paſſion thus ſuppreſſed, more clear, then by thoſe loud noyſes, which ſome Lovers moſt delight in.

Sil. But how ſhall I be aſſured, this is not Raillery?

Lin. Cannot you judge by my looks, as well as I by yours? what kind of ſecurity do you require? I have no Citizens that will be bound for my good behaviour!

Sil. A ſerious word or two, with a kind look confirm'd, will ſecure me againſt the World.

Lin Will this look ſerve? and I am yours, ſuffice for words? with this hand given from my heart I ingage beyond your wiſh.

Sil. It does, may I be——

Lin. Nay, no ſtrange lines I beſeech you, make me not jealous by profeſſing more then I expect.

Sil. I am confirmed.

He Kiſſes her hand.

Lin I ſhall try your temper, if my merry humour hold!

Sil. 'Tis that free Innocence, I moſt adore.

Lin. And that I can afford enough off, at an eaſie rate.

Enter

{ *Enter* Clearcus *to them,* }
{ Silvander *goes off.* }

Lin. Your Lordſhip was going another way, pray let not me divert you, my lodging is far off.

Cle. Madam, I have long ſought an opportunity to kiſs your hands there.

Lin. You may do it here, and ſave the labour of going ſo far for nothing.

Cle. Do you call that honour nothing, which I do prize above the World? and would give all my intereſt on Earth, to purchaſe one kiſs of your fair hand, by a free conſent.

Lin The World is little beholding to your Lordſhip, for ſo low a value, that will give all your intereſt on Earth, for a kiſs of my hand, and this I muſt in civility, look, as if I did believe.

Cle I'le ſwear it Madam.

Lin Thats as eaſily done, as ſaid, but I am hard of Faith.

Cle. How ſhall I obtain more credit?

Lin. I'le ſhew you a ſhort way; bring me a conveyance of half your Land, and you ſhall have two kiſſes of my hand, three if you pleaſe; and as you like your Market, you may have more, for the other half of your Eſtate! and this is much cheaper then to give all the World for ſuch an honour.

Cle. Why do you mock me? who truly love, and honour you above all women! by thoſe fair eyes I do.

Lin. How can I believe it? when I know you talk thus to every woman that you meet.

Cle. May my hopes nere prosper, if you are not the only object of my heart.

Lin. No touching good my Lord, my Affairs calls me away, I must be gone.

He proffers to kiss her hand.

Cle. And I must wait on you home Madam.

Lin. Ile rather stay here this Twelve-month, then give your Lordship that trouble.

Cle. Am I such a Monster, in the opinion of all Women, as you make me?

Lin. I must take care you make not me one; — Oh happy deliverance!

Enter to them, Theodocia, *and* Pandora, *and* Silvander.

Cle. This is such a piece of nicety, as I nere met before; — these are no company for me.

Exit.

The. Stay *Clearcus*, I would speak with you; — my Cousin *Pandora* tells me, you Court *Lindamira*, which her self does not much deny.

Cle. I am practizing I must confess, how to talk to Ladies, and have learnt some Speeches to that purpose, whereof *Lindamira* has had her share.

The. You have mocked her then! and intend her onely for your mirth!

He makes a legg.

Lin. Methinks his silence, and that legg, shew more love to me, then I know what to do with.

Sil. Excellent Girle! how she playes with his wanton humour! *Aside.*

Enter to them Lonzartes.

Cle. Nay, if *Lonzartes* fall on me too? I shall be over-whelmed with wisdome.

Lon. Now there is some hope of him, his look is Civillized already.

Pan. Are you not pleased *Clearcus?* to see the whole Court concerned for you? to see your self so valued, methinks it should stir up the Noble Blood of your great Ancestors, to set you on to such actions, as may out-shine their stories, and not loose one day more, in your wild waies.

Cle. Madam, Your Language, and your Looks, agree with your great soul; I can be proud to be so taught, when the Princess *Theodocia*, and you direct, twere great stupidity to shew neglect; — but in my Opinion Madam, one of a Family is enough to be a Saint; — twould take from great *Lonzartes* credit, and render his conversion no rarity; if I should become virtuous too.

The. *Pandora*, and I, are much obliged to you, for your good opinion of us, I wish all our Sex were so too.

Cle. My opinion and my practise, differ very much Madam; I do honour virtue in your Sex, as much as any man; but my Tallent lies the other way, *Lonzartes* does enough Illustrate the *Platonnick* Name, and Eminently maintain, that high *Seraffick* flame, which is above my reach.

Lon. Tell me now *Clearcus*, is there not more

reliſh in this Converſation? then with your *Getinas*, and your *Angelinas*! —— that bluſh ſhewes well, there is ſome hopes of grace in that bluſh

Cle. Hold your prattling, my converſion does not belong to you.

Lon. I hope I may direct you to a Lady, that will work that wonder.

Cle. Hold your peace then, till we be alone.

The. We'l be gone *Pandora*, and not hinder ſo good a work; —— you ſhall neither of you go with us, —— but if you pleaſe *Clearcus*, *Lindamira* may walk with you a little longer.

Cle. No Madam, I have enough of her already, ſhe out-wits me; we ſhall nere agree.

Lin. I have got credit enough for a young Souldier, by my honourable Retreat, from ſo hot a charge.

{*Exeunt* Silvander, *and* Ladies.

Lon. Let us now perſue our Argument, for thy Converſion.

Cle. It comes on a pace; —— what a fine Gentleman are you grown, ſince the Spirit of Chaſtity has poſſeſt you? and I muſt live chaſt that I may have the Honour, and Felicity to be in love! —— to be a fool! to intangle my ſelf in nerts that I ſhall nere get out of! I'le none of it.

Lon. Let my old Friend-ſhip ſo far prevail, that on my requeſt you will ſometimes converſe with *Pandora*, if thy viſits do ingage her to undertake thy cure! and ſhe do work that Miracle! ſhe muſt value what her ſelf has made worthy of her

ſelf

ſelf; for ſo wilt thou be, if thy wandring fancy, were once fixt?

Cle. So then all this buſsle, is to make me in love; though you know, I have been a thouſand times in love already.

Lon. I *Clearcus*, I know thy thouſands, but I would have thee once in love.

Cle. I never will be mad, as you are; yet to give you, and the World ſatisfaction in this point; I will condemn my ſelf to one Months pennance, and make experiment to look, and talk as idlely with *Pandora*, as you do with your Divineſt *Cloris*! — If I were ſure *Pandora* were not to be won; I could fancy a pretty kind of paſtime, by raiſing my deſires to hopes of what I cannot have! but I could never meet a woman yet, that was impregnable; and my nature is not capable of being converted, by any that I can conquer; — Pray Sup at my Chamber this night.

Lon. I will not fayle, if you will go with me unto *Pandora*? —

And viſit her, while this good motion's warm,
'Gainſt all your feares, I'le fit you with a charm.

Cle. I go.

Exeunt.

Enter

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Lon. Let my old Friend-ſhip ſo far prevail, that on my requeſt you will ſometimes converſe with *Pandora*, if thy viſits do ingage her to undertake thy cure! and ſhe do work that Miracle! ſhe muſt value what her ſelf has made worthy of her

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And viſit her, while this good motion's warm,
'Gainſt all your feares, I'le fit you with a charm.

Cle. I go.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Pandora *with* Lindamira *and* Ladies *in her Chamber, and* Silvander.

Pan. Lindamira you must be my second, they will be two, to one else.

Lin. Gladly Madam, I cannot wish a gentler Enemy, then him that thinks he has me at his mercy.

Pan. But if you be over-sharp upon him, you may hinder the great work, we undertake! and make him hate all honest Women for our sakes.

Lin. I shall use him with more Art, and lead him on with hopes, that all our Sex do scramble for him; — if I can fit his Fancy, and his Wit, I'le ingage him in a concern for you, and then mannage my young Gallant to my will, till I confute his common places, so often urged to the prejudice of Ladies, I cannot fancy better sport, then to see him mad in love with you Madam.

Pan. The gods forbid, I would not cure him at that rate, for my own sake, and his; least that prove a greater evil, then he now has; I shall be very careful, to give him no incouragement, for thoughts of that nature, my undertaking is not beyond a common civillity, as to all others of his Rank.

Lin. That will do it, if I mistake not; — and catch you both I hope, — here he comes?

Ente

{*Enter* Lonzartes, *and* Clearcus.}

Lon. Madam, I have brought my Friend to kiſs your hand.

Cle. Thus far Madam, in order to my ingagement, I have given you the trouble of the firſt viſit, I ever made againſt my will.

Pan. Your Lordſhip, does me honour; came you now from Court?

Cle. Yes Madam, and left the Princeſs *Theodocia* in great complements with her kind Father, who has now declared againſt the proud *Corinthian*, and given *Theodocia* her free choice where ſhe pleaſe.

Pan. You tell me News, beyond my hopes, this will raiſe the Princeſs drooping Spirits again; I wonder ſhe is not here by this time.

Lon. The Duke and ſhe, are not yet parted Madam; — how now *Lindamira*, are you tongue-tyed? no welcome for my Friend, to encourage him to like of civil company; — You look as if you feared to looſe your Gallant.

Cle. No, no, ſhe knows ſhe has too faſt hold of my heart, to part ſo eaſily.

Lin. Tis Honour enough for me, to be in the number of your Martyrs Sir.

She Sighes.

Pan. How long have you two been acquainted?

Lin. Ever ſince laſt night Madam.

She Sighes.

Pan. And doſt thou ſigh already?

Lin.

Lin. 'Tis onely to give you warning, by my harmes.

Pan. I thank your care, but I am arm'd againſt the World.

Cle. That's good News *Lonzartes*, there is ſome hope, ſhe has made firm reſolves againſt Wedlock; that I may aſſault her with ſecurity. — *Aſide.*

Lon. You may, you may.

Cle Madam, You ſpeak, as if you held mankind at a defiance.

Pan. By way of Marriage, I do, but I can value all men that I ſee worthy.

Cle. He muſt be a bold man, who does deſigne beyond the favours you allow, but have you made vowes againſt marriage Madam?

Pan. No vowes, but ſuch reſolves, as are unchangable.

Lon. You are ſevere to men.

Lin. If all Women were of your opinion Madam? how ſhould the World be Peopled?

Cle. I marry Madam, that was well urg'd.

Pan. I thought I *indamira* you would have been on my ſide

Lin. So I am, when you are in the right, this is our common cauſe; Suppoſe you bring theſe two Lords, and they bring twenty more, to be of your judgement, and this Hereſie ſhould ſpread; what will become of us, who think of nothing elſe but Marriage?

Lon. She tells you true Madam, when her own concern is at ſtake, you may excuſe her.

Pan. I do, and will make good my argument alone. *Cle.*

Cle. Never to Marry Madam?

Pan. Never my Lord, is my full resolve.

Cle. You are the happiest, and the wisest Lady living! and I the joyfullest man, if you'l permit me to adore you at this distance, for I am of your own opinion Madam.

Iin. Two Fannaticks well met.

Pan So long as your respects be free from love, my house is open to you.

Cle. You are all witnesses, that this Lady does adopt me her avow'd Gallant, on the conditions before mentioned: — you give me leave Madam to talk of love, and to carry up this jest, as high, as he who really does love.

Pan I do, so it be ever in Publick; all private visits, and all whisperings are excepted.

Cle. 'Tis enough Madam; — This is a pretty kind of Entertainment, I never thought of: *Lonzartes* thou art in the right, this will be sport beyond my hope.

Lon But how does *Lindamira* like, to see her new Gallant, thus taken from her?

Cle. 'Tis her own fault, she might have fix'd me another way, if she had been wise.

Pan Indeed *Lindamira*, I thought not of your concern, and did conclude too rashly, but I will use my interest on your behalf.

Iin 'Twill not be needfull Madam, I know all his professions to you, are meant to me.

Cle Very prettily contrived, — This is a new kind of wit, I never heard of; so then you are to love me, in spite of your teeth, and I you, in spite of mine; what will this come to at last?

Lon.

Lon. Mirth man, all the year a constant mirth: —— Is not this better then spending your time in a smoaky house, with your old Acquaintance?

{*Silvander*, and *Lindamira* do converse while the others talk.

Cle. I cannot tell you that, till I have tryed this, as long as I have the other.

Lin. Pray my Lord, do not perswade your Friend, all this earnest is a jest, I allow you as much mirth, as you please, so the conclusion be serious.

Pan. We leave the success unto the Fates; —— *Clearcus* may in time have pitty on you *Lindamira*, he does not yet believe, you are in earnest.

Cle. Nor ever shall do Madam, till I see her heart break, and then 'twill be too late.

Lin. He dissembles well, for so young a Schollar Madam.

Lon. We have done all well me thinks, and now tis time that we retire.

Cle. How soon may I make my next visit to you Madam?

Pan. As often as you please my Lord, at publique hours.

{*Exeunt* Silvander, *and two Lords.*

Lin. How did I perform my part Madam?

Pan. You fell too soon into your humour, he sees you mock him.

Lin.

Lin. That's all I ayme at, he has too much wit to be abuſed; my onely buſineſs is to let him ſee, that he cannot cozen me; —— I believe you will ſee this Scene changed, at his next viſit, if I have any skill, you will be troubled with him.

Pan I am arm'd at all points, againſt all men, and him moſt.

[*Enter* Theodocia, *and Ladies.*]

The. Oh Couſin! I am freed from all my fears, and come to rejoyce with you.

Pan. I have rejoyced already Madam, and have begun a Scene of mirth, will hold us long; —— Had your Highneſs come a little ſooner, you had found the late Convert *Lonzartes*, and his Friend *Clearcus* here, who is become my avowed Gallant, and looks as if he liked our company already.

The. Then you have hopes to cure him; —— Pray order it ſo, as I may come to your next meeting, my heart is now ſo light, that I could play with any thing; —— Can I have no part in your Comedy?

Lin. For two reaſons, your Highneſs can onely be a looker on, tis petty Treaſon to make love to you, though in jeſt; and then your beauty is too dangerous to be dallied with; theſe be edge-tools, too ſharp for us to play with.

The. Why may not Princes participate in ſuch innocent mirth? we make ſtricter Rules then need; true virtue will ſhine through ſuch thin clouds without a prejudice, and be above the reach of vile tongues.

Pan.

Pan. I Madam, if you could shew a rule, to distinguish between Innocence and Guilt; — But we often see that Angelical virtues are aspersed, by malicious tongues, and no quality exempt, from rude censures.

Lin. I differ in opinion, Princes may enjoy harmless mirth, as freely as we; to be too much reserved, does look like disguise.

Tbe. I would be so merry *Lindamira*, as should defie all scandall, and with an open face justifie it to the world; to wear alwayes a stiff-state face, is intollerable.

Pan Private persons may be bold that way, when few eyes observe, — But Princes are set on *Pirameds*, for all to see, and imitate.

Tbe. You shall not fright me from your mirth, with this grave lecture, are they not, both my near Relations, whom you endeavour to reclaim? why may not I share in so worthy a designe? — I fear *Lindamira* she doubts least I may gain her Gallant from her.

Lin She may well be jealous, if your Highness undertake him, I shall have small hopes, if you two quarrel for him.

Tbe. Why *Lindamira*? is *Silvander* vanished?

Lin. No Madam, the more Trophies I can fairly get by Victories on others, will raise his Conquest higher, who gaines me from the rest.

Tbe. Thou art safe, and mayest say any thing *Silvander* is thy security against all scandal, though you carry it thus unconcern'd, the secret spread

Lin. *'Tis time it should do so, now we do own*
Our love, tis fit the secret should be known.

Pan

Your Highneſs may aſſiſt, while you look on,
Though onely we, the active part do own.

The. Let us retire to council then.

Exeunt.

{*Enter* Teretia, *and* Geta.}

Ter. What is thy buſineſs honeſt *Geta*? How does *Lonzartes* thy brave Lord?

Geta. My Lord is in good health of body Madam, his brains are only out of order.

Ter. How meaneſt thou *Geta*, has he got a blow on his head?

Geta. Only ſome fumes from his heart Madam, makes his head addle, tis call'd the Spleen of late, and much in faſhion; his Lordſhip does deſire to know the Princeſs mind this morning, what ſhe meanes to do all day?

Ter. This will be a hard queſtion to the Princeſs faſting, why would he know all this now?

Geta. Becauſe he has ſome great affairs for me to mannage, and cannot ſpare me to ask, ſo often as I uſe to do.

Ter. Of what nature, be thy particular queries *Geta*?

Geta. He would know how ſhe ſlept laſt night? in what health now? by what hour ſhe will be reſt? when to her devotions? and then, where ſhe walks this morning? and if ſhe dine in pub-lique? then how ſhe intends to paſs her time till night? elſe I muſt come twenty times, for

what you may at once dispatch me.

Ter. And does *Lonzartes* send thee, to enquire all this at once?

Geta. These women are so silly, they cannot reach a deep design; —— No but he does every day make me trouble my self, and every body that I meet, to ask these questions severally, which I would do at once, to shew him I am a man of quick dispatch. } *Aside.*

Ter. Oh! is that the matter? I can fit thee with one answer to all these; —— Tell thy Lord, the Princess did take cold last night, and will keep her bed all day.

Geta. I like it well, and wish her Highness would do so this moneth.

Ter. Out Traytor, I'le make thy Lord braine thee for that with.

Geta. Why Madam? I meant no harm, 'twas but to save you the trouble, and me the same questions to morrow, and so on till Doomsday, I think.

Ter. Well Sirra, for this time, 'le not complain of you, this Jest shall excuse your knavery.

Geta. This will be a play day for me, I like this lying a Bed well.

Exeunt

THE THIRD ACT.

{ *Enter* Lonzartes, *and* Clearcus. }

Cle. TEll me then who *Cloris* is?

Lon. I dare not truſt thee yet.

Cle. I will know now, or break all Friendſhip with you.

Lon. I ſwear I muſt not yet.

{ *Enter to them* Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Ladies, and* Silvander. }

Cle. Then look to your ſelf, leaſt I diſcover *Cloris.*

The. Where did you leave my Father *Lonzartes*?

Lon. I have not ſeen the Prince to day Madam.

The. I was told, that you were walking with him juſt now.

Cle. That may well be Madam; for his braines do crow of late; —— do ye ſee how he ſtands; —— *Lonzartes* the Princeſs ſpeaks to ye.

Lon. To me, does your Highneſs command me any thing?

{ Silvander, *and* Lindamira *entertain themſelves in whiſper.* }

Cle. Did not I tell you Madam, that his brains are turn'd, he neither hears, nor sees of late; — The *Idea* of his *Seraffique* love, takes him wholly up, from all converse with us mortals.

Lon. Hold your prateing, or I shall be angry.

Pan. What has made you so grave of late *Lonzartes*? all your wonted mirth is gone.

Lon. No man is alwaies in good humour Madam.

Cle. He's in love Madam, on my knowledge, o're head and eares in love.

Pan. In love, *Lonzartes*, I thought you had not been at leasure, to be in love; — 'Tis your fault *Clearcus*, that have not councell'd your Friend better.

Cle. Thus am I chid for your follie, who reject all my councels, and refuse all my approv'd Antidotes, which do preserve me against that Serpent (you call Love) while he convers'd with me, he was safe Madam.

Lon. Thou hast fool'd enough *Clearcus*, the Princess and all the company are weary of it: — If your Highness allow him this freedom, he will grow troublesome.

Ibe. Is it Love *Lonzartes*? or is *Clearcus* one merry with you?

Lon. Your Highness knows him too well, credit all he sayes this way, he is at this time, very angry that I have chid him for his lewd life, and have with-drawn my self from his ill company which he imputes to my being in love.

Cle I say he is in love, most seriously in love shall I unmask this grave Reformado, and shew you the Lady now?

Tbe. If *Lonzartes* be content, I would gladly see her, whom he thinks worthy of his heart.

Cle. No matter for his consent Madam, so you like it; — And thus I begin my tryal; — By your good leave Lady — Tis not here; — nor is it this; — nor is it you Lady? *He holds them all to Lonzartes, one by one.*

Lin. I lament the losse of such an honour.

Lon. Thou art become a pretty fool *Clearcus*, dost thou not observe how all the Court do laugh at thee?

Cle. Yes, and shall make them laugh at you, e're I have done; if *Pandora* will make the next tryall.

Pan I am content to try, what this will come to.

Cle. Now Sir, have at you; — Tis not your good fortune neither Madam.

Tbe. How can you make *Lonzartes* an amends, for all this abuse.

Cle. I will give him present satisfaction, if your Highness will permit me to bring him to you?

Tbe. To me! think you *Lonzartes* is in love with me?

Cle. Tis a *Cloris* in the clouds, one much above his reach, which you onely are Madam.

Tbe. With all my heart, I shall be proud to own his conversion, as a Trophie of my honour.

Cle. See if his guilt do not make him avoid the tryal; — stop him there; — *Lonzartes* the Princess calls you. Lonzartes *is going out.*

Lon. I'le cut thy throat.

Cle. He threatens me, — guilty I'le warrant; — now Madam, do you see no alteration in his face? —

face? — no change yet? — speak all, — you are all assistants in this Judgement. } *Lonzartes throws him off in anger.*

Lon. It will disturb a Saint, to be thus subject to the fancies of a fool.

Tbe. Be not disturb'd *Lonzartes*, you take this in earnest, which we look on as a jest, only to pass the time; *Clearcus* has more wit, then to be in earnest.

Lon. I hope your Highness will not prefer his follies, before my professions, who disclaim such a presumption.

Tbe. If you turn this jest to earnest *Lonzartes*, I shall believe *Clearcus*; — I take it now as Raillery; — I wonder *Lindamira* you get not hold of some young lovers heart?

Lin. I have twenty in store Madam, more then I know what to do with.

Pan Then you allow as many lovers, as you can get, and mean to chuse the best.

Lin. I think tis credit for women to be admir'd and honour'd by worthy men; it shews a value, to move so many to a general Esteem, and must be the womans fault, if she deserve a censure.

Tbe. You are in the right *Lindamira*, men may designe, but women may destroy, faster then they can build; my thanks unto *Clearcus* for our mirth.

Cle. Mirth ought to be our business Madam —

The angry gods affords cross Fates to give
Us griefes enough, and troubles while we live.

{ *Exeunt* Lonzartes *and* Clearcus *severally.*

Enter

{*Enter the* Prince *and* Lords, *who meet the* Ladies *going off.*}

Prince. We were now discoursing of your Gallant *Pandora*, have you hopes to work this miracle?

Pan. This Lady and I, have ventred our credits on this conversion Sir.

Prince. To reclaim him, were a good work; but suppose he fall in love with either of you.

Pan. At his peril that, let *Lindamira* look to her self, I am safe.

Lin. I have a sure retreat Sir, tis but seeming to comply, and he'l give ore; for he can love none that he can conquer, and I am resolv'd rather to be vanquish'd, then not to be rid of him when I see my time.

Sil. *Could all her Beauty with my love expire*
Her flowing Wit, would still create new fire.
[Aside.

{*Enter to them* Clearcus *and* Lonzartes.}

Prince. You two I know, come now from exercizing of your Troopes.

Cle. No Sir, we went hence just now; I wish my Troop here to guard me.

Prince. Have you an Enemy in view *Clearcus*?

Cle. I have many Sir, that have rob'd me of

my peace, I cannot ſleep of late, but have a thouſand fancies, which do ſet my brains on fire.

Prince. Take heed it prove not love.

Cle. That is the danger Sir, for if *Pandora* do keep her reſolve for ſingle life; I may be in love; for I do feel ſtrange alterations that I know not what to make of.

Lin Have you no affection left for me my Lord? can you ſo ſoon forget your laſt nights profeſſions?

Cle. Now Sir, you ſee how I am aſſaulted, I ſhall be pull'd in pieces preſently.

Prince. Silvander and I, will ſecure you from *Lindamira.*

Cle. If I were aſſured you could Sir, I ſhould like her wit, and humour well, —— but I fear, —— if I ſhould be in earneſt, ſhe would be ſo too.

Lin. You ſee his inclination is for me Madam, ſo that what ever he ſhall ſay to you hereafter, is meant to me

Cle. Nor ſo, nor ſo, ſweet Lady, I do reſpect *Pandora*, above all her Sex; you throw out hoocks to catch young Gallants, ſhe neglects thoſe are laid for her, thats my danger.

Prince. What riddle is this *Clearcus*? doſt thou deſire, that thy deſires may not be anſwered?

Cle. Yes Sir, from ſome perſons, for if my love be return'd, all ends in the fruition, (as moſt Examples ſhew,) But if *Pandora* keep her reſolve for ſingle life, then I can raiſe my fancy while I live, to Adoration of her beauty, and that virtue, with a continual delight, which will laſt while I laſt.

The. You are then my Lord, the happieſt lover living.

living, for you will find my Couſin, juſt as you wiſh.

Pan. Pray Madam, anſwer not too faſt for me, for if I find *Clearcus* a perſon of ſuch Noble Nature, beyond what I did ever hope to meet in man; I may change my Opinion of men for his ſake; and therefore 'tis beſt to find ſome other ſport, leaſt we deſtroy each other.

He ſtarts.

Cle. Look you now? I am Treypand.

Tbe. Start not *Clearcus*, ſhe but mocks you, you are both ingaged for this month to Entertain us, and your ſelves, no going off now.

Pan. I ſhall not break Covenants.

Cle. Nor I Madam, though I do ſometimes reminde you of your reſolve againſt Marriage, whereon depends my bliſs, ſecure me but of that, and I am ever yours.

Pan I ſhall endeavour what I can, to give you that ſatisfaction.

Cle. I kiſs your fair hand on that word, which has given new life to my doubtfull heart, and now I do defie *Lonzartes* gravity, to put his heart in a more loving dreſs, then mine ſhall be hereafter.

Prince. If *Lonzartes* can love too, my wonder ceaſes.

Tbe. He is my ſervant Sir, and has a chief part in the Comedy.

Prince. I like your paſtime well, but me thinks *Lonzartes* looks as if he were compell'd unto his part, and will do it ſcurvily.

Lin.

Lin. That's the sport Sir, and will afford the more variety.

Lon. I shall be glad Sir, if I might be excus'd.

The. By no means Servant, what an affront is this, that I must beg your favour, in the face of the whole Court to own me?

Prince. You must not be so grave *Lonzarres*, all is for our mirth.

Cle. Now Sir, have not I done your work for you?

Lon. Would thou wert hang'd, hold thy peace.

Cle. Give me better words, or I'le talk aloud.

Lon. Was ever man thus hamper'd, between jest and earnest?

Lin. They are comparing notes in private; there's Treachery in their faces; I'le play no more.

Prince. When begins the love *Clearcus*? this is only talking of it.

Cle. It is begun already Sir; if I had not valued this Excellent Lady above the World; I had not taine this care to secure my interest to a perpetuity.

Lin. Madam, you are not to believe a word of this, for he has with the same grave face, sworn the same to me but Yesterday.

Cle. That was in jest Madam, but now every action of my life, shall justifie each syllable I utter unto you.

Pan. I shall endeavour to believe it my Lord, and yet allow you the same Christian liberty with *Lindamira*, and the rest, as you had before.

Cle. Madam, you speak, as though you did not value

value my reſpects, now my whole ſoul is ſet to ſerve, and honour you alone.

Pan. I muſt confeſs, I cannot change my faith, ſo faſt as you do your diſcourſe; — And then as I remember my leſſon, is to keep my diſtance, leaſt I looſe my lover.

Cle. True Madam, as to comply, but you are to ſee, and credit my ambitious love, and to admit it with the ſame Eſteem, I ſerve you.

Pan. How can I do that, and not return you love for love? and then you will diſpiſe me; pray my Lord, at your next viſit, bring my part in writing, that I may not erre in it.

Prince. She is in the right *Clearcus*, you now ſeem to ſeek ſuch contradictions, as all the Court will laugh at; conſult with *Lonzartes* againſt your next viſit.

{Exit *Prince* and *Train.*

Lon. If he will follow my adviſe, he may do well Sir; — now we are alone, tell me what crotchets next? prethee make me underſtand what thou wouldeſt have *Pandora* do?

Cle. I think you were beſt releaſe me the reſidue of my month, that I may go ſeek my wits, where I laſt left them; — muſt I ſee none of my old Friends, untill this month be over?

Lon. If you conſider your promiſe, not ſee one of them.

Cle. Then ſhall I be loſt, if thoſe preſervatives be all forbid me; I do find already love will be Predominant.

Lon.

Lon. The better for you if it be; —— let us now talk ſeriouſly; —— ſuppoſe *Pandora* may be won, can you fancy a happineſs on Earth, beyond having her?

Cle. Yes, I do fancy that having twenty, is better then any one in Chriſtendom.

Lon. Thou doſt not love them, elſe, that one belov'd, has more variety then a thouſand.

Cle. Make but that good, I'le marry her to morrow.

Lon. You think then ſhe is already at your diſpoſe.

Cle. When ſhe once ſees that I am in earneſt, ſhe will be, what I will have her; and the truth is *Lonzartes*, I do like her beſt of all I ever talk'd with, and have great fear that I ſhall be like other men, who never value what they have, which makes me covet what I cannot get.

Lon. Suppoſe ſome other do obtain her, while you are thus long reſolving?

Cle. Nay, I am reſolv'd no other ſhall ever have her.

Lon. And you reſolve for her too.

Cle. Yes, ſhe cannot in Honour ingage to any, while I pretend.

Lon. Art thou turn'd fool, to think thus? be more ſerious, or thou wilt be diſpis'd.

Cle. Why do you not allow me ſome relief then? to live a whole month honeſt, will put my blood into a flame; I have tempted all I meet, and all within theſe Walls prove honeſt.

Lon. By your own Experience then, you will find that Courts are Nurſeries of virtue, and are onely

onely ſcandaliz'd by ſuch vilde perſons, as would have the cleareſt innocence aſpers'd, that their own guilts might be no wonder; —— you find few virtuous perſons, amongſt Cenſurers.

Cle. That's true, but take heed *Lonzartes*, you do not lead me into ſnares that will deſtroy me, for I already find ſome inclinations towards *Pandora*, which I am aſham'd to own, leaſt I be laugh'd at.

Lon. You have reaſon, for there can none of us believe thee.

Cle. You have made me a fine Gentleman in a few dayes; —— if *Pandora* be of your mind, adiew to your Philoſophical love.

Lon. I hope thou art too faſt to free thy ſelf. ——

Thou playeſt with flames which undiſcover'd burn,
Until they do thy heart to Aſhes turn.

Exit Lonzartes.

Cle. Did ever man betray himſelf as I have done? by putting fetters on in jeſt, which already are become ſo fixt, I cannot ſhake 'um off, but muſt humbly beg to be allow'd to worſhip that Divine Nature I ſo much diſpis'd in virtuous women, and muſt now confeſs: ——

If I do neither Faith, nor Favour find,
The god of Love is Juſt, though he be blind.

Exit.

Note, that all the Play through, when Silvander *and* Lindamira *ſpeak not, they are to whiſper as in private diſcourſe.*

Enter

{*Enter* Theodocia} {*and* Lindamira.}

Lin. If your Highneſs do conſider *Lonzartes*'s Worth, and his great Birth, as it deſerves; whoſe Anceſtor was not many Ages ſince, by yours put by this Dukedom, on a nice point, (as I have heard;) ſo that to me *Lonzartes*'s love, looks like a Divine direction, to his reſtauration.

The. I am of *Pandora*'s mind for ſingle life, and have as ſmall a value for that idle paſſion you call love, as ſhe.

Lin. Your Highneſs may as well judge what they do in *China*, as gueſs at our Felicities that love? — I can kiſs the ground that my *Silvander* treads on, with more reliſh, then all other joyes can bring me.

The. You have high fancies that lead you on to hopes, which you may never find.

Lin. Theſe hopes are more delightfull then an Age of dull life without them; if your Highneſs did converſe as much with me, as with *Pandora*, I ſhould convert you.

The. Why do you not then change her ſeverity againſt men?

Lin. I had not the Honour to be known to her, before her heart was ſet another way; but yet I'le try what I can do.

The. I wiſh *Silvander* may anſwer your expectation *Lindamira*; but if ſuch honour, and ſuch bliſs accompany your loves, why thus long carried on ith' dark? and why not yet avow'd?

Lin.

Lin. Tis now avow'd unto the Duke, though I took time to know my Gallant, before I did admit his love, and on long tryal found his silent looks, did speak more truth, then such loud noyses as most passions make

Ibe. You praise *Silvander* as if you meant to sell him.

Lin. He is no Prince Madam, and is therefore safe from you.

Ibe. The less safe, if I so pleas'd; —— do you believe his virtue, and his love so great, that I could not win him from you for a Friend of mine?

Lin. I do, and shall not think him a loss, who can be won from me, by the greatest Princess of the World?

Ibe. If I could once see such a man, I might change my opinion.

Lin. Why don't you try *Lonzartes?*

Ibe. He is too much concern'd to be play'd with; —— you dare not venture your fine man then?

Lin. I dare, and do desire it withall my heart, and do voluntarily ingage, not to work against your Highness.

Ibe. And I am resolv'd to try his faith to you, it may cure *Lonzartes* to see himself neglected, when anothers chosen, though but in jest, for I can pitty, though I do not love him.

Lin. And tis my desire to have *Silvanders* faithfull love, made Eminent by this temptation.

Enter

Enter Lonzartes, *and* Silvander *to them.*

The. In what humour left you *Clearcus* my Lords?

Lon. In such as does become his greatnesse Madam.

The. Most brave men are often puffed up with vain glory, that does Eclipse those virtues, which themselves do over-value.

Lin. Your Highness is severe to men, but all are not so vain.

The. Most are, when we do value them too much; —— yet I confess I am well pleased, when I find men worthy my Esteem.

Lin. How does that appear? when your Highness does dispise mankind by your resolves against them.

The. To shew how much you are mistaken; unpin this Jewel; —— wear this *Silvander* for my sake; I'le own it to the World, that I do value men of Worth.

Sil. Madam, I understand not what this kind of favour meanes; I hope your Highness does not chuse me for mirth.

The. Do you *Silvander* raise mirth from my Favour? —— come with me *Lindamira*; —— I do command you to stand near us within hearing; —— I will not run the hazzard of any Censure, by this tryal to satisfie my curiosity concerning lovers, such high *Romantick* lovers, who soar above the reach of all temptations.

Lin.

Lin. I ſhall obey you Madam, though I deſire it not. [*Exeunt Ladies.*

{*The Men ſtand amazed.*}

Sil. Can you gueſs *Lonzartes*, what this tends to?

Lon. 'Tis a Riddle far beyond my underſtanding. [*Exit Lonzartes.*

{Lindamira *Re-enters to* Silvander.}

Lin. Wake, wake *Silvander*, the Sun ſhines bright upon thee; *Theodocia* dotes on thy virtues, and will advance thy youth, much faſter then thy own wiſhes can propoſe.

Sil. How *Lindamira*, have you ſo mean thoughts of me?

Lin. So high thoughts, why may not the Princeſs neglect the *Corinthian* for you? ſuch things have been in ſtory.

Sil. You ſpeak, as if you wiſh'd it.

Lin. Can I wiſh you well, and not applaud it?

Sil. You cannot fancy me a greater curſe, unleſs your own heart be turn'd againſt me.

Lin. The Princeſs deſires your Company in the next Room; I can ſtay no longer.

[*Exit Lindamira.*

Sil. I have ſo much to think on, that I know not what to ſay; —— the Princeſs unexpected

favours, with *Lindamira*'s no concern, begets such wonder, as does amaze me; —— I will not go; —— and yet I must, or make my self Ridiculous, by judging what I cannot guess at. *Exit.*

< *Enter* Lonzartes. >

Lon Have I thus long ador'd the Princess? and still approach'd her with the same trembling, I draw near the Altar, for this scorn at last, —— before my face, to court a man, she knows ingaged unto another, a man of so much lower quality then I; this I confess does make my Faith stagger; —— *Silvander* was as much surpriz'd as I, —— *Lindamira* too was out of Tune; —— If *Theodocia* can go less, this change will be more my admiration, then her virtue was.

{ *Enter* Lindamira, *passing in as by him.* }

Lon Now Madam, whither so fast?

Lin. To see which way the wind blows; —— pray my Lord, where is your heart now?

Lon. In the Princess lodgings, with yours; —— or can you tell me better, where your own is?

Lin. I change my mind so often, that I know not where I left my heart last.

Lon. Are you no more concerned? Suppose *Silvander* change his opinion? Princess have mighty power to overcome mens hearts.

Lin. Why then his opinion will be chang'd? — I cannot value him, that leaves to value me; —— methinks

methinks my Lord, the Princeſs favour to *Silvander*, ſhould abate your paſſion for her.

Lon. My deſires go no higher, then to look, and wonder at her perfections! my Eſteem cannot be call'd love, beyond what Duty, and Obedience does allow; — but how does *Silvander* receive this great Honour?

Lin. They are now in private; you may judge by his exalted looks when you ſee him next; — I am glad your Lordſhip is no more concern'd.

Lon. This is a forc'd diſcourſe *Lindamira*, pray do not mock me, who have a true value of your worth.

Lin. The truth is, the Princeſs often angred at my confidence in *Silvanders* love; onely now tryes if ſhe can ſhake his faith, by higher propoſitions; — and my hope is, that his virtue may beget in her, ſome better thoughts for men, which will do your buſineſs, and confirm mine, for *Silvander* is above temptation; and I think *Lonzartes* does deſerve what he deſires.

Lon. You oblige me to ſay, your confidence does merrit the greateſt faith from man; but is *Silvander* of your Plot?

Lin. No, 'twould then be none, nor I no tryall have of his ſincerity.

Lon. Theſe are dangerous ſports, and we too late may find them ſo; — the Princeſs and you are both too bold, and do too much rely on your own beauties.

Lin. If *Silvander* can be won, I can ſmile at ſuch a loſs.

Lon. 'Tis eaſie to ſay ſo, when you fear it not;

but I have seen stout hearts fall to pieces by such a blow; —— you have setled my heart again, and I advise you from these dangerous sports, least they blow up your joyes, when you are most secure: we know our present minds, but cannot fore-see what we shall like to morrow: ——

Our Nature with such frailty is indow'd,
'Tis well if present moments be allow'd.

Exeunt Severally.

Enter Theodocia, *and* Silvander, *two Ladies at a distance*; Lindamira *is seen near observing them.*

The. Is your heart my Lord so fixt on *Lindamira*, that no Person, nor any Argument, can e're prevail with you to change?

Sil. Our Souls Madam, are so united, that I hope death can onely make that separation.

The Can no Fortune, nor any Quality invite you to Honours, and Happiness, beyond what you can ever hope from *Lindamira*? Nor a greater beauty dis-ingage your heart from her?

Sil. None can ever move me to a thought of change Madam.

The. What if she have chosen higher, and give way for your preferment also.

Sil. I can smile at all this, when your Highness is so merry; —— *Lindamira* and I Madam, do understand a happiness, can never be diffolv'd; we are above temptation.

The

The. Suppose my Father be her choice, will you pretend to love, and hinder her advancement, by your claim? —— Suppose my Dear Cousin *Pandora*, have like affection unto you; and puts on this severity to others, in design onely to gaine you? will you let such a beauty, of so high virtue and extraction dye for you?

Sil. Your Highness sure does fancy what is impossible? —— but if all this were so, I could dye in gratitude to serve *Pandora*, but do prefer *Lindamira*'s love, and virtue, above the brightest beauty, or greatest Empire this World has.

The. Can there be such worth in men? how have I been mis-informed? —— Princes who do not converse, know not the World they live in, but take all on trust from others; —— You believe that I am now in jest *Silvander*, and do not deal so freely, as I expect. *Aside.*

Sil. By all thats ———— I am fixt, past altering; —— if your Highness knew the joyes, which do accompany united hearts, you would sooner undertake to pull down Stars from Heaven, then hope a separation, where true love Triumphs.

The. I am fully satisfyed, that *Lindamira* has what she deserves, a worthy Lover; —— appear now *Lindamira*, and call in *Lonzartes* with the rest: —— I am converted.

Enter Lindamira *with* Lonzartes *and Ladies*

The. Here Madam, you are coupled by the gods, *Silvander* does deserve your confidence; ——

Now wear that Jewel, I before gave you in jeſt Sir, as a mark of my Favour, for your approv'd virtue.

Lin. Has your Highneſs any better thoughts for Marriage, then you had?

Thc. I have found an honeſt worthy man, beyond my Expectation; — *Lonzartes* you look ſad.

Lon. My heart is not ſo full of feathers as it was, but is of late become a lump of lead.

Thc. We have indeed been all too ſerious of late; come *Lindamira*, let us find ſome Entertainment to refreſh us on the ſea this Evening; *Lonzartes*, you, and *Clearcus* may go with us, if you pleaſe? [*Exeunt all but* Lonzartes.

Lon. Your Highneſs does honour us; — what theſe various fancies tend to, is above my underſtanding; — As Nature has fram'd Women of a more refined matter, then us men, ſo ſhe has given to ſome, Souls ſo much above ours Excellent, that their Intrincique purity, dazles our Judgements more then their brighteſt beauty does our eyes;—*Theodocia* is cetainly without blemiſh,—yet may have ſome notions of my love, which ſhe thinks not fit to cheriſh, becauſe ſhe likes not me: — And yet may have a virtuous concern for my birth, and ſufferings, ſuch as her good Nature is unwilling to deſtroy; — 'Tis *Theodocia*'s Excellencies makes me thus humbly ſeek my Right, as her Gift; Elſe my Sword ſhould make my way to aſcend this Throne, which is my own; — but no more of that yet: —

— For if I can be rightly underſtood,
My love may ſave the expence of ſo much blood.

[Exit,

FOURTH ACT.

{Pandora *with* Lindamira *are seen sitting on a Couch*; *Enter* Clearcus *to them*, *they rise.*}

Cle. MAdam Tis a felicity to love you, though neglected; by what Name then, shall I call my Joy? Now you allow my Love, to what height raise my thoughts? — Shall I dare to enter upon such a state of bliss? — To be thus snatch'd into so much Light, from the long *Chaos* I have liv'd in, may prove more ruinous to me, then that Hell I came from.

Pan. My Lord, you speak a new Language I understand not.

Cle. Alas Madam, I have this night seen Visions, and do find my passion, growing much above my own command; — For when I look on your eyes, I forget that there are gods, and shall do such Idolatry to you, as will provoke them, to make me more miserable, then you can wish me happy; — But when I consider how vast a *Chasme*, your resolves have made between us; I sink into such an abyss of misery, that I can ne're get out of.

Pan. I understand you less, and less; — The more you say, the more you do confound my Judgement.

Lin. All this Madam, is onely to let us see how he could talk; if any Woman were worthy of his real love; —— pray my Lord proceed, —— I shall take Notes and Edifie.

Pulls out a Table Book,

Cle. Your mirth Madam, is now out of season, when every word I utter flowes from my wounded heart.

Lin. Why do you not speak to me then? who can change my mind as often as your self? I was made for you; this Lady is impregnable.

Cle. I yield *Lindamira*, let not your wit destroy a man that does submit to mercy; I beg quarter.

Lin. Oh! do you so?

Pan. 'Tis enough *Lindamira*, that he does confesse himself o're-come, let it be Registred amongst our Victories; —— And now my Lord, what is your next desire?

Cle. My next Madam; I have scarce begun with this, you do mistake all I say for mirth; Does not my looks and Language shew an Alteration? —— All those *Chymeras*, that did possess my idle head are vanished, and I become a serious man: —— Your Miracle is already wrought, and I now see the onely way to my Felicitie, is to gain what I so much contemn'd.

Lin. Excellently well Acted, this might cozen twenty that did not know him.

Pan. You shall do well my Lord to persue this new path, untill you do obtain a general opinion of your virtue; But I hope you would not have us credit it at first sight.

Cle.

Cle. Though my love cannot yet gain credit in your Esteem, do not deny me the joy to think that you see how much I love, and honour you.

Pan. This is too serious for our Comedy my Lord.

Cle. Nothing can be too serious Madam, to expresse my love, by which the gods are pleas'd to bring me to them; thus by forbidding what might intice me to slight Paradice, by having had you here: —— 'Tis fit then that I submit, and raise a joy from what I am now too apt to repine at, for 'tis a blessing to be so fixt, as Antidates my *Elizium* here on Earth; this Souls joy will endure like its own nature, unto Eternity.

Pan. You are cured then *Clearcus*, and will unto the Prince confess your conversion, if we call you to it?

Cle. Propose away for my acknowledgement, and try.

Lin. Let us take time Madam to consider of it, least we loose half the Entertainment by our haste, and so spoile the jest.

Cle. Madam, let not this Ladies mirth prevaile with your good nature, to afflict a man, who can live onely by your smiles.

Pan. I must confess I have some pain to hold in my smiles thus long, for this serious way of fooling I expected not from you my Lord.

Cle. Why Madam, do you take all this for jest still?

Pan. Yes indeed do I.

Cle. By all the powers above, I do Adore you, next to them I Worship.

Lin.

Lin. That's no Oath Madam, for he Worſhips none.

Pan. I have the ſame thoughts *Lindamira*, and am ſafe.

Cle. What a Monſter am I grown, give me credit Madam, or give me death? — If I do not love you, let *Jove* ſtrike me with ſuddain Thunder; or I will gladly ſeal what I have ſaid with my beſt blood, if nothing leſs will ſatisfie.

Pan. Hold *Clearcus.* [*He Draws.*

Lin. Oh! let him alone, he'l not hurt himſelf, he onely hopes to fright us.

Pan. My Lord you fright me now, and ſince you think fit to turn our Commick Scene into a Tragedy; I ſhall quit my part in it; and from this time, admit no farther viſits from you: — Let us retire *Lindamira*, his converſe grows dangerous.

Exeunt Ladies.

Cle. This had been my fate, had I ingaged a little farther, and this the fruit of chaſt, virtuous love; What a folly 'tis, to give our freedoms up, unto the will of Women, ſo humbly to obey, thoſe we are Created to command: — But I am ſafe yet, and will now play with 'um, at their own game; and through a ſeeming ſorrow for my rejection, laugh at them, who think to laugh at me.

Enter Lonzartes.

Lon. A good day unto my Friend.

Cle. You ſpeak too late *Lonzartes*, this is a fatal day, and I am ſtudying how I may make it more Eminent

Eminent by death, then by my ſufferings.

Lon. Why what's the matter man? have you viſited the Ladies before they are dreſt, and made 'um froward.

Cle. Thy love *Lonzartes* has ruin'd me; —— yet I thank thee for my converſion, I ſhall now dye a ſober man.

Lon. Thy looks ſpeak ſome diſaſter, tell me the worſt, that I may joyn to find a Remedy.

Cle. In a word then, I do love *Pandora*, as ſhe deſerves, and did ſo to the life expreſs my love; that in ſpight of *Lindamiras* mirth, ſhe did believe it, and has forbid my farther viſits.

Lon. 'Tis not poſſible that ſhe can be ſo fool'd, ſhe forbad thee in jeſt, come let us go to her now.

Cle. I'le ſwear ſhe did forbid me, and in great anger turn'd from me, I dare not go.

Lon. This is pretty, would'ſt thou have me believe thou loveſt?

Cle. *Lonzartes*, I am not in humour to be play'd with.

Lon. Nor I in humour to be fool'd; what would'ſt thou have me ſay, when thou talk'ſt thus to me? thou in love! H, ha.

Cle. What ſhall I ſay? what do, to beget faith in thee? —— *Pandora*'s reſolution againſt Marriage, which I ſo much rejoyc'd at, is fatally become my ſcourge, and I muſt dye, or have her.

Lon. That's the only way to obtain belief; do but hang thy ſelf, and then a Printed Ballad (*The Dary Maids greateſt Faith*;) will make them ſwear thou dyedſt for love.

Cle. Do my looks agree with ſo much jeſt? does

does not my face declare, my heart does love?

Lon. No, nor ever can do to me, would'ſt thou have me belye my ſelf, that thou mayeſt laugh at me? theſe ſhallow Plots are loſt on me.

[*Exit Lonzartes.*

Cle. This is right, had I been fool'd into the *Platonick* pound; I might have knock'd my head againſt the walls, and never been believed; —— Thus I blow away thoſe bubles, thoſe ayrie Lectures of chaſt love, which lead ſilly mortals into ſlavery; —— Ha *Sanga.*

Enter Sanga.

Sanga. Your pleaſure Sir.

Cle. Go preſently, and ſummon all that merry Crew, (who danc'd the other day,) to Sup with me this Night; and bid the Muſick come.

[*Exit Sanga.*

Sanga. I go Sir.

Cle. I will retreat while I am ſafe, and be Arm'd againſt my Wife, Virtuous, Chaſt Friends, with their Cob-web Netts, ſo ſubtilly laid to catch me; —— Thus I throw all their Inchantments off; —— And now like the Grand Seignor, after ſome great Victory atcheiv'd; —— I will retire to my *Seraglio.*

[*Exit.*

Enter

Enter the Duke, *with* Theodocia, Pandora, Lindamira, Teretia, *and Train:— and* Silvander.

Duke. You tell me a ſtory beyond belief *Theodocia*, *Clearcus* playes with you all this while; he love?

The. If *Pandora* be miſtaken, he will triumph over Women kind for ever.

Pan. I wiſh it were no worſe Sir, tis I who now am to be pittied, who for the common ſport, and for his good, have brought an evil on my ſelf, I cannot bear.

Duke. Why *Pandora*, he is deſcended of our own blood, and his Eſtate proportionable to his Birth? ſo that if you can raiſe his virtues above his vices, you'l have no cauſe to murmur at his love.

Pan. True Sir, if I were not ingag'd to a ſingle life, much might be ſaid, to ſet *Clearcus*'s merrits above mine.

Lin. Is there no diſpenſation for ſuch reſolves Madam? when it may be diſputed, whether the gods approve them? —— They give us Lawes enough, we need none of our own making.

Pan. My heart will ne're conſent to alter my reſolves.

Lin. We ſhall have enough to do then.

The. Let us all agree to laugh him out of it.

Lin. You will find little cauſe for mirth, when you ſee *Clearcus* next Madam.

The. Can ſo few hours alter a man of his temper, ſo much?

Lin. He is aſham'd of his firſt Principles, and is angry at that ſhame; He hates himſelf for loving, and loves ſo much, he dares not wiſh it leſs; This

mixture

mixture of passions, does beget such a confusion of thoughts, that makes him look as if he had fed on nought but sighes, and tears this twelve Month; and I fear we shall have cause to turn our laughter into sorrow for him.

Duke. I'le give him Commands that shall divert him; —— come with me *Theodocia.*

Exeunt Duke and Theodocia.

Lin. Tis great pitty so brave a man should be so lost.

Pan. Tis so *Lindamira*, but how can it be help'd? must I become mad, because he is so; —— 'Twas not a rash word, by chance let fall, but on debate and mature judgement, because I saw none so happy after Marriage as before; —— Why may not I then live and dye as free as I was born?

Lin. You see why, because the gods do not allow so great felicity on Earth, as might keep us from ever wishing to be with them; pray whoever heard of a pair of true Lovers, that desir'd to be in Heaven, if they might stay here till Doomsday? 'Tis therefore for our good, that such united hearts are so rarely to be found on Earth; take heed *Pandora*, that you bring not more evils on your head, then you fore see.

Pan. I must now bear my Fortune as I may.

Lin. Though you have not met with many happy Marriages, I have heard of some, who all their lives have had a constant spring of love; their passions so high, and joyes so great, each striving

striving to raise the others happiness above their own; this I believe and hope for; —— Methinks till I am married, I am a thing laid by, as if forgotten by the gods.

Pan. Tis not high passions, nor great joyes, I doubt to find, but their continuance; —— suppose the Gallant Lovers to the Wars be sent, what terrours will possess their frighted Ladies, till their return? and if miscarry, what will their whole lives have to joy at after?

Lin. Those who stay at home, may have equall dangers, these are anticipated dreams of evils, that may never happen; then you conceive not the joy those dangers bring when they are over; this world affords us nothing to relish our delights by, but such accidents as love, with some fears and dangers bring; Tis sharps make sweet the sweeter.

Pan. But if I am satisfied with less joyes, without those pains you find so useful, why must I try to gain more happiness, then I do wish for, when I have joyes enough already?

Lin. Joyes enough Madam; there is no such thing in Nature, as enough of what we love.

Pan. I am weary of this idle talk.

Lin. And I know no better Entertainment.

Enter to them Lonzartes, *and* Silvander.

Pan. How think you *Silvander*, is *Clearcus* what he seems?

Sil. *Lonzartes* knows him best Madam.

Lon.

Lon. I do believe he loves, though I seem not to credit him, and am now resolv'd to play with his passion, as he has done with mine; 'twill entertain the Princess rarely, to see how I shall anger him.

Sil. Is he enough fix'd? to be so abus'd, for if neither Men, nor Women have any faith in his budding love, he may fly off for ever.

Lon. I am now going to see what humour he is in.

Sil. I'le wait on you.

Pan. Pray do, and let me know how I must behave my self, that would not hurt him.

Lin. I can direct you best, if you'l trust your self to me.

Pan. I shall trust you as far as any in this affair; let us consult within.

Exeunt.

Enter Clearcus *and* Sanga, *with Men, and Women dancers.*

Cle. Welcome my dear Friends, I will be no more seduc'd by grave *Lonzartes* fooleries; this night shall re-unite us while we live: —— Is the Musique come.

San. Not yet Sir.

Cle. I have broke through their Nets, and now the day and night are ours to Revel in; we will be so merry, that our hearts shall seem much lighter then our heeles.

Ente

< *Enter* Sanga. >

Sanga. *Lonzartes*, and *Silvander* are without.

Cle. They are come as I could wiſh, I'le entertain 'um as they deſerve; they are my kind, chaſt, virtuous, well-wiſhing ſpies; — pray retire all

{ *Exeunt* } { *Dancers.* }

into that Gallery, while I diſpatch my Court-Friends: — *Sanga* ſhut the windows cloſe, then call 'um in, and ſay, that I am grown ſad of late,

< *Exit Sanga.* >

monſtrous ſad; — Now for a grave face to ſuite with my diſguiſe; I have ſome fear my ſides will burſt, with holding in my laughter.

{ *He ſits in a ſad poſture.* }

{ *Enter* Sanga *with* Lonzartes, *and* Silvander. }

Sanga. Softly pray; — for a ſtrange Melancholy has ſeiz'd him on the ſuddain; — He is now talking to *Pandora*.

Sil. She is not here.

San. He entertains her *Idea* in her abſence with the ſame paſſion, he would her; — the only ſure way for a lovers happineſs; — hark.

Cle. Bleſſed Angel, turn not away; — theſe tears muſt be my daily lucence, offer'd at your feet; if you refuſe this Tribute from my captiv'd heart, you'l turn the *Elizium* I enjoy, to *Hell*: Oh ſtay! and take my Soul with thee; — that gentle look! that: —

Lon. Why ſo ſad fond lover? let not one repulſe diſmay ſo great a Conquerour; thy next charge may prove more proſperous; — we come to councel thee *Clearcus*, and to raiſe thy drooping Spirits by new hopes.

Cle Or to laugh at my affliction, whoſe Soul is ſunke ſo low by my diſpair, that all my Spirits are vaniſhed; I muſt ſubmit to my Captivity *Lonzarites.* [*He ſighes.*

Lon. That ſigh had almoſt blown me over, yet I am glad to ſee this, and am now fully ſatisfied thou art in love, in love *Clearcus*; — let me Imbrace my fellow-Priſoner, we will now ſhake our ſhackles, to the ſame ſad tune.

Cle. I know you came to mock me; — but I muſt bear it.

Lon Oh no! who can have ſo hard a heart? we pitty you, and have ſome fears *Pandoras* heart will break, when we relate your mighty ſufferings; — but if I ſhould ſit thus in the dark, would it create the like *Angelical Idea* in my brain *Clearcus*?

Cle This is barbarous, to catch a Lion in your Toyles, and bait him like an Aſſe; — thus to render my paſſion Rediculous, will beget *Pandoras* ſcorn, and may prove my deſtruction.

Lon. If ſhe diſcern not your paſſion, how can ſhe proportion her favours to your merrit?

Cle. Do I deſerve this mirth from you, thus to highten my affliction?

Lon. Do you not? — all that I can do this Twelvemonth, will not bring me on equal terms

for

for thy abuſes: — remember how you held me to the Ladies, and made me your mirth, by which ſcandal you deſtroy'd my credit with the Princeſs, this is my revenge.

Cle. 'Twas a great ſcandal indeed to procure you the Princeſs leave to love her; by my means you have obtain'd a happineſs beyond your hopes, which all your whining Poetry, or your Eternall ſighes could ever reach; — for which ſpeciall ſervice; — prethee good ſweet *Lonzartes* ſpare

< Hangs on him. >

me; — by our old Friendſhip I do beg; — by thy own virtue, and unparalel'd chaſt heart, I do conjure thee not to raiſe a publique mirth out of my ſouls ſorrow, which you have brought me to.

Lon. Well then, if I find you do continue thus humbly penitent, and truly thus afflicted, I will ſhew more mercy then I found from you; — come chear up; — we will ſigh, and condole to-

< Embraces Clearcus. >

gether, and if poſſible, ſo order our ſad hearts, that both may the ſame moment break, and infect the world with ſuch a ſorrow, as may fright the female Sex from like rigour unto men; ſo ſhall we become a Noble Sacrifice to love, for the good of a whole Nation; — or if you pleaſe, we'l ſend for ſome of our old Gang to dance, and drink theſe Melancholly vapours from our hearts, to let the Ladies ſee, their beauties are not ſo deſtructive, as we make them believe.

{Clearcus Imbraces Lonzartes with great joy.

Cle. I marry *Lonzartes*, now thou talkeſt like a Phyloſopher, now thou preſcribeſt the onely remedy for our diſeaſe; —— *Sanga*, —— bid the Muſick ſtrike a chearfull Ayre, and then call in thoſe Friends in the next room; — Nay, if you allow this way of cure, I ſhall ſoon expell loves venome from my heart into my heeles.

Embraces Lonzartes.

Lon. What is all this *Clearcus*, art thou mad ſtill?

Lonzartes ſtarts back.

Cle. I am wiſe, and do not mean to quit my cool, pleaſant, flowry paths, for your conſuming flames of reſtleſs love, who walke on tops of Steeples, and at that height, plead that your chaſt deſires are pleaſing to the gods; — But I, who know the end of ſuch fair flaſhes, as at firſt appear with ſuch folded Armes, and down caſt looks, are but ſteps to approach the Ladies fingers ends; —

— Then by degrees grown bolder, you aſpire,
Till nought but ruine, quench the ſubtle fire.

Enter Dancers.

Lon. What doeſt thou mean by this miſterious language?

Cle. I mean to follow thy adviſe, — to ſigh only when I make love to Ladies, (their backs turn'd) I mean to dance, and ſing as often as I can, that their neglects may pierce no deeper then their eyes

eyes discern; —— here *Lonzartes*, this Girle will cure the bite of a *Tarantula*, and drive the poyson from thy heart.

Lon. Out Hypocrite; —— is this thy love unto *Pandora*? was all thy passion counterfeit the other day?

Cle. No, 'twas fairly growing up to equal thine in all sincerity of Noble thoughts; But the nice Lady would not permit it to take so deep root as yours, before she blasted all my hopes, and in a moment let me see, that love is like a bitter potion, which many tast, and flying away, rather chusing their disease, then so ill a relish'd remedy; This made me return to my old *Antidotes Lonzartes*; —— what think you of a heat or two before yon go? —— call in the Musique.

Sil. *Pandora* was to blame, to throw him off so rashly.

Lon. Let us retyre *Silvander*, this Ayre is infected.

{ *Exeunt Lonzartes and Silvander.*

Cle. *Go whine fond lover, go whine, I say, go whine,*
While we chear our hearts with Wenches and Wine,
I say go whine.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

Here they Dance.

Enter Lonzartes, Lindamira, *and* *Ladies.*

Lin. I do not wonder that he is fallen off, twas what I feared, when his paſſion went ſo high, I ſaw *Pandora* was concern'd, but we will bring it on again.

Lon. You are miſtaken Madam, all he ſaid then was jeſt, for he is now as mad as ever; — I left him Incirculed with ſix wild men, and as many wanton Girles, prepar'd to dance and Revel all the night.

Lin. There is no harm in dancing my Lord, unleſs they do catch cold; you judge *Clearcus* by what is paſt; but when I ſee him with *Pandora* next, I'le give my opinion of his concern.

Lon. By what means may their meeting be procured?

Lin. We'l think on't.

Enter Theodocia, *and Ladies to them.*

The. I am ſorry *Lonzartes* that *Pandora* has caſt off *Clearcus*, which has occaſioned his relapſe, when a little patience would have ſetled him in the way of virtue.

Lon Tis every way what I expected not; his love was as ſtrange as his rejection, and his relapſe in the old humour, beyond all the reſt; — I know

know not what to think of him.

Lin. Let us bring them once more together, and I'le undertake to gueſs at both their hearts; —— it may be govern 'um.

Lon. I Madam, but how ſhall they be brought together? when both would rather ſee a *Baſaliske*, then one another.

Lin. You may be miſtaken my Lord, who judge by what you ſee, when tis our buſineſs, and our virtue, not to ſhew our hearts till a full tryal, that men are worthy of them; —— then you forget that *Clearcus* converſion, muſt be by one he cannot conquer.

Tbe. But if he will neither conquer, nor be ſubdued, how can his converſion follow?

Lin. If your Highneſs can contrive an interview, I have a fancy in my head, that may reconcile them, and effect what we all wiſh.

Tbe. I will ſend preſently for *Pandora*, and intreat my Father to pretend ſome buſineſs to call *Clearcus* hither.

Lon. He will ſuſpect.

Lin Let him come, no matter what he ſuſpects.

Tbe. Do you *Lonzartes*, once more ſee what humour he is in. —

—— We muſt endeavour, and not fear to try,
But truſt the Event, unto their deſtiny.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Duke *with* Silvander *and* *Lords.*

Duke. I ever thought *Clearcus* did but mock, and laugh at their designs; his brains is not yet ripe for serious love: — But how does *Theodocia* look on *Lonzartes?*

Sil. With much neglect Sir.

Duke. That is not well, have you *Silvander* instructed *Lindamira*, that she may inform *Theodocia* of *Lonzartes* Title to this Dukedom? and how much better then a Forraign Prince, her Marrying him, will be applauded by our people, who are not ignorant of his pretence.

Sil. I have Sir, and the Princess gives a serious ear to it, though she yet makes no reply; a little of your Councel and Authority, I believe may incline her to a better value of him.

Duke. That shall not be wanting; *Lonzartes* is all that I can wish in a successor; — and his love looks so without design, that I will cherish it, and try to win my Daughter to comply.

Sil. Your Highness will gain a double interest in all your Subjects hearts by this honour to *Lonzartes*, who has merrits proportionable to your favour, and his birth, all which his love gives Lustre to.

Duke. I see it *Silvander*, and will recompence his Faith, and his Humility, with my advice to *Theodocia*, who yet knows not his story.

Sil.

Sil. The Princeſs muſt needs hear what every body talks, and all do wiſh.

Duke. I ſhall now inform her fully of *Lonzartes* Right, too long held from him: bid him meet me at my Daughters Chamber; I will no longer hide my purpoſe for him: ——

—— *His Birth and Virtue, with his conſtant love,*
Declares he never can unworthy prove.

[Exeunt.

THE

The Fifth Act.

{*Enter* Lonzartes} {*and* Clearcus.}

Cle. NO, I'le never ſee her more.

Lon. Do you not love at all?

Cle. Nor ever will; methinks love is like a ſmooth water, that Invites men to Bath, and tumble in it with delight, untill they be deſtroyed by Serpents, which in the bottom undiſcover'd lye.

Lon. What means this ſimilie?

Cle. This Serpents bite, has Metamorphized you into a whining lover, into the ſhaddow of a man, of late become a ſhape without a Soul; why muſt I buſie my head with ſuch *Chymeras*, when I can pleaſe my ſelf to my hearts wiſh, my own way? — Prethee ſweet ſuppreſs'd Prince, do not forſake me thus, for ſpecious ſhewes of happineſs, or vainer hopes of better dayes, then you will ever find in Court; — You are now ſafe, but when you grow wiſe, and ſerious, it will in the Dukes head great jealouſies create; and to let him ſee your virtue, may be dangerous, and your pretence appear worthy of his fear.

Lon. That hazzard is better, then what I now ſuffer, in the opinion of my beſt Friends, who believe

believe this wildneſs is my Nature, or ſuch as may beget a habit in me, which I can ne're put off; and thus my ſecurity in this diſguiſe, may become my ruine; —— I wiſh I could perſwade you *Clearcus* to ſhew forth that virtue, all the World would wonder at.

Cle. To what end I pray? if the good Duke would give me imployment fit for his Kinſ-man, and worthy of my Sword, I could ſoon be my ſelf: But now I have nothing elſe to do, and therefore play away my time in folly; and tis a hard queſtion which is beſt, for we know that too much wiſdome does undo more men, then it advances, or elſe begets eternal ſlavery to State Affairs, where the wiſeſt ever walk on needles points; —— I have weighed theſe things, and do believe 'tis better to maintain the peace, and the ſecurity I now live in, unregarded.

Lon. But you will looſe the Dukes favour, and become contemptable to the whole Court, if you continue thus Extravagant, what deſigne can I have, by my deſire to ſee you great and glorious?

Cle. Have I not tryed, and been miſled? yielded to your wiſe Maximes, againſt my own better judgement, and been rejected in the height of my Endeavours, to be (as you call it) great, and glorious, is not this true?

Lon. Yes, in part.

Cle. I will no more of your advice, till you can cure your ſelf.

Lon. I have an Honourable Argument for my love.

Cle. Who has not, untill he be diſpis'd?

Lon.

Lon. Was it not your own desire to be neglected? did you not declare against all women, that you could conquer? you left *Pandora* no way for victory, but by rejecting you; so that I can conclude a good success from what you raise dispaire.

Cle. Ha! think you *Pandora* did reject me, in compliance with my humour only?

Lon. What else? can she be angry with you, for loving her too much?

Cle. You do surprize me with a discourse I look'd not for; — but I will be no more abus'd; — I will not see her.

Lon. How can you be reconcil'd then? shall she make love to you?

Cle. No, I abhor that thought beyond her anger, a woman Wooe, that were preposterous.

Lon. Will you treat by Embassadours, and wed by Proxie?

Cle. Nor so, that's only fit for Princes, who cannot meet to treat.

Lon. Will you have her; if she declares she would have you?

Cle. I shall never like her change of mind.

Lon. Can you tell whether you would have her, or not?

Cle. That's a harder question, then the other.

Lon. Will you have her by compulsion?

Cle. That were a Tyranny, would make her hate me ever.

Lon. Shall the Duke by his Prerogative Power, in spight of both your teeth, compel you both to compliance?

Cle.

Cle. Let me think on this alittle, at firſt ſight, this looks likely to agree us: —— if two impoſſibilities can make one poſſible, this might do our buſineſs.

Lon. Well, what do you reſolve?

Cle. Nothing, why do you tempt me to farther evils? — I know not what to reſolve, nor what to ſay; — but will no more of love, my heart ſhakes at the thought of my laſt tryal; — I bluſh to think how much leſs then man I was, and how much more then woman I created her in thoſe few hours I lov'd; —

< Enter a Meſſenger. >

Meſſen. The Duke calls for *Lonzartes.*

Lon. I'le attend his Highneſs preſently.

Cle. I take you for my Friend *Lonzartes*; — do not diſcourſe me into a Ruine, you will ſhare in.

Lon. I have no Rule for friendſhip above my deſire to ſee you happy.

Cle. I believe it Sir, and beg your pardon for my diſtracted language; —— I muſt attend the Duke to.

Lon. And I.

[*Exeunt.*

{Enter Pandora, *and* Lindamira.*}*

Pan. You tire me *Lindamira*, and chide me for a fault I cannot own; I had no other way to free my ſelf.

Lin.

Lin. You might have check'd his approaches, with ſomewhat leſs ſeverity, your rigour may beget diſpair in him.

Pan. Diſpair of what? my undertaking was only on the Dukes command, to afford him civil viſits, which I have done in hope of his converſion.

Lin. You did give o're, before the work was perfected.

Pan. You ſpeak as if the deſign to ſet him free, were to inſlave me to the humour of a mad man.

Lin. The wildeſt young men, do often prove the ſobereſt at the laſt; and the truth is Madam, we do all deſire to ſee you and *Clearcus* convert one another; ſo to beget that unity of hearts, which the World ſeeks moſt.

Pan. Do you believe that I who have a prejudice againſt the beſt of men, can e're eſteem the worſt?

Lin. If *Clearcus* were under that notion, I ſhould have other thoughts; but when I conſider ſuch men reclaim'd, do often make good Husbands; I have hopes of him.

Pan. If his wildneſs were his only fault, time, and experience might reclaim him.

Lin. If theſe be your only Exceptions Madam, I wiſh you would truſt me to mannage this affair.

Pan. You muſt not talk me into an *Intreque* which I avoid; —— I do not love him.

Lin. You will do, when you have him, I know many have done ſo after Marriage, who did not before.

Pan.

Pan. That is too bold a venture for me, who have no faith in men; and those Examples you mention so rarely to be found, my courage dares not undertake it; pray no more of this.

Lin. The Princess desires your company at Court this Evening.

I did intend to wait on her.

Enter Duke, Theodocia, *and* Lonzartes.

Duke I have given you Arguments enough on his behalf, which his dejected looks you see declare; — Your favours *Theodocia* should not be restrain'd, because his adoration is so great, he dares not beg 'um; come near *Lonzartes.*

The. *Lonzarte's* Worth is understood beyond the weak Rhetorick of flattering words; he cannot wish to be more valued, then he is by me

Lon. Nor will I ever Sue for favours beyond these you now afford me Madam; — may I confirm my hopes, by understanding what you say my own way?

The. You may, for since my Father does so much advise for Marriage, I may alter my opinion when I find just cause to value men, above my resolves against them.

Lon. For Heavens sake Madam say no more, my breast cannot contain these spreading joyes you give me, my hopes increase too fast for my dispairing heart, to comprehend these honours you allow; without an Extacy. *Duke.*

Duke. Theodocia, I shall ne're revoke the freedom I have given, to make your own choice, though I direct you to *Lonzartes*, to whom our Ancestors have done wrong.

The. This your indulgence Sir makes me more cautious how I proceed; —— Marriage is a concern so great, I dare not at once resolve it, and the same day chuse the man: —— I can yet only say, that I have alter'd my opinion in favour of *Lonzartes*.

Lon. My Amazement, and my concern are too great to answer Madam, my felicity is above the reach of a reply.

Duke. Theodocia, I have given you my best councel, and my full consent to please your self.

The. I thank you Sir, and will endeavour to Regulate my heart to your advise, and to *Lonzartes* wish; —— give me but time to examine and approve what I am willing to submit to.

Enter Pandora, *and* Lindamira *to them, with* Silvander.

Duke. How is it Madam, that you quit the field? before your undertaking be perform'd.

Pan. I have done my part Sir, which was on your command to allow him civil visits, and to entertain the Princess, I complyed with *Lindamira* to try how our *Raleary* would work on him, which did produce so unlook'd for an effect, that I was forc'd to quit my part, to save my self.

Duke. Were you in danger to be lost then? —— I did not think *Clearcus* had prevail'd so far; but if he be reclaim'd, he will be worthy your esteem.

Pan.

Pan. Your Highneſs did miſtake me, I was in no danger to be loſt through love, nor at all concern'd; for a man who does declare againſt all worth in women, where he can get an intereſt: pray Sir, make me underſtand what you would have me do?

Duke. We would have you marry *Clearous.*

Pan. Whether he will or no; —— If I conſent, can you prevail with him?

Duke. Do you comply, we'l try what we can do?

Pan. I would not be Treypand into a Marriage I am ſo much averſe to, in confidence of his old humour, think my ſelf ſecure, and be ſo loſt.

Lin. You may venture ſafely Madam, you ſee he is ſo great a Coward, that he only dares perſue them that fly him, do but charge and he will run away.

Pan. If I were ſure of that, I would ſeem any thing to be freed from farther trouble.

Lon. Truſt me Madam, he is now worſe then ever.

Duke. Lonzartes, pray uſe your intereſt to bring him to us now. [*Exit Lonzartes.*

The. Do you think Couſin, we have a deſign to harm you?

Pan. No, but your Highneſs diſputes me into a condition your ſelf does not approve; pray ſhew me the way to this felicity, that I may credit what you ſay, by what you do.

The. Will you then ingage to marry *Clearcus*, the ſame day I marry?

Pan. Shall I chuſe your man, as you would mine?

Ibe. Suppose I have already choſen.

Pan. I thought your Highneſs had been of my opinion; But if provided, I give you joy.

Ibe. Now you run too faſt the other way, I am onely towards marriage.

Pan. That journey ſeldome proves long Madam, when we look towards it.

Lin. That was ſaid like a ſage *Sibell*, the quinteſſence of truth in few words, 'tis but a willing mind, and then.

Pan Prethee *Lindamira* help me to be rid of this uncertain man.

Lin I know no better councel, then to be in love with him, or to ſeem ſo; for if he ſhould take you at your word, and marry, that may do your work; for I once knew a Lady, who choſe to marry an importunate Sutor, that ſhe might be rid of him, and was ſo; for ſoon after marriage they parted, and never met more.

Pan. You are alwaies in jeſt, I would have ſerious councell now.

Lin You have had my ſtore twice over to no purpoſe.

Duke. By all my obſervation, I cannot judge, whether *Clearcus*, or you *Pandora*, be moſt extravagant.

Lin Your Highneſs may do well to put them into the Colledge of half mad Folks, where they will either cure one another, or become quite mad together; when their diſeaſe is known, ſome remedy may be found; 'tis now paſt judgement, what either of them ayle.

Ibe. *Lindamira* ſaies well, 'tis very ſtrange you will

will not declare so far, as to let us see how we may serve you.

Pan. Do but leave me to my self, and I am well Madam.

The. Many sick people are of that opinion, when in most danger, and must therefore by their friends be govern'd.

Pan. As many healthy people, think themselves sick when they are not, and by seeking remedies for nothing, do create evils, they never can finde cure for; — such high passions as *Lindamira*'s, do never let us rest in peace, but do create perpetual storms.

Lin. You argue well Madam, if a dull calme, were the onely happiness appointed us on Earth, then one degree from being asleep, would prove our greatest bliss; — sure no age did e're produce two such Icy-hearted Ladies, as the Princess & you.

Enter to them Lonzartes *and* Clearcus.

Lin. Here comes a Homely, and a Jigg hand in hand; — now for the second part to the same tune, *Of love me, and love me not.*

Duke. Clearcus, it troubles me to see you delight in a retired darkness, or else to walk in such clouds as we cannot see through; I would perswade you to regain *Pandora*'s good opinion.

Cle. Is the mistery of love to be discuss'd in publique Sir?

Duke. With us, who are so near ali'd unto you both; I think it may, because we all know what you both profess in private, and now desire to

hear, what you will face to face avow; and we intreat you *Pandora*, first to shew, why you threw off *Clearcus*.

Pan. You do amaze me Sir, to examine me as a Criminal!

Duke. You have no cause for this displeasure *Pandora*, but mis-judge our love and our respects; we know your worth, and would to the World Illustrate that virtue you design to smother by a single life; I allow your purpose did become your younger dayes, and did express an Angelicall Innocense; but I question whether now, on mature judgement, you may not do better for your self, and us, to reclaim *Clearcus*.

Pan. You demand impossibilites from me, for if I should change my mind, he will change his too; Pray shew me a rule to reclaim him by, before you do condemn me.

Duke. We onely desire you will afford him the same civility, as did first induce him to adore that virtue he dispised before.

Pan. I have done this.

The. You did begin, but you gave o're too soon.

Lin. And all her kindness but in jest too Madam, which he discern'd.

Duke. How do you answer this? *Lindamira* was of your councel.

Pan. I undertook him but in jest, and was by him injoyn'd to such severity as I perform'd, and 'twas then thought the only way to vindicate our Sex, and to work his conversion, which he at first did counterfeit so well, as to deceive, and fright me from his farther visits.

Lin. Was his love so terrible? *Pan.*

Pan. To me it was, who thought him uncapable of ever having Noble thoughts for any of our sex.

Duke. But when you found him growing worthy, why did you not cherish that virtue, as your own Creation.

Lin Because she fear'd her Virgin-vow might be defil'd, by owning such a Man-child of her own begetting; for he began to aske her blessing, till she laugh'd him into so great anger, that one day he proffer'd to kill himself, which gave end unto our Comedy.

Pan. If his cure had lain within the reach of *Raleary* I had gloried in my part, but never shall consent to inslave my self unto the humours of a man, who cannot be a minute in one mind; his imaginations are beyond the Moon, and would have he knows not what.

Duke. Clearcus you have heard your charge;— Guilty or not Guilty?

Lin. Guilty Sir.

Cle I shall never want your good word Madam;— *Lindamira* tells you true Sir, I am guilty.

Duke. Of what?

Cle. Of all the crimes, that offended Lady does object; pray Sir pronounce my doom, and put me out of pain.

Duke. Will you submit then, and obey it?

Cle If it can put me out of pain, I will?

Duke. I doubt it not; — my Sentence is, that you revive that love you shew'd unto *Pandora* lately.

Cle. Oh Sir, the very name of love, puts me into a shaking fit; for Heaven sake, give me Halters, Poysons, Daggers, any means to let out life, ra-

ther then renew those torments which I felt that hour I lov'd.

Lin. Pray Sir, give me leave, to put him some *Interogatories.*

Duke. Do so.

Lin. Your Lordship has confest, that you have lov'd one hour, and must have some reason why you lov'd no longer; shew us that reason, or for ever hold your peace, and submit to judgement.

The. How *Clearcus*, nonpluſt by a Judge in Petticoates?

< Clearcus *stands mute.* >

Lin. Why Madam? many of our Sex have puſsled the wiſest men; — give him leave to think a little; — but if what I have said, has struck your Lordship dumb, hold up your finger, —— 'tis

< *He holds it up* >

enough; — He has nothing to say for himself, but submits unto the mercy of the Court; — I understand him Sir; — and have now found a remedy for both their evils; — If you will trust me with your hand my Lord, I will not harm it: — and

< Clearcus *gives his hand.* >

if I have credit enough Madam to be trusted with your hand too, pray lay it without fear on mine, that I may try a charm I have, to conjure out the evil Spirits that poſſeſs you both; — you may at your own pleasure, take back your hands; — only let me hold 'um, while I pronounce my charm within.

< Pandora *turns away.* > *Duke.*

Duke. Pandora I intreat you to try *Lindamira's* charm, give her your hand, ſhe deals not with the Devil.

< Pandora *gives her hand* >

Lin. The Devil I work by Sir, is truth, dreſt in her rich robe of Innocence; —— if truth do not convince both theſe Delinquents, my charm will have no power on them; —— My Lord you have in this great Aſſembly, often ſaid, that you could never value any woman you could win; —— if now you have found this Lady as impregnable as you can wiſh, ſhe is your fate; —— hold Sir, remember

< *He proffers to ſpeak.* >

you are dumb, till I have done; —— Now Madam, I muſt ſpeak ſerious ſence to you, who ſtand here the expectation, and the wiſh of all the Court; —— yet I know you muſt not conſent to give your hand to him, nor in a look, or word comply, with what I ſay; for if you yield, *Clearcus* will forſake the Field; —— I ſhall therefore onely put your hands together, no marriage, nor no contract make, only deſire that you will thus hand in hand retire a while with me in private, to apply my charm, who now do pray, that all the evils which ever did befall the moſt unhappy lovers, may light on him, or you, that ſhall their hand remove, before my charm does work; now come with me.

[*Exeunt hand in hand.*

Duke. What the iſſue of this will be, I cannot gueſs; —— Now *Theodocia*, I muſt remind you of *Lonzartes*, who dares not approach you on his own behalf, who is, what you can wiſh, to make

you happy; and I do again invite you to Crown his unparalell'd humility with a bliss, he presumes not once to mention, least it offend you; I have also a State Argument you understand not *Theodocia*, your two interests in this Dukedom, thus united, will make it flourish; — *Lonzartes* has been wrong'd.

The. I know his wrong Sir, and have observ'd his sufferings, or I had never dallied with his love; *Lonzarte*'s clear soul is adorn'd with more glories, then this Crown will bring him.

Duke. If then your hearts agree, give me your hands; — here *Lonzartes* is the best reward I have, to incourage modesty and worth, when they do in one heart combine, as now in thine.

Lon. Great Sir, I am so much surprized, so overloaden with my joyes, that I have nought but blushes to express my gratitude; — nor know I how to welcome this unlook'd for honour from the Princess, who dains to raise her humblest Servant from her feet, to set me on a Throne, incirculed with more joyes, then that you now restore me to. [*He kisses her hand.*

The. Keep still your Character *Lonzartes*, as I will mine, high transports in love are not long liv'd I fear.

Lon. I shall be Madam, whatever you direct, though this unlook'd for happiness, do raise my heart above my own command, for such an excess of joy, is hard to mannage. [*Kisses her hand.*

< *Enter* Lindamira. >

Lin. I may now wish your Highness Joy I hope

hope, now your Fannatick love, conforms to the Law of Nations; — Now you may talk your pleasure against high passions Madam; — and methinks you Sir, do look as if you lik'd this better then that wise Sect of ayrie lovers, whose Phylosophy doth teach not to desire, what they can never reach.

Lon. You are Madam the best Phylosopher I ever met, and do deserve to have a Golden Statue in Loves-Temple set.

Duke. But how have you disposed of your Fantastick couple? 'tis that great work must Crown all your undertakings *Lindamira*.

Lin. That goes on excellently well Sir, I have left them sitting on a Couch, with their hands still fixt, eagerly gazing on each other eyes, as if through them they could discern the inside of each others hearts; by their no motion, and their stedy looks, I can foresee they will be of one mind suddainly.

Tbe. Why could not we see this Experiment?

Lin. Oh Madam, my charm will not work in company; lovers will seemingly dispise, what they like most, onely to deceive observing eyes; I believe they held off thus long, for shame to owne what they had so publickly declar'd against, and to themselves will hardly dare to let their hearts appear these two dayes; — they must look themselves into an Argument, for no words can ever reconcile their first Principles.

If their hands, do not their hearts discover,
I'le no more pretend to charm a lover.

Tbe. May we not peep at the banging, and stand unseen.

Duke.

Duke. Let us not turn this serious work into a jest, unless *Lindamira* do approve it; none shall stir that way.

Lin. I can place you so, as you may see and hear too.

Tbe. Pray Sir be pleas'd to look on them, our Testimony may be of use.

Duke. Come then.

Lin. Your Highness must stand silent, or you'l hinder my Projection.

Tbe. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

They all Re-enter behind the Couch, and stand on each side of the Stage; then is discover'd Pandora, *and* Clearcus *holding hands, and sitting on a Couch, a while silent, looking on each other; then* Clearcus *proffers to kisse that hand he holds, she puts him back with her other hand, and turns her face from him,— He sighes:* ——

Cle. Turn not away those beautious lights have guided me to Heaven, nor look as if you were in pain to see my heart thus chang'd from a rude Destraction, to an Extasie of bliss; from a deformed Satyr, with a confus'd *Chaos* of dark thoughts, and blacker actions, by your glorious beauties, and brighter virtues, new form'd into the Figure of a man, Emulating those Excellencies I admire in you: —— Oh turn this way, and own what is your own Creation, by your perfections rais'd from what was worse then nothing, to something now, too worthy to be cast away; I should this happy hour believe my self were in in *Elizium*; did n t this fair, soft hand, and those brighter eyes assure

assure me I yet live; from whence some divine instinct teaches my rude nature to adore, what I never understood before.

Pan. I do not like to be thus long left alone, to be expos'd unto your passion, and the worlds censure; *Lindamira* has deceiv'd my trust; — I now see your plot, and her design descover, but will no longer suffer the abuse.

[*Offers to rise.*

Cle. Be not so cruel unto your self and me, think on the curse hangs over us, if we remove our hands till she return.

Pan. 'Tis too much foolery, to give faith too.

Cle. Remember we complied to what she said; by which her words are Regist'r'd in heaven, and have ingaged the gods by our consent.

Pan. 'Twas rashly done, and I repent; — when will this subtle Sorcerres return? my innocense will justifie my blind consent, to which I was misled by my fidelity and trust, and will no longer fear to take away my hand. [*Offers to rise.*

Cle. Oh take not your hand away untill the holy Charm have rectified your heart, and therein created so much charity, as in a moment may remove your scorns, and teach you love; for I, who so long slighted your neglects, and fled all civil favours from your Sex, do now tremble at the thought of parting hands, untill our hearts like them, become united.

Pan. Do you believe *Lindamira* Mistris of such Magick? that her words have power to reconcile dissenting hearts, like ours.

Cle. Yes, I find them work on me, and hope the

ſame effect on you, elſe why ſit we here obeying thoſe commands ſhe left? why fear we to offend thoſe powers ſhe did invoke? —— when you conſider this, I hope you dare not ſtir a finger towards ſuch impiety.

Pan. Though *Lindamira*'s virtue be approv'd, I was ſurprized by her inticing words, and by the Duke compell'd to do, I know not what; —— and therefore will no longer now obey.

[*Offers to riſe; He holds her.*

Cle. Stay, oh ſtay, and let the fatal curſe ſtrike me alone; my guilts have merrited what e're can fall on me; —— Do but command me to remove my hand, and I'le obey; that you may ſee how much your power prevails, above my fear of *Lindamira*'s threats; If ſo, I may divert your harms; I will againſt my Nature and my Faith deſtroy all hopes of future bliſs, to pull this ruine on my ſelf, which elſe may light on you; —— Say, muſt it be?

[Pandora *ſits ſilent awhile.*

Pan. If I command your hands remove, and her curſe ſhould after follow you, my unblemiſh'd Innocenſe may ſuffer more then all your crimes can merrit; —— I have no faith in charmes, nor cauſe to apprehend her curſes can reach me; and yet; ——

—— My doubts and fears, my reaſon does diſmay,
I know not what to do, nor what to ſay;
The Wonder is ſo great, I am afraid, [Aſide.
Some god this Serpent, has an Angel made,
And now indow'd him with Cœleſtial Art,
To force obedience from my ſtubborn heart.

Cle.

Cle. 'Tis worthy your consult, before you do destroy a body and soul; here a ready Sacrifice to set you free, for now I find that *Lindamira*'s charms does higher work.

And now again, that dazling light display,
Which did my heart inflame the other day:
Ye gods, I do implore your power to move, [Aside.
The bright Pandora, *to allow my love;*
'Twill be the same, if now Clearcus *dyes,*
By Thunder struck, or by Pandora's *eyes.*

Pan. Lindamira's virtue, and her wit, are much more powerful, then her charms; — (which I contemn,) but you my Lord, have now by chance thrown out such words, I shake to think on; — Your body and your Soul are now at stake you say; — and by your looks I read, you think our Fortunes and our Fates, depend on my reply; — and so do I; — this is then too great a work, for so few minutes to dispatch; we must look up *Clearcus*, and from above seek ayde: —

'Tis piety, when we our hearts submit,
To undergo, what e're the gods think fit.

Cle. 'Tis so, let us hasten to the Temple then, there Celebrate: —

[*They rise up.*

This happy issue of so strange contest,
Wrought by the gods, must by the gods be blest.

He Kisses her hand, three or four times in Joy.

Cle. Where is this powerful *Sibell* gone? whose Sacred

Sacred Charms do diſ-inchant fantaſtick hearts.

Lin. I am here Sir, with witneſs enough, to hold *Pandora* to her word.

Cle. Let me adore thy Divine virtue *Lindamira*? who hath ſhew'd ſuch skill, to raiſe dead folks to life; for we were dead in follies, and are now become true converts Sir.

Duke. This is great News, you are both well come to your wits again, which does declare *Lindamira* a great Artiſt.

The. What ſayes *Pandora* for her ſelf?

Pan. I have both waies done too much, either to excuſe or juſtifie my ſelf; ſilence becomes me Madam.

Lin. Let the clock ſtrike twice, before we credit what they ſay, or elſe make all ſure, by I *Clearcus* take thee *Pandora*, &c.

Duke. *Lindamira* is my Orac'e; — give me your hand *Pandora*, and yours *Clearcus*

May they moſt wretched live, and curſed dye,
Who ſhall this knot endeavour to untye.

The. My prayers concur with yours Sir, and now dear Couſin, what I wiſh'd is come to paſs, that you and I might on the ſame day be Married.

Thus for our good, we ſee the Gods fulfill
What they deſigne, though much againſt our will.

Pan. Your great Example Madam, is ſufficient to lead me from all my own reſolves to follow you, and if now *Clearcus* be reclaim'd, we muſt own all our happineſs to *Lindamira*'s wit, who has conquer'd both, when neither of us could ſubdue the

the other; And now *Clearcus* I hope will ſeek occaſions to ſhew the World by his own actions the Noble Stock he is Deſcended from.

Cle. By your permiſſion Madam, I ſhall ſet my heart towards my Prince his, and my Countries Service; —— I beg imployment Sir, on the next Gallies you ſend out, leaſt idleneſs corrupt my buſie brain.

Lin. Mark that Sir, he is already wavering; Madam take heed how you take the ſpirit of uncertainty, (in the habit of a man.)

Pan. You ſpeak too late, the uncertain man, is now my certain fate.

Cle. Some diverſions are neceſſary Madam, to look on the ſame objects ever, dulls and tyres the beſt eyes; but *Lindamira* can ſay nothing, I dare contradict.

Duke. You ſhall command in Chief *Clearcus*, to ſhew the world the vigour you have too long hid.

Lon. Joyes on joyes, light on *Clearcus* head.

[*They Imbrace.*

Cle. May thoſe joyes be Multiplied on yours Sir; my Redeemer, and now become my Prince.

Duke. We muſt conclude this happy day *Lindamira*, by joyning *Silvanders* hand with yours, if your mirth will give us leave to be ſo ſerious?

Lin. That is a ſerious jeſt Sir, I have long look'd for.

Duke. Come near *Silvander*; —— which of you two is moſt pleas'd now?

Both. I Sir.

Duke. Who ſpoke firſt?

Both. I Sir.

Duke.

Duke. This is a good Omen to a joyfull life; may you be both as happy as ever love made any.

Sil. We are happy to our wish Sir.

Lin. He speaks for himself Sir, on hopes of more then he may find.

Duke. We'l Celebrate these weddings suddainly, and see that *Lindamira*'s praise be in loud *Hymeneall*s sung through all the City, to incourage the like Virtuous, and Noble undertakings.

Lin. I thank your Highness for your good opinion, but shall love you for this gift of my *Silvander*, above all your other favours; Now *Silvander*.

Let us dwell Arme in Arme, and dayly show
Our loves increase, that all the World may know
Our hearts: Now the fair Princess does confess,
That Wedlock may afford True Happiness.

EPELOGUE.

LADIES, our Author has so great Respect
To Your Fair Sex, he fears some gross Defect
In his best Characters, may prove so short,
Of Your perfections, he needs pardon for't.
If such sad fate, do now attend his Play,
In's Cloak, thus muffl'd, he will sneak away;
But You like't, he will on tip-toe go,
That all the World, may the proud Author know.

FINIS.